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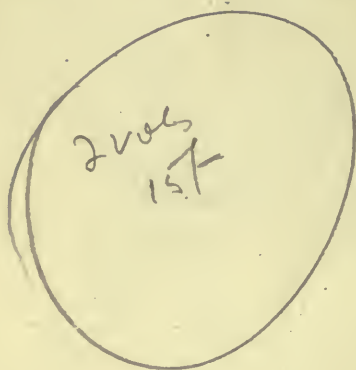




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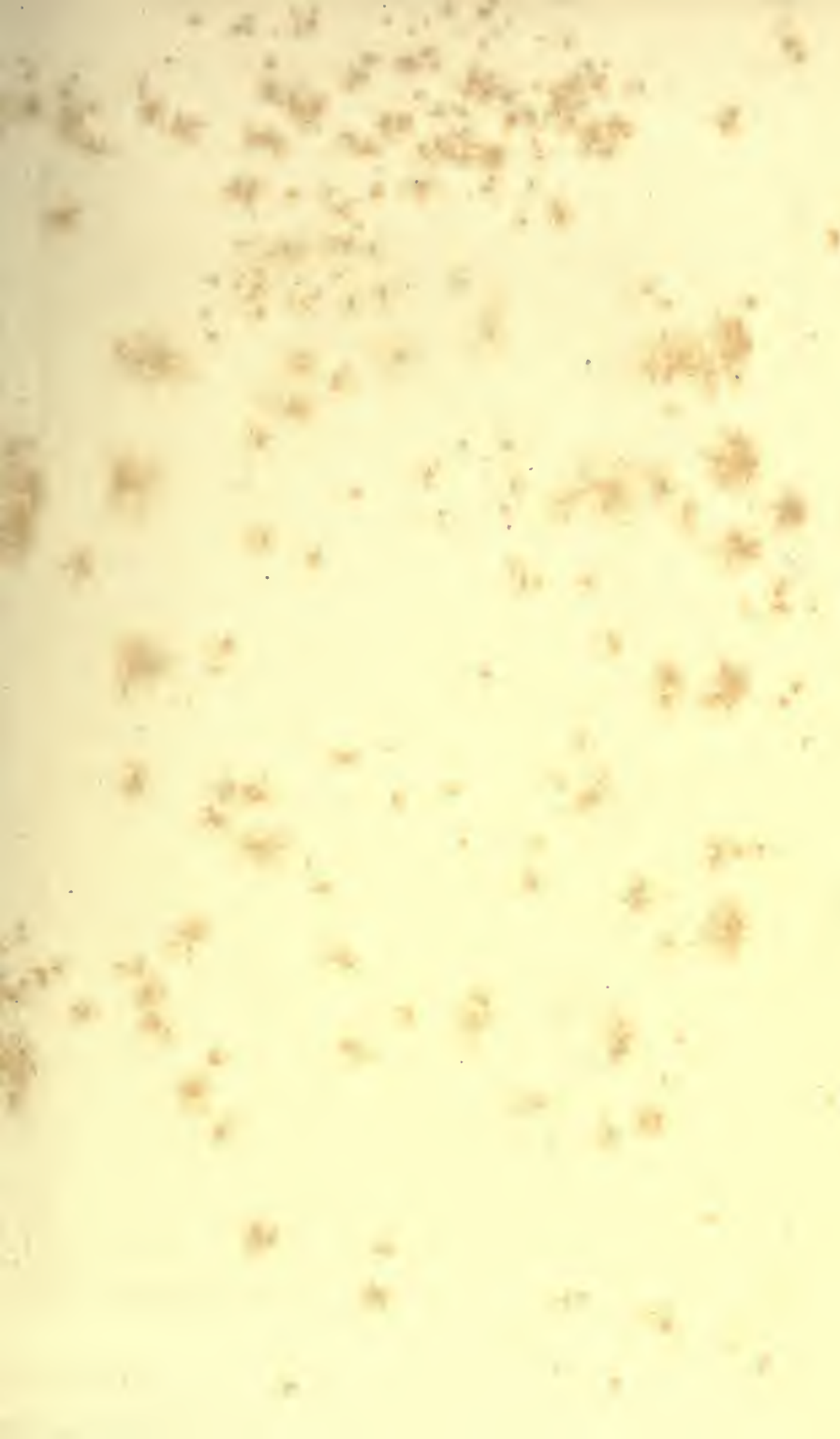


Phillips, p. 94

THE FRANCIS
LETTERS



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From a bust by W. L. Campbelle

Portrait by H. W. Phelps

P. Francis

THE FRANCIS LETTERS *By*

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS

AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY

. . . Edited by BEATA FRANCIS

. . . and ELIZA KEARY

WITH A NOTE ON = = = = =

THE JUNIUS CONTROVERSY

By C. F. KEARY = = = = =

WITH PORTRAITS

VOL. I

LONDON = = = =

HUTCHINSON AND CO

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Francis family had a weakness for preserving letters which lasted through several generations. In boxes and bundles in the possession of its present representatives, which have only lately been overhauled, is to be found every variety of correspondence, from formidable-looking State papers down to appointments with dentists.

The design of selecting letters from the Family Budget and arranging them for publication was conceived by Beata Francis, the great-granddaughter of Sir Philip Francis, and had been partly carried out by her when an illness, which ended fatally, obliged her to lay the work aside.

In the short preface which she prepared for her book she says :—

“ Sir Philip Francis kept copies of every letter

of importance which he wrote, and bound them up with their answers. His five daughters apparently treasured all those they received from each other when away from home, as well as numbers from friends and acquaintances, systematically disregarding the injunctions of the writers to burn what they had written instantly. One of the sisters regularly ends her letters with 'Burn this.'

"It is impossible to imagine why some of these letters were kept. Many of them are very dull and bald; some contain nothing but minute accounts of illnesses with distressing particulars of the rough medical treatment of a century or a century and a half ago; scarcely any, one would imagine, would have been worth preserving when preserved, though as time rolls on and manners and customs change, an element of interest is added to them for which their writers can claim no credit."

In accordance with Miss Francis's request, the task has been taken up where she laid it down, and the present volumes are the result of the effort that has been made to carry out her design.

Although the letters cluster round Sir Philip, who was himself the letter-writer *par excellence* of the family, it has not entered into the scheme of this book to give anything like a record of his life, or even

to bring him into especial prominence ; the desire has been rather to throw the light upon the groups of his friends and correspondents, and especially upon the members of his own family, through three generations of letter-writers. As the descriptions of people and places move through the years the reader may get, besides the outward impressions, some glimpses of the personalities of the writers, slight character sketches of themselves by themselves, which will add an interest to the reading.

No attempt has been made to modernise or correct the spelling of these letters, or to correct the quotations in other languages, except when what has been written was obviously a mere slip of the pen. It seems that Francis occasionally wrote a sort of dog French on purpose. Passages from diaries and journals of travel have been interspersed with the letters, to fill up blank spaces and carry on what we may almost call a family history of the period.

The earliest of the letters selected are from Dr. Francis, the father of Sir Philip Francis, to his son when the latter was at school. Dr. Francis, who was a son of the Rev. John Francis, Dean of Lismore, was an accomplished scholar, a political writer, and at one time a tutor. Gibbon was once his pupil. The letter which concludes the series is from Lady Francis, Sir Philip's second wife ; it

Introduction

was written to a friend a few days after her husband's death.

The letters in these volumes have been divided into periods, and a short *résumé* of the contents introduces each period; these fore-notes may be looked upon as signposts by means of which the reader can find his way to such subject or such company as inclination may suggest.

ELIZA KEARY.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A NOTE ON THE "JUNIUS" CONTROVERSY. BY C. F. KEARY.	I
PERIOD I. (1754—1772)	33
„ II. (1772—1774)	135
„ III. (1774—1781)	215



ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
SIR PHILIP FRANCIS, FROM A LIFE-SIZE PASTEL, TAKEN IN 1777	
<i>Frontispiece</i>	
MARIA ANNA VICTORIA, INFANTA OF SPAIN, AFTERWARDS QUEEN OF JOSEPH I. OF PORTUGAL	44
JOSEPH I., KING OF PORTUGAL	58
ELIZABETH MACKRABIE, FIRST WIFE OF SIR PHILIP FRANCIS . . .	137
KING GEORGE III.	180
WARREN HASTINGS, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA	210
SIR ELIJAH IMPEY, CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF BENGAL	256
THE HON. EDMUND BURKE	283
QUEEN CHARLOTTE	339



A NOTE ON THE "JUNIUS" CONTROVERSY.

By C. F. KEARY.

The Publisher has asked me to prefix to these volumes of Francis Letters a Note on the identity of Francis and Junius. And though the design of the work is not to exhibit Philip Francis chiefly in his public capacity, nor to leave him sole occupant of the field, but rather (I imagine) to give a picture of many different personalities and differing points of view, opinions, occupations, and so forth, so as to afford some image of the society of that time; still, there is obviously more interest attaching to Francis and his family if the authorship of the "Letters of Junius" be unhesitatingly ascribed to the former. In the following Note I have summarised the arguments on both sides. I think that the result is calculated to set all doubts at rest.

A NOTE ON THE "JUNIUS" CONTROVERSY.

THOUGH it is sixty years since Macaulay wrote in his confident way that a jury would convict upon the evidence which identifies Sir Philip Francis with Junius, there have never been wanting writers to maintain, and maintain with vehemence, the contrary opinion. By a sort of literary convention, a controversy which has remained so long open is held to be never completely closed, so that some of the more serious modern writers who have happened to touch upon this question—Mr. Lecky in his "History of England," Mr. Leslie Stephen in his biography of Francis in the "Dictionary of National Biography"—have refrained from pronouncing final verdicts upon the matter, though both of these—and Mr. Stephen more especially, in a separate article contributed to the *English Historical Review* (April, 1888)—have summed up strongly in favour of Macaulay's opinion. Another historian of repute, Professor Goldwin Smith, in a review in the *Sketch* of Mr. H. R. Francis's "Junius Revealed" (Longmans, 1894), has been much more decided.¹

¹ The *Sketch*, May 16th, 1894.

The writers upon the other side have been persons of less weight and position, and on that very account more free to expose their view with vehemence. They have been for the most part men who have made what they call the "anti-Franciscan" theory their hobby. And as often happens when writers of industry and ingenuity, but of not the widest historical sympathies, take up a question of this sort, they have made it a matter almost of personal feeling, and imported, to quote the words of Mr. Leslie Stephen, a "needless bitterness" into the controversy. This does not apply to the late Mr. C. Wentworth Dilke, who in his "Papers of a Critic" republished numerous short articles contributed by him to the *Athenæum* paper.¹ Dilke takes up a negative position, and does not shut his eyes to the possibility of conclusive evidence being found for the identification of Francis and Junius. And as a fact, since Mr. Dilke died, evidence which is practically conclusive has come to light.² But this writer's opinions have had an influence upon the history of the controversy beyond any force of argument or weight of evidence which he may have brought to bear. Through a praiseworthy, but I think mistaken, sense of loyalty, the *Athenæum* paper, of which he was the founder, has—forgetful of Aristotle—held itself committed to sustain his views. And it has done so *per fas et nefas*; not only by opening its columns very wide to all that could be written in the way of

¹ They range between the years 1848 and 1860.

² Though Mr. Leslie Stephen truly says with regard to Dilke that "Mr. Dilke's fault was a tendency to excessive suspiciousness."

direct argument on a rather dreary controversy, but by never losing an occasion, through assertion or insinuation, for giving the impression that the bias of informed opinion was upon the side which it advocated, instead of being, in fact, upon the other side.

Another writer who supported the "anti-Franciscan" view was the late Mr. Abraham Hayward.¹ It is to him that refer the remarks I have already quoted on the needless bitterness with which the controversy has been carried on. "By him," says Mr. Stephen, "a Franciscan was always mentioned in terms such as a severe theologian might apply to a Muggletonian, or others to an ignorant and perverse fool." In all cases Hayward writes in the dashing, self-confident fashion of a Quarterly reviewer; and though, doubtless, many of his criticisms are sound and many of his objections ingenious, it is true also that a large proportion of his assertions are assertions only, and unsupported by valid evidence.

The same cause is still maintained by one or by two writers in the *Athenæum* paper—firstly by Mr. Fraser Rae, who has contributed a large number of signed articles to that journal, secondly by a reviewer and a writer of short, unsigned paragraphs in the same paper. And though I imagine that there is just the same distinction between Mr. Fraser Rae and this anonymous reviewer which I hold to exist between Philip Francis and the author of the "Letters

¹ Hayward's essay "More About Junius" appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1867 or 1868, and was republished in pamphlet form in 1868.

of Junius," it will be consistent with literary usage to treat them as distinct personalities.

I cannot say that any one of these three or four writers, be he more or less open to the evidence in conflict with his own opinion, writes in the spirit of a mere inquirer and not of an advocate. Each one seems as much bent on discrediting his opponent as the counsel is when addressing a jury, and each writes as if he had to concern himself not so much with the examination of facts as with the case presented by the opposing party. Not otherwise do the Government and Opposition organs argue the question of "Provocation" and "Unpreparedness" in connection with the War in South Africa; but it is not necessary to treat an historical question in this fashion.

Neither the opinion of Macaulay and Stanhope on the one side, nor that of Mr. Dilke or Mr. Hayward on the other, need perforce have weight with us at the present moment; because the strongest points of evidence in favour of what is called the Franciscan theory have risen up since these various writers wrote. They have not been all present to the knowledge of Mr. Stephen or Mr. Lecky. And so, albeit this "Junius" controversy is in itself dreary and essentially unimportant, I will expose as succinctly as I can the more important heads of evidence on both sides of the question, not concealing my own conviction that the positive enormously out-weights the negative in the Franciscan hypothesis, but leaving the reader free to form his own judgment upon the matter. The question is at least interesting as an exercise of human reason. Owing to accidental cir-

cumstances, it has scarcely yet, or only once, been presented in a simple and undistorted form ; and even in small things it is not well that the part of Belial should prevail.

But in setting forth the positive case I do not propose to enter into those items of internal evidence which have already been treated by various writers. I believe that these alone would be sufficient to produce conviction on any impartial mind which could estimate their value. The summing up, in the words of Mr. Stephen's essay, of the evidence which connects Francis and Junius in regard to their use of Lord Chatham's speeches in the year 1770 suggests the value which attaches to many of these items of internal evidence :

" There was not merely a conjunction of the two (not very heavenly) bodies, but a coincidence through an arc of their orbits. During the main part of Junius's career Francis, if not Junius, was acting in close co-operation with him. Junius supported Chatham's rhetoric in the papers ; Francis took reports of Chatham's speeches, and certainly published one of them, with the unfortunate result, as we have seen, of closing for a time the doors of the House of Lords. Junius quotes Francis's report (then unpublished) in a private letter ; he guarantees the accuracy of another report, though it was probably inaccurate and in reality a mere reproduction of a letter by Francis ; and Francis seems to have returned the compliment by using a letter of Junius to construct his own reports. Both were engaged in the same political enterprise, had the same anticipations, and were trying to bring in

Chatham, by endeavouring to stimulate public opinion through the press in spite of the obstacles then to be encountered. But the coincidence, taken by itself, is of course susceptible of other explanations than an identity of the two allies.”¹

The value of this sort of cumulative and internal evidence, though very high, can, however, only be appreciated after a careful study. And, fortunately, upon the positive side there are much simpler proofs, which would to-day, at any rate, make Macaulay's saying literally just; for they are such as could go before a jury in a court of law; such as need no special historical knowledge and no minute research to appreciate. To these heads of evidence upon the positive side I will confine myself.

Macaulay, it will be remembered, divided the evidences on this matter under six heads: namely, first, the evidence of handwriting; secondly, technical knowledge possessed by Junius on matters connected with the War Office; thirdly, knowledge of internal affairs of the War Office; fourthly, attendance of Francis at the debates in the House of Lords in 1770, and his reporting of Chatham's speeches, which contained expressions used by Junius before any report by Francis had been published (this is the coincidence treated by Mr. Leslie Stephen in the *English Historical Review*); fifthly, Junius's bitter resentment of the appointment of Chamier to a post in the War Office; and, sixthly, Junius's curious tenderness for the first Lord Holland.

¹ “Chatham, Francis, and Junius” (*English Historical Review*, 1888, pp. 248-9).

Hayward has objected that the heads two, three, and five are practically but one. This is not quite true; and the statement affords an example of that special pleading whereof I spoke just now. But in any case the evidence under these heads would require a long essay in explanation. Number four has already been treated competently and completely; and number six—alone, I think, of the six—is of little cogency. The more obvious and easily explicable, and at the same time even more cogent, evidences which I now give include only one of Macaulay's six heads—the first.

I.—THE PRINCIPAL HEADS OF EVIDENCE IN FAVOUR OF THE IDENTIFICATION OF JUNIUS WITH FRANCIS.

I. THE EVIDENCE OF HANDWRITING.

Since the notorious Dreyfus case one has less hesitation in asking the reader's attention to evidences from handwriting; for that trial turned many of us into a sort of experts in the matter—at any rate to this degree, that we understood the kind of evidence which may carry conviction, and the kind which is most liable to be deceptive. It will be remembered that, when the famous *bordereau* was first produced, a considerable number both of experts and amateurs identified the handwriting of it with the handwriting of Captain Dreyfus. This identification was based upon a superficial resemblance between the two scripts, and in the absence of any other handwriting which might have lent itself to

a minuter comparison. And anybody who saw the facsimile reproductions will admit that such superficial likeness did exist between the writing of Dreyfus and the writing of the *bordereau*. But when the handwriting of Esterhazy had come into evidence, it was found that it lent itself to much severer tests than a mere general comparison; and the more honest of the experts who had first attributed the *bordereau* to Dreyfus acknowledged that it must now be given to Esterhazy.

Now, the test which has been applied in the comparison of a large number of Francis's letters with the sixty-four letters of Junius to Woodfall is of the minute character to which Esterhazy's and not Dreyfus's writing lent itself side by side with the historical *bordereau*. At the request of the Hon. R. Twisleton, M. Chabot, a French expert in handwriting, assisted to some extent by Mr. Nethercleft, an English one, undertook the comparison I have indicated, and the result (along with additional evidence adduced by Twisleton, some of which will appear under other heads) was published in 1871. It contains a minute comparison of some four hundred forms of capitals, minuscules, linked letters, and so forth; and the result is, in my judgment, convincing. For three things must be remembered: first, that we are not here dealing, as is so often (nay, usually) the case in a court of law, with either a signature merely or a single document—a will, maybe, or a letter—but with a vast body of documentary evidence, an almost unlimited collection of Francis's letters on the one side and sixty-

four Junius letters on the other side; secondly, that there is no attempt at an *ipse dico* on the part of M. Chabot,¹ but that he demonstrates with great elaboration in 289 pages and with the aid of 260 plates the grounds of his conclusions; thirdly, it is probable (nay, almost certain) that if any other handwriting among those of possible authors of the "Letters of Junius" could have borne the test better than Francis's (as Esterhazy's writing bore the test of comparison with the *bordereau* better than Dreyfus's) it would by this time have been produced. I do not say that these three considerations need produce absolute conviction even to one who has examined M. Chabot's plates, though I think they might well do so; but I say that, short of absolute conviction, the presumption of identity is enormously high.

The arguments in contradiction that I have been able to collect have all rested upon a general examination of the writing as a whole—none upon that kind of detailed comparison which Twisleton and Chabot give us, or of that kind which in the Dreyfus trial the best experts made and explained between the *bordereau* and the Esterhazy writing. Some of these arguments are of the nature of mere assertions.

Hayward, who, though he did not come face to face with the Twisleton and Chabot work, had naturally to speak on the subject of handwriting, declares that he showed the two scripts to thirty men of eminence

¹ Mr. Fraser Rae seeks to invalidate the evidence by citing a case in law in which M. Chabot, though positive, was mistaken. For the reason given above, such an instance is of small weight.

—lawyers and men of letters—and that the great majority were of opinion that there was no resemblance between the two. Mr. Fraser Rae says that there is more resemblance between the writing of Junius and Dr. Johnson than that between Junius and Francis. Hayward also asserted that it was impossible for a man to write a feigned hand which should be as fluent as his natural hand. Mr. Rae repeats this dictum of Hayward's, which, presented by him, becomes a "fact."¹ In reality the assertion is without foundation in fact. A man might easily write a feigned hand in copying (in copying himself as well as any one else) which would be far more fluent than his natural hand in writing original matter. Were it otherwise, it would be impossible for a man to forge a hand more fluent than his usual writing, *quod absurdum est*.

I cannot recall that either side in the Dreyfus trial attempted to procure a conviction or acquittal upon such *obiter dicta* or on such unsupported rumours and assertions as these. It has been said that Hayward was not face to face with Twisleton and Chabot's work.² Mr. Fraser Rae, therefore, has to bear the burden of the refutation, if there is to be one. Mr. Rae's main argument, if I understand him rightly, is that before we are allowed to examine the details of resemblance between the two scripts, we must first establish by some sort of general examination that the

¹ *Athenæum*, August 11th, 1888.

Hayward was alive when this work was published—for many years subsequent, in fact; but he did not again write on the "Junius" controversy.

handwriting of Junius was a feigned hand ; and with a note of triumph Mr. Rae says in one place : " I defy him to prove that." And again : " If the handwriting is natural, then all the argument based on the evidence of the handwriting collapses. . . . The burden of proof lies with those who maintain that the handwriting of the Junius manuscripts is a feigned hand." ¹ And once more he says : " Those who *take it for granted* that the Junian handwriting was feigned have never explained why Junius was so apprehensive lest his handwriting should be generally seen. The obvious if not the only reason for adopting a feigned hand is the writer's desire to conceal his identity." Again, the anonymous *Athenæum* reviewer of " Junius Revealed " says : " The inquiry [into the identity of Junius and Francis] having resolved itself—as *Mr. Leslie Stephen holds that it has done*—into determining whether the handwriting is feigned or natural." ²

I give these quotations *in extenso* because I am not quite sure that I grasp the syllogism of Mr. Rae's and the anonymous reviewer's argument. All that I gather clearly from these passages is the theory that the " naturalness " or " feignedness " of the writing must be established by *à priori* considerations. Mr. Rae seems to say also that a man who had forged a document could not possibly mind how many people inspected the forgery. But I assume that he does not mean that. To prove that the writing is not a feigned hand Mr. Rae appears to consider that the evidence of one or two experts is sufficient.

¹ *Athenæum*, August 11th, 1888.

² *Ibid.*, April, 1894.

He quotes the assertion of George Woodfall that Junius's hand was not feigned, and also of a certain writing-master Mr. Tomkins, "of eminence in the city of London";¹ then that of M. Charavay, the French expert who was a witness in the Dreyfus case—one of those who exactly illustrate the point I have been making, because M. Charavay changed his opinion when passing from a superficial to a detailed comparison of the *bordereau*. There may be one or two other opinions quoted.

I do not myself understand how the question of the "feignedness" of a handwriting can precede or be separated from the detailed comparison of one script with the other. Nor do I see how an expert, let alone any private person, is to be expected to pronounce positively on the mere general question whether a hand is feigned or not. For forgery is perforce in a "feigned hand." If it were possible to detect "feignedness" at a glance, then of course every forgery would be discernible at a glance. But as, by admission, the best of experts cannot always detect a forgery, it is impossible at sight to assert that a hand is a natural hand.

This form of reasoning has, however, great weight with Mr. Fraser Rae, for I find it repeated many times in the papers which he has contributed to the *Athenæum*.

I believe I have stated with perfect fairness the

¹ See *Athenæum*, August 11th, 1888, and August 25th, 1888. These opinions, though they are quoted as two by Mr. Fraser Rae, are really but one: for it is not his own private opinion, but that of Tomkins, that George Woodfall gives.

arguments by which it is sought to invalidate the evidence produced in Twisleton and Chabot's "Handwriting of Junius." But I quite admit that the positive value of the evidence is a question to be decided by the judgment of the individual.

2. EVIDENCE FROM THE SPELLING OF JUNIUS AND FRANCIS.

This matter is also discussed in Twisleton and Chabot's "Handwriting of Junius." Very rightly they take for their standard the edition of Johnson's Dictionary the nearest in date to that of the letters, and reckon as abnormal the forms of spelling which vary from that. And even supposing the variations from this standard pretty common in contemporary correspondence, there is something peculiar in finding the *same* anomalies in the two hands. As Mr. H. R. Francis says in his "Junius Revealed": "Let any one acquainted with the 'doctrine of chances' try to compute the odds against there having been during the short run of the letters *two* highly educated persons, both conceivably capable of the authorship, who exactly agreed in these various whims and oddities of spelling" (p. 14).

The peculiarities of spelling which are common to Junius and Francis are the following: ally (for alley), stile (for style), compleat, risque, enquiry, encrease, inclose, untill, paquet; and almost all words ending with "ful" they write with "full"—wonderfull, shamefull. They also abbreviate should into "sh'd," but would into "wo'd."

3. EVIDENCE OF A DATED PROOF-SHEET.

There exists in the Department of Manuscripts in the British Museum (No. 27,776) a proof-sheet of "Letter XVI." of the "Letters of Junius," dated "29 . July . 1769." in a handwriting which is not in the usual handwriting of the Junius letters, and is not distinguishable from the handwriting of Francis. I give here an example of this date taken by mechanical process from Mr. H. R. Francis's "Junius Revealed," which I have myself compared with the date in the proof-sheet and found to be identical. Side by side with it is a date taken from the Francis correspondence.

29. July. 1769.
(Junius)

30. July. 1769
(Francis)

It will be seen that Francis had a habit of placing a full-stop between each item of a date. The effect of this evidence is of course that a proof-sheet of Letter XVI. must have passed through the hands of Philip Francis.

This was a fact first brought to light in Twisleton and Chabot's work, and one which has therefore passed unnoticed by Mr. Dilke and Mr. Hayward. Mr. Fraser Rae meets the difficulty by two assertions. In one place he says: "If as much attention had been given to the writing of Henry Sampson Woodfall as to that of Francis, it would have been seen that the date is in the natural hand of

Woodfall.”¹ This is a somewhat strange way of making the statement. If the date *is* in the natural hand of Woodfall—if, for example, Woodfall, like Francis, had the habit of separating the items of his dates by dots, and if he made his “J’s” and “l’s,” his sevens, his sixes, and his nines as they are made in the examples before us—the fact is an independent one and requires no “if.” The Editor of the *Athenæum* would not, it may be presumed, have refused the expense of a *cliché* reproduction of a date in Woodfall’s hand which might have been compared with the date on the proof-sheet. But as a fact no such likeness exists. In another place Mr. Fraser Rae denies the fact of the resemblance between the proof-sheet date and the one in the known hand of Francis; and addressing, in the pages of the *Athenæum*, readers who had not the plates before their eyes, he was on safer ground than if he had been asked to formulate his opinion face to face with the plates, or with the proof-sheet itself, and with the date on one of the autograph letters of Francis. “It so happens,” he says, “that the Junius proof-sheet does not present the full-stop peculiarity of Philip Francis’s writing.”²

But the reviewer of Mr. H. R. Francis’s “Junius Revealed” in the *Athenæum* went a step farther than Mr. Fraser Rae in any signed article. His statements are even interesting from a psychological point of view; as showing how the advocacy of a particular matter (in itself essentially trivial) may

¹ *Athenæum*, August 25th, 1888.

² *Ibid.* The statement is repeated, in April 9th, 1898.

come in the end so to affect the powers of an advocate that it prevents him from seeing what is before his eyes. In preparing the first issue of Mr. Francis's "*Junius Revealed*" a mistake was made in the selection of the *clichés*. Instead of one being taken from the Junius-proof date, and one from the private correspondence of Francis, the proof date was twice reproduced—once by a *cliché* taken from the facsimile of the proof in Twisleton and Chabot's plates, once by a reproduction of the same date in the body of the work; with the result that there appeared side by side an impression of two *clichés* taken by mechanical process from the very same date, but one rather more heavily inked than the other. The examples given reproduce this peculiarity:¹

29. July. 1769.

29. July. 1769.

Of course, so soon as the error was discovered it was corrected; and only the earlier issues of the book contained this erroneous repetition: 29. July. 1769. beside 29. July. 1769. Howbeit, one of these earlier copies fell into the hands of the *Athenæum* reviewer; and he, supposing that the second date 29. July. 1769. came, as in the text it professed to do, from the Francis correspondence, set to work to deny the evidence of his own senses, and to declare that on the first date

¹ By minute measurement these two dates are easily found to be really identical.

the items were separated by dashes—29 – July – 1769, and that in the second date they were separated by dots—29 . July . 1769. The passage occurs in the *Athenæum* for April 24th, 1894: "On the top of the Junius letter there appears 29 July, 1769, while the corresponding date is found in one of the Francis letters. In Francis's letter the date clearly appears as follows: '29 . July . 1769.' On the proof-sheet it is in this form: '29 – July – 1769'" (The final dot is omitted by the reviewer.)

An unkind critic might be tempted to suggest that Mr. Fraser Rae has more interest in separating his own identity from that of this reviewer, than in separating the identity of Junius from that of Philip Francis.

4. THE EVIDENCE OF THE VERSES ADDRESSED TO MISS GILES.

This is the strongest proof of all, and it is the one easiest to explain and understand. All the links in the chain of evidence were not complete before the publication of Mr. Francis's "Junius Revealed" in 1894. But in a less convincing form the evidence was published in Twisleton and Chabot.

In the winter of 1770–71 Philip Francis met his American cousin Tilghman at Bath, and the two made the acquaintance of a Miss Giles, a toast of the place and day.¹ A copy of verses was presently conveyed to Miss Giles, with a notification on the

¹ She was daughter of Daniel Giles, subsequently Governor of the Bank of England, and afterwards became Mrs. King.

cover—the usual kind of mystification—to the effect that the verses had been picked up by the sender and so forwarded. The writing on the cover is in the handwriting of Junius; the writing inside is in the handwriting of Tilghman. In 1852 Lady Francis gave Mr. H. R. Francis, the author of “Junius Revealed,” a copy of the same verses which the late Sir Philip had given her, as an example of one of Sir Philip’s few efforts at versification. This copy is in the handwriting of Philip Francis—naturally; and a subsequent comparison of the two copies, Tilghman’s and Francis’s, together with the envelope in Junius’s hand, showed that the three documents were all written on portions of the same sheet of paper, with the same water-mark, etc.; so that Lady Francis’s copy of the Giles verses was one which her husband had kept by him since the Bath days. Any one who is familiar with the Junian hand will see that it is the same as that on the cover of the verses. But in confirmation of this last link Mr. Francis mentions that when he showed the cover to Mr. George Woodfall, the latter at once exclaimed, “Good God! that is the feigned hand of Junius!” This concatenation of evidence shows either that Junius, Francis, and Tilghman were a trio of friends all interested in a flirtation with Miss Giles, or that Junius and Francis were one and the same.

I do not find that this head of evidence has been dealt with by any anti-Franciscan. In one place Mr. Rae professes his inability to see the links of the argument, and in another place he says that, if the cover were undoubtedly in the handwriting of

Junius, "the identification of Junius with Francis would not be advanced one step."¹ I cannot state the argument more clearly than I have done in the previous pages, and must be content to leave the matter so. I notice, only to pass by, the facts that Mr. Fraser Rae has commented upon, as if to invalidate, certain different versions as to how the verses came into Miss Giles's possession; that he quotes a passage from a letter of Junius as an argument that Junius could not dance; that by a mistake of his own as to the exact date of the Giles episode he represents Francis as kept at the bedside of a sick father; and, fourthly, that, quoting a letter from Francis to his wife, he mentions that Francis's wife had five children, and asks if such a married man would be likely to be flirting with Miss Giles.

As we are dealing with a matter of documentary evidence, I do not know to what such arguments are supposed to point.

¹ *Athenæum*, August 25th, 1888. And in the same number: "By a process of reasoning which I cannot understand or follow, the evidence of Miss Giles must be accepted as proving that Francis is Junius." In a paper contributed much more recently to the *Athenæum* Mr. Fraser Rae imagines the ghost of Sir Philip Francis expressing his opinion on the controversy. The following are the words that Mr. Rae puts into the mouth of Sir Philip in regard to the "Miss Giles" episode: "I simply express my wonder that my grandson should have concluded I must have been Junius because I gave Lady Francis before marriage a copy of verses which I had written for my cousin Tilghman to advance his suit with Miss Giles." This was written in the *Athenæum* of January 8th, 1898. It may be assumed that up to that date Mr. Rae had not grasped the bearings of this head of evidence.

The four heads of evidence which we have discussed do not, of course, invalidate all these subsidiary evidences, which were familiar to Macaulay, which have grown stronger since, which are familiar to Mr. Leslie Stephen, to Mr. Lecky, to Professor Goldwin Smith, and may easily be acquired by any one who takes the trouble to read.

I now turn to consider—

II.—THE EVIDENCES AGAINST THE IDENTIFICATION OF FRANCIS WITH JUNIUS.

I. THE DISCREPANCY WHICH EXISTS BETWEEN FRANCIS'S PRIVATE RELATIONS WITH CERTAIN INDIVIDUALS, AND THE TREATMENT OF THESE PERSONS BY JUNIUS.

This is an argument of considerable weight. Of the fact of this discrepancy there can be no doubt. It was especially towards Lord Barington and towards Calcraft, both personal friends and benefactors of Francis, and in a degree hardly less towards Sir William Draper, that Francis, if Francis was Junius, showed himself strangely false, if not vindictive. But it is obvious that evidence of this sort, depending upon such an inscrutable thing as the human heart, is evidence of quite a different kind from that which is afforded by material proofs. It is a point which has necessarily been insisted on greatly by the opponents of the Francis theory, and it has, I think, been very adequately dealt with by Mr. Lecky in his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century." As a palliation against the worst that may be said of

Francis, we must remember that he was an Irishman. In one respect Francis resembled another perfervid Scot, of a different Celtic family—Carlyle—namely, in his love of superlatives; so that when Junius says that Barington has, after the Duke of Grafton, "the blackest heart in the kingdom," we must not assume him to have meant quite all he said. And it is probable that he very soon forgot the violent terms he had used. At a moment when Chatham was thought to be deserting the party on which Francis had based his hopes and his fortunes, Junius wrote hardly less violently of that great statesman than he had done of Barington. And yet at the end of his life Francis said, probably quite truly as far as his memory served, that he had ever held Chatham in veneration. Just so, in later life, Francis declared that he had consistently opposed the policy which brought on the war with the American colonies; whereas we know, from Francis's private correspondence, that, at the first, he did so neither over his own signature nor over that of Junius.¹

Against this sort of discrepancy between Junius and Francis and others of a like nature, such as the contemptuous way in which Francis speaks some-

¹ Mr. Lecky writes: "No single fact is more conspicuous in the character of Francis than the manner in which he continually quarrelled with those from whom he had received benefits; his writings are full of disparaging and injurious remarks about men with whom he had lived on terms of close intimacy and to whom he should have been bound by strong ties of gratitude."—"History of England in the Eighteenth Century," vol. iii., p. 475.

times of Wilkes and his cause,¹ may be set the fact that without doubt the knowledge of Junius in many cases tallied in a most curious way with the knowledge of Francis; as did the ignorance of Junius with the ignorance of Francis. One specially noticeable instance—because it is an instance of ignorance based on misapplied knowledge—is Junius's challenge to Sir William Draper as to the oath he had to take on receipt of his pension. Junius cites the usual form of oath, with which Francis would be familiar enough as a War Office clerk, but which happened to be, in this peculiar case, without application. And there are a vast number of other instances of a similar character.

But even if the negative evidence under this head were not counterbalanced by much positive evidence, nobody will doubt that in its nature it is vastly less convincing than the kind of evidence adduced for conviction of identity. It is not, as Hume would say, contrary to experience that a man should secretly vilify those for whom he professed to entertain a

¹ In some of the letters published in the present volume such discrepancies may be seen. Consider, for instance, the way Francis speaks of Lord Mansfield in his letter of February 4th, 1766. And perhaps in this place it will be well to allude to the contradictions between the picture which Junius was pleased to draw of himself and the real personality of Francis; for this, too, has been used as an argument. The author of the Junius—as also the author of the *Anti-Sejanus* and *Cato Redivivus*—letters represents himself as a man getting on in years, possessed of sufficient fortune and position. Francis, of course, was none of these things. But what conceivable motive could Junius have had for telling the truth about himself?

friendship. But it is contrary to experience that an undiscoverable being should have been so allied with Tilghman and Francis as to have taken part in their little escapades of the winter 1770-1771; that he should have passed a proof through the hand of Philip Francis; that he should have had the same peculiarities as Francis in writing and made the same mistakes as Philip Francis in spelling; and that he should have disappeared into the vast inane, leaving no other trace of himself behind.

2. THE STATEMENTS, OR REPORTED STATEMENTS, OF MEN WHO WERE, OR MIGHT HAVE BEEN, IN A POSITION TO KNOW WHO WAS THE REAL JUNIUS, AND WHO DECLARED THAT FRANCIS WAS NOT HE.

(a) The strongest of these instances is that of the elder Woodfall, who is reported by his son to have said: "To my certain knowledge Francis is not Junius." In Mr. Rae's hands this also appears under the form: "To his certain knowledge Francis did not write a line of Junius." I find no authority for this form of assertion.

(b) Lord Lansdowne is said to have told Sir Robert Philipps that he knew who was the author of Junius, and that he had never yet been publicly mentioned—"nobody has suspected him." This conversation took place in 1815. Taylor, it is true, published a pamphlet identifying Junius with Dr. Francis, "aided by his son Philip," as early as 1813. But the work which directed attention to

Francis—"Junius Identified"¹—was not published till 1816. In one place Mr. Fraser Rae says that until that date (1816) nobody had ever suspected Francis.² In another place he writes that when the Junius letters were exciting general curiosity they were universally ascribed to Edmund Burke. But at the place where he cites this evidence of Lord Lansdowne's he makes a contrary statement that the name of Francis had often been suggested as that of the author of Junius's letters. I am strongly of opinion that the earlier of these contradictory statements are the more correct.

(c) The nephew of the fourth Lord Aberdeen (the Prime Minister), who had been a ward of the younger Pitt, stated that his uncle told him that Pitt told Lord Aberdeen (getting his knowledge presumably from his father, the elder Pitt) that he knew who Junius was, and that he was not Francis.

(d) Lord Grenville told Lord Sidmouth that he knew the writer of the letters. After Grenville's death his widow communicated to Abraham Hayward that her husband had informed her the writer was not famous (*Athenæum*, January 29th, 1898, p. 151, *et seq.*).³

The only one of these pieces of evidence which seems to me to have any appreciable value is that

¹ "The Identity of Junius with a Distinguished Living Character Established" is the full title. The title of the 1813 pamphlet is "A Discovery of the Letters of Junius."

² *Athenæum*, May 4th, 1895.

³ It is curious that the writer who advances this argument refuses to accept the most incidental statement by Lady Francis, when that affects the case he is supporting.

concerning Woodfall. But we ought to know much more than we do of the circumstances under which the words were spoken before we can estimate its weight—whether H. S. Woodfall had been badgered in order to make him fall into a trap, or was in any similar way tempted to tell a great lie; or whether, again, as Mr. H. R. Francis has suggested, his words may have been slightly misrepresented, and he may have said: "Francis was not, to my certain knowledge, the author of Junius."¹

3. THE EVIDENCE OF CERTAIN LETTERS SIGNED
"JUNIUS" WHICH COULD NOT HAVE BEEN WRITTEN
BY PHILIP FRANCIS.

A certain number of letters signed Junius (three or four), most of them previously known to exist, have been recently republished by Mr. Fraser Rae. As most, if not all, of these were improbably written by Francis, and one at least could not possibly have been so, it is assumed that they absolutely dispose of the Franciscan theory. The paper in which one of these letters was published was headed

¹ "The story of his having told his son that 'to his certain knowledge' Francis was not Junius is utterly valueless except as evidence that he knew something he was not free or not inclined to reveal. If, indeed, we could have had his exact words in their exact order, some ingenious form of cunning denial without direct falsehood might have been traceable, such as Francis himself used to repel inconvenient inquiries, and such as we find suggested to Woodfall in the remarkable private note No. 8: 'Suppose you were to say, "*We have some reason to suspect that the last letter signed Junius in this paper was not written by Junius*"'" ("Junius Revealed," p. 46).

by Mr. Rae "Exit Francis." This evidence can only be conclusive if the authenticity of these letters be admitted beyond dispute. Before 1773 or 1774 Junius's letters had become celebrated; there was nothing that prevented another writer from adopting the attractive pseudonym—a fact which, as the note on the preceding page demonstrates, could be discounted by Junius himself. If Mr. A—— has written an article over the signature "Ignotus," no one dreams of affirming that every article signed "Ignotus" must be by this same Mr. A——. Yet, in fact, Mr. Fraser Rae appears to adopt this line of argument. Those who refuse to accept these letters, he says in one place, have to prove "a negative, and I venture to defy them to do so." And he continues: "No letter signed 'Junius' during the period when Junius may have been alive can be rejected without rejecting the whole."¹ This is perhaps the strangest mode of argument that I have ever met with. It is as if one should assert that *every* line attributed to Homer (or to Virgil or Shakespeare or whom you will), is to be accepted until we can prove by documentary evidence that it is not by its putative author. I should have thought that in these cases there was such a thing as the evidence of style. And with regard to the two letters on which Mr. Fraser Rae lays most weight—first, one addressed to Lord Apsley (Lord Bathurst); secondly, one entitled "Super legale meritum"—I have no hesitation whatever in asserting their spuriousness.

In the course of a short controversy with Mr. Fraser

¹ *Athenæum*, No. 3525.

Rae in the columns of the *Athenæum* I did express this conviction in respect to the Apsley letter; and Mr. Fraser Rae's reply is interesting. "The Apsley letter is pronounced by Mr. Keary to be manifestly spurious. It was added by Wheble to the edition of Junius which he brought out in 1775. Its authenticity has never been disputed till now."

So far from this being the case, the authenticity of Wheble's letter has never been accepted. Wheble was known to be a bookseller of a low type: his edition of Junius letters has never been reckoned authoritative; and in George Woodfall's edition of 1812—in a sense the *editio princeps*—this letter finds no place. And certainly George Woodfall did not err on the side of *omission*.

I think, therefore, until these pretended Junius letters are supported by a greater weight of critical authority than has yet been found for them, they may safely be neglected from the body of evidence against the identification of Junius with Francis.

4. THE DISCREPANCY BETWEEN THE STYLES OF JUNIUS AND FRANCIS.

Finally, it is asserted that Francis's known writings bear no sort of resemblance in style to those of Junius. This assertion appears to me the most amazing possible. And Hayward has an argument which tends in exactly the opposite direction. In fact, the majority who have disputed the identification have rather set themselves to invalidate the argument from style on the other side. The authority of Mr. Lecky may be

cited against the assertion that Francis could not have written Junius ; and as Mr. Lecky reminds us, Burke called Francis the " prince of pamphleteers." ¹

These are all the heads of evidence of much value which I have been able to collect in favour of the so-called anti-Franciscan view. And that there are not very many more I gather from the constant repetition of these ones, and from the introduction of many others of less cogency which I need only glance at. Thus (as has been mentioned) it is urged that Chabot made a mistake in a will case ; again, that Taylor, the first who identified Francis and Junius, occupied himself with explaining the number of the Beast. It is suggested rather vaguely (both by Mr. Dilke and Mr. Fraser Rae) that Francis secretly accumulated proofs to show his identity with Junius. And in one place it is suggested quite unwarrantably that in Twisleton's and Chabot's work the reproduction from the dated proof-sheet has been tampered with (*i.e.* forged). ²

All, except the last, are legitimate arguments ; and opinions will no doubt always differ about their cogency. But I must also glance at what I have called the *nefas* of this controversy—the constant attempt to prejudice the question by representing the opposite side as wanting either in sense or common honesty. Mr.

¹ I may quote the authority of my friend Mr. G. W. Forrest, C.I.E., author of the " Administration of Warren Hastings," and the editor of many volumes of State papers from the Foreign Office at Calcutta and the Bombay Secretariat, for an opinion in the same sense.

² See p. 18 and note.

Leslie Stephen has spoken of the way in which Abraham Hayward always treated a "Franciscan." In the *Athenæum*, among many similar passages, I will instance one or two, taken altogether from papers which have recently appeared, which can hardly be considered fair representations of the case. (1) "The compiler of the catalogue of Francis correspondence [December, 1897] appears to be *under the delusion* that Francis and Junius, though two in name, are one in fact."—*Athenæum*, December 25th, 1897. (2) "The truth is, whenever an attempt is made to show that Francis is Junius the result has been to prove the contrary."—*Ibid.* (3) "Those who have made up their minds that Sir Philip Francis is Junius may remain deaf to argument and blind to evidence. Others, who weigh fact and who accept demonstrated conclusions, have admitted that Francis could not have been Junius."—*Idem*, January 8th, 1898. (4) And of the handwriting: "The truth is, the handwriting of the two men differs as greatly as any handwriting can."—*Idem*, February 19th, 1898.

Let me add that I profess in this note to have produced nothing which was not before accessible. All I have endeavoured to do is to separate those proofs which could be presented in a form appreciable by all, and to so present them unmixed with other matter. The latest book on the subject, Mr. H. R. Francis's "Junius Revealed" (Longmans, 1894), has always seemed to me to set the matter at rest; and in his review of that book Professor Goldwin Smith wrote: "England has hitherto had her mystery in 'Junius'; but she will enjoy it no more, for there can be no

longer any shadow of doubt that the 'Letters' were written by Sir Philip Francis." It has only been what I have before called the mistaken loyalty of the *Athenæum*, in opening its pages so widely to the few who could still be found to support the opposite theory, which has prevented the question from being considered as closed.

C. F. KEARY.

PERIOD I.

1754—1772.

The correspondence contained in the following volumes has been divided into six Periods, marked in the early part by epochs in the life of Philip Francis.

Period I. begins with letters exchanged between Dr. Francis and his son Philip while the latter was a boy at St. Paul's School, and continued during Francis's youth and the period of his secretaryship to Lord Kinnoul, Ambassador-Extraordinary to the Court of Lisbon (1760). Philip Francis's engagement to Miss Mackrabie follows, and his marriage (1762). In the same year he was appointed to be First Clerk in the War Office. A long correspondence ensues between Francis and his brother-in-law Alexander Mackrabie, while the latter was in the American colony (1767-71). These last dates are those, as it happens, of the issue of the famous "Letters of Junius," so that they may be said to enclose the most important epoch in Philip Francis's career. One passage in Mackrabie's correspondence shows that he, at any rate, was ignorant of the authorship of the "letters."

This Period closes with Francis's retirement from the War Office.

PERIOD I.

1754—1772.

THE REV. PHILIP FRANCIS, D.D., TO HIS SON PHILIP
(ÆT. 13), WHO WAS THEN JUST BEGINNING HIS
CAREER AS A SCHOLAR AT ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

“I do not write to my dear Phil, merely to tell him I have cheerfully got to the end of my long Northern Journey ; nor even for the pleasure (to me the greatest pleasure) of hearing, in return, of his Health and Happiness. This letter, I hope, will open a correspondence between us, that may for ever endear us to each other. The years are coming on when Youth and its Activity, when Age and its Indolence, will make us cold companions, and very often divide us. Let us not wholly depend, my dearest boy, upon the Affections of Nature. Let us improve them into a mutual friendship and esteem by a mutual trust and confidence, sincerity and truth. From this moment I offer you my whole Heart, even all its weaknesses and frailties, without disguise, without Reserve.

“ Shall I expect the same equal Confidence without bashfulness and timidity, without artifice and cunning ? My understanding may not be then unuseful to you. It was purchased by follies, errors, misfortunes, not

my own only, but those of others. May you make a better, wiser, happier, use of it than I have done. But, if it shall happen otherwise; if you shall be carried away by the Passions and their Wanderings, though the World shall condemn, your Father will forgive you, will support, and encourage you to happiness. Give him your friendship, and depend on his: let us love one another. Not to make this letter tedious even in its affection, let me beg to hear from you. Tell me whether you are still pleased with your Situation; or can I add anything to your happiness? (Do you often drink tea with Sally¹? does she take care of you?) If Mr. Dormer be in town, go some holiday morning, and breakfast with him. Tell him I live in a palace with a French cook, French wines, and English hospitality. Could I say more, I would write to him. If there be any letters for me at Home send them under a cover to Francis Delaval Esq., at Seaton near Newcastle, Northumberland. Farewell, my dear boy! May neither distance nor time divide us; nor can they, while Affection and Esteem unite us.

“I am ever yours,

“PHIL. FRANCIS.”

DR. FRANCIS TO HIS SON.

“*Sep.* 26, 1754.

“I sincerely rejoice with my dearest Boy on his being moved to the head class: not so much for the Honour, as that you will have it in your power to make another trial of your own Temper; whether

¹ A servant of Dr. Francis, much devoted to Philip.

the Lads you complain of, are really the sauciest Fellows breathing, or whether you have not been saucy enough to provoke them. Oh! my dear Phil, rather chuse to be beloved than envied. Make use of your abilities to purchase Friends. Reflect a little how few will acknowledge the superiority that hurts and pains them by the insolence of exerting it. Who would not rather sit down with his own honest darkness, than be insulted by the impertinent light of others? In your present Class remember it will be as contemptible to be left behind, as it was, perhaps, unkind to run away from the Lads of the Form below you."

There are no letters in the Family Budget from young Philip to his father during this period.

When Philip left St. Paul's he received the appointment of Junior Clerk in the Secretary of State's Office. This was given him by a friend of his father's, Lord Holland; and when he was eighteen, through the interest of other political friends of Dr. Francis—*viz.* Mr. Wood, Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Calcraft—he was chosen to be the Secretary of General Bligh when the latter was sent upon an expedition to attack Cherbourg and the French coast. Philip writes to his father from Portsmouth before the expedition sailed:—

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HIS FATHER.

"PORTSMOUTH,

"24th July, 1758.

"DEAR SIR,

"I arrived here last night at 8 o'clock after a very rainy journey; it thundered violently all the

afternoon. I immediately waited on the General, who received me very well, and I shall breakfast with him this morning. He was sorry he could not lodge me in the same House with him, but every bed was occupied.

"The troops are embarking with all speed. I know nothing of this Place, having not yet seen it by daylight, but I am going to try my Fortune and shall write to you every day.

"I am yours very sincerely,

"P. FRANCIS.

"William says he does not know whether he lay on a bed or not last night.

"Direct to me at the Vine, Portsmouth."

DR. FRANCIS TO HIS SON.

"MY DEAR PHIL,

"I send you Mr. Merries List of your Fees. You will think proper to keep it, as a little kind of voucher *in case* of mistakes. Mr. Bryant never took any. A foolish Generosity, and not to be imitated in this Age of Wisdom. We should take as much care of the Interests of our Successors in Office, as of our Posterity in the Future."

DR. FRANCIS TO HIS SON.

"LONDON,

"27th July, 1758.

"MY DEAR PHIL,

. . . "Let me thank you for your letters and hope you have received mine, with your Table of Fees.

"You know me all affection, your,

"PHIL FRANCIS.

“ We talk here of the King of P’s Generalship :— that he has got between Count Daun and his great magazine. May I tell you that you begin your Letters too near the top ; that to every body but me you should write words at length,—&, rec^d, &c ; and should begin with Capitals. You will forgive me. Pray remember your compliments to Mr. Calcraft. He surely deserves your attention. Farewell ! ”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HIS FATHER.

“ ESSEX, PORTLAND ROAD,

“ August 19th, 1758.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I wrote to you on the 16th by the *Success*. She did not sail till yesterday morning. We are now within a quarter of a Mile of English land. What would I give to go ashore, to taste fresh Butter ! We shall anchor here in expectation of a fair wind ; and then for France again. It is generally agreed we have done the French above £1,200,000 worth of damage. Fifty three mines were sprung at Cherbourg and the forts near it ; with our own Powder ; 103 iron Cannon and 3 iron mortars destroyed ; twenty two brass Cannon and 2 brass mortars shipped ; about thirty vessels burnt in the Harbour ; contributions exacted to near £3,000 ; a large sum considering the poverty of the place, and the additional losses it sustained from pillaging &c.

“ I send you a copy of two Inscriptions found on the Basin. Should we succeed in our next attempt, the General’s recommendation may be of use to me ; and at present I think I am well in his Opinion. At

any rate this expedition will be of the greatest Advantage to me.

"We hear by the newspapers and private letters, that all our Success is attributed to the Commodore; I assure you he had no other hand in it, than in covering the landing and re-embarkation; which he performed with the greatest Judgment. Pray undeceive people.

"I am, dear sir, yours truly,

"P. FRANCIS.

"My compliments attend Mr. Calcraft. I really have not been able to keep any Journal since we landed. What happened before was not worth sending. The *Maidstone* yesterday took a French privateer, near Alderney. I shall share the Prize-money. Our loss on shore does not amount to twenty men."

FROM DR. FRANCIS TO HIS SON.

"LONDON,

"August 24, 1758.

"Most heartily fatigued my dear Phil with printing your General's manifesto till five this morning.

"I have hardly spirits to write to you, or to thank you for the pleasure of your letters. Let me however wish you health and success. As for money we shall never want, while we get with Honour and spend with Frugality. Remember my dearest Phil, but I know you will remember, that a punctual Honesty is due to our Enemies, nay more, Generosity, Compassion and Protection. Consult your heart only, for, reasonable creatures as we are, our heads

impose upon us with the examples of others—the Rights in an Enemy's Country perhaps with the name of Perquisites &c. You will be assured that my Affection alone makes me talk thus, my concern for your Reputation and the tenderness with which I shall ever wish for your Welfare.

“ I am ever yours,

“ P. F.”

After an interval of two years the correspondence between Dr. Francis and his son was renewed on the occasion of the latter (æ. 19) being made Secretary to Lord Kinnoul, when that nobleman was sent by Pitt on an Embassy to the Portuguese Court.

FROM PORTSMOUTH, PHILIP WRITES TO HIS FATHER.

“ *Feb. 14, 1760.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ There does not appear the least likelihood of our ever leaving this miserable Place. The winds are not satisfied with detaining us here, they blow Tempests against us. However, my Lord keeps me so constantly employed that the time is far from hanging on hand. I ought to tell you that I have every reason to think I shall live very happily with him. It must give you pleasure to know I am so well situated. My servant John, too, pleases me extremely. Lord Strathmore and Mr. Pitt¹ are most amiable young men, so that I cannot travel in better company.

¹ Thomas Pitt, nephew of Lord Chatham. He and Lord Strathmore together wrote an account of their adventures in Portugal which exists in MS. in the British Museum (MSS. 5845, xviii. B. f. 219).

We have nothing new here, nor, indeed, could expect anything from such a Kennell.

“ My best respects to Mr. Calcraft,

“ I am, dear Sir, always yours,

“ PHIL. FRANCIS.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO DR. FRANCIS.

“ PORTSMOUTH,

“ 21 Feb., 1760.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ We went on board the *Windsor*, Captain Cleveland—last Sunday, as I informed you. After going through the utmost misery from Calms and contrary Winds, we were obliged to land again on Tuesday night. I never felt more real pleasure than in once more visiting this wretched Place. The wind is fair again this morning, but I cannot think of the ship *Windsor* without Horror and detestation.

“ I am still strong in Bank. My only expense has been in Cloaths, and washing ; for I was obliged to make two shirts serve. But I cannot thank you enough for this attention to me.

“ The people here are greatly interested in Lord Charles Hay’s trial.

“ I am, Dear Sir, always yours,

“ PHIL. FRANCIS.”

DR. FRANCIS TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

“ MY DEAR PHIL,

“ From Lord Kinnoul’s universal Character I never doubted your Happiness in his service, neither do I doubt that your attention to please and your

assiduity will continue to deserve it. I truly rejoice with you in your present Situation. Yet do not think me whimsical if I confess that I have greater pleasure in hearing you are pleased with your Servant. It looks as if he were pleased with you : and believe me Phil, to make our inferiors happy is a better proof of merit than to be made happy by our superiors.

“ Ever yours,

“ P. FRANCIS.

“ For Cloaths read Clothes—For Kennell read Kennel, for behaves read behaves himself and then read Johnson. Fare well !”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO DR. FRANCIS.

“ LISBON,

“ *March 30th, 1760.*

“ DEAR SIR,

“ Lord Kinnoul had his first Audience of the King on the 21st, the only event of any Importance that has happened since my letter of the 10th inst.

“ Our time has hitherto been employed in making and receiving visits of Ceremony, in which the Secretary bears a principal and very laborious part.

“ However, I had the satisfaction of gratifying my curiosity to see the Condé d'Oeyras Carvalho,¹ who governs the Kingdom in a most despotic manner.

¹ Sebastien José de Carvalho e Mello, Marquis of Pombal, the Prime Minister of Joseph I. and sometimes called the Sully of Portugal. The Jesuits were his bitter enemies.

“His Influence over the mind of a very weak prince and his headlong Resolution in the management of one great affair have gained him a Reputation in England which people here think he by no means deserves.

“The King and all the Royal Family received Lord Kinnoul in the most gracious manner. They say such a Reception has not been known at this court. The speech he made was accepted as an entire Satisfaction for the affair of Cape Lagos.¹ . . . The Weather is prodigiously hot, but as everything here is conducted in a manner diametrically opposite to reason, common sense, and the practice of every other Country, shade is despised and not a Tree to be seen except Olives which afford none. I had always a very bad Opinion of this Nation, but at present I have entirely altered it. Instead of finding them moderately execrable, I see that all our ideas of what is superlatively bad, come far short of the qualifications of a Portuguese. Imprimis, I take for granted they come into the world the wrong way; however, certain 'tis, they rock their Children, in the Cradle, heads and points, not sideways. This ingenious method seems happily calculated to prevent their sleeping by any accident. The Boys go to school in heavy Cloaks, which cover all but their eyes, and always march with a becoming gravity. This fashion of walking prevails so strongly, that they will rather suffer themselves to be run-over, than discompose

¹ The Court of Lisbon had taken offence at Admiral Boscawen's capture of the French fleet of Admiral de la Clue under this fortress.



MARIA ANNA VICTORIA, INFANTA OF SPAIN,
AFTERWARDS QUEEN OF JOSEPH I. OF PORTUGAL.

To face page 44.]

themselves by stirring out of the way. The first day I went out, my chaise ran over a man and two Boys. The postilion took no kind of notice of it, nor even turned back his Head. I endeavoured to stop and get out but could not make the driver understand me. It was happy for me, he did not. The least expression of Humanity or concern for the sufferers might have been fatal to me. The Mob would certainly have murdered me, whereas by persisting boldly, they either think one in the right, or are intimidated. This is a sample of the Portuguese manner of thinking. If a servant offends we must not strike, but kill him. He will assuredly revenge a blow by assassinating his master, without running the *least* risque of Punishment whereas his Death would be attended with no sort of Inconvenience. The King is a Beggar. His troops Beggars. The nobility utter Beggars. But no term is poor enough to express the Beggary of the Plebs. Let it suffice to say that half a Moidore would purchase every crime that even a Portuguese could commit.

“ This city affords a most shocking and astonishing scene of Ruins. All the handsomest part of it destroyed by the Earthquake. We ride through the Remains of the Town with fear and trembling. The people are so perverse or dilatory, that they have left whole ranges of walls standing unsupported, which frequently fall and crush the Passengers who walk under them quite unconcerned.

“ I think this the dullest place I ever saw. No kind of Diversion going forward, especially in Lent.

We visit for ever. I am perfectly well and live in great state and am highly considered as an appendix to his Excellency.

“ Yours most sincerely,

“ P. F.”

DR. FRANCIS TO HIS SON.

“ *March 25th, 1760.*

“ MY DEAR PHIL,

“ I write to you merely because it is Tuesday night. No; 'tis something more; to tell you I am well, and wait with Impatience to hear of your progress in health and happiness. I send you four days of Lord George Sackville's trial. I prithee tell me you are entertained with it, for I purchase it at a very severe rate. Five hours in the morning in a room as hot, as the dungeon of Calcutta, and as highly perfum'd as whole Lisbon. Then writing till midnight, like—No; your Office in Circular Letter time, has nothing like it.

“ Farewell—My Love, would it were like his own, to Mr. Allen.¹

“ Yours,

“ P. FRANCIS.

“ To give you a specimen of what I wish our future Correspondence—Sally desires to be remembered to you with her best face-washing compliments. The prettiest Horse in England has forgotten to stumble. Poor Puss, has been under a violent suspicion of madness, and was very near

¹ English Chaplain at Lisbon, a relative of Dr. Francis.

being hanged for being out of her wits. Now what are all the news of States and Kingdoms to this intelligence of the heart and its affections?

“Once more—Farewell.”

PHILIP FRANCIS to DR. FRANCIS.

“LISBON,
“14th April, 1760.

“... The character I gave you of this Nation in my last was perhaps too harsh; ... ingratitude, cowardice, and revenge are the Foibles of the Portuguese. . . .

“The more ridiculous parts of their character are exactly described in Gulliver’s account of Lagado under Laputa, ‘The houses very strangely built and most of them out of repair. The people in the street walk slow, look wild, their eyes fixed, and are generally in rags,’ &c.”

PHILIP FRANCIS to DR. FRANCIS.

“LISBON,
“17 May, 1760.

“DEAR SIR,

“Last Thursday our Ambassador gave a grand Entertainment to several of the first nobility here. For Ignorance, Beggary, Meanness, and Pride they certainly have not their fellows in Christendom. An English tailor is a fine gentleman in appearance compared to the first Duke in this land. Baskerville’s Virgil was produced after Dinner, but by no means attracted their attention. Very few of them knew in what language it was written. Upon being

asked if I understood Latin I was unfortunate enough to say I did. But I fear it has lessened my credit among them, for I had certainly won some of their hearts by gorging them at dinner till the Tears ran down their Cheeks. This is literally a fact. Of learning, or any other accomplishment whatever they have no idea. Riding is their chief study and in that they pretend to excel. Among this crew of Wretches I must except two Noblemen¹ with whom you are acquainted. Their superior understanding and merit has produced an Effect very natural in Portugal. They are feared and consequently ill used at Court, and despised and hated by the rest of the Nobility. You have heard that the Portuguese have a superstitious notion of their King Sebastian's returning and governing the Kingdom one day or other. They are now perfectly satisfied that Sebastian José [Carvalho] was the man who fought in Africa; some indeed are of another opinion—that it is the Devil himself who has been gracious enough to honour Portugal with his Presence and now governs his best beloved as devils should be governed. I am of the latter opinion. I thank you for your kind inquiries about the state of my Finances. As I am at no kind of expense except to buy common necessities for myself I am as yet tolerably strong, washing produces a constant demand. I go to a Concert sometimes, and that is the only pleasure I pay for. There are some fine performers and singers from Italy here.

“John is a very worthy fellow and an excellent

¹ The Vicomte de Ponte de Lima and his son.

servant. My compliments to Sally and the horse. I flatter myself the cat still exists, as you make no mention of his exit.

“ I am, Dear Sir,

“ Yours most truly,

“ PHIL: FRANCIS.

“ It's so burning hot at this moment, that I can scarce wag a finger.

“ My best compliments to Mr. Calcraft,—I hope Mr. Fox and his family are well.

“ Remember me to all friends.”

DR. FRANCIS TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

“ . . . Merely by the hurry of your Secretary in your last ‘asked if I understood Latin’ read *whether*.

“ You say, you will bring as much Calcavella as you can. Pray do, but pray recollect the difference between *bringing* and *carrying*—a difference of old dispute between us, *cloths*, *intirely*—vide Johnson—Forgive me, my dearest Phil—I see not these little faults in others.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO DR. FRANCIS.

“ LISBON,

“ 8th June, 1760.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ I am so much fatigued with the Business and the Ceremonies which have employed us this week past, that I cannot write a line to anybody but you, by this Paquet, and to you I can only say that I am perfectly well and tolerably happy. Last

Friday being the King's Birthday we appeared at Court in Gala. The silk¹ arrived time enough from England and is prodigiously handsome. There was nothing equal to it at Court. At the same time I must allow, that they are not very elegant in their clothes. A long expected Marriage was then declared to the great and universal Satisfaction of the whole Kingdom. Don Pedro, the King's brother has married the Princess of Brazils, his niece, by which the succession is fixed with this Family. Ever since we have been here there have been disputes between us and the French Ambassador about Precedence. On Friday we routed him entirely, and our victory was the more remarkable from the splendour of a Birthday and from a conviction the Portuguese are in that our Embassy effected this fortunate marriage. While we were congratulating and embracing everybody we met upon this occasion, he and his Faction were struck with utter Astonishment and Dismay, nor did they appear to take the least part in the general joy—consequently their behaviour was extremely offensive.

“ I am, Dear Sir,

“ Yours most sincerely,

“ PHIL: FRANCIS.”

Philip Francis wrote afterwards in his autobiography the following account of this incident :—

“ We found a French Ambassador at Lisbon, whose Organs were very differently constituted from ours. It was not possible for the French nation to be more

¹ *Viz.* a suit of silk clothes sent from England.

truly represented than by the Comte de Merle. He was lively, vain, insolent and polite. With respect to us the most unlucky part of his Character was his Penetration. He saw in a moment what sort of a Rival he had to contend with. . . . He asserted that he had an indisputable right to take the *Pas* of the English Ambassador on all Occasions whatsoever : that the point had either never been disputed by us, or that it had been formally yielded and did not admit of a question ; and that he was determined at all events to maintain the Honour of the crown of France. It was in vain for the Portuguese Ministers to propose expedients to a man of this Temper. He would not listen to anything that conveyed the most distant idea of Equality. The Question was, which of them should go first into the King's Closet. The French Ambassador always took his Station at the door till it was opened, and would suffer no man to enter before him. In this situation Lord K. had no honourable remedy but to go up to the door and remove the French Ambassador by Force. The other would of course have drawn his sword and a battle must have ensued between them in the King of Portugal's Presence. Lord Kinnoul had too much discretion to run the risque of such an Extremity. He stated the case pretty fairly to Mr. Pitt who in return sent him Orders in the King's name to assert the Precedence due to the Crown of England and dispute the *Pas* with the French Ambassador. . . . At last however the Condé de Oeyras [Marquis de Pomal] helped him in some degree out of his difficulties by obtaining a prior Audience for him on the day on

which the marriage of the Princess of Brazils with her Uncle was declared.

As the Audience was granted at an unusual hour, the points in dispute with the French Ambassador never came in issue."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO DR. FRANCIS.

"LISBON,

"22 *June*, 1760.

"This country produces nothing new except some fresh instances of Carvalho's unbounded power, and of his headlong violence in using it. He hated the Cardinal Aiaccioli the Pope's Nuncio here, and was always contriving means to disgrace him. Upon pretence that he did not illuminate his house upon the late Marriage, the King last Sunday sent a guard to his palace, and a letter ordering him to quit the city immediately, and the Kingdom within four days. Such unprecedented outrage offered to a Nuncio and a Cardinal, is a very Phenomenon in this most Popish country, and will assuredly cause a rupture with the Pope, already gorged with Jesuits;—Carvalho contrives to send his Holiness a fresh cargo of them every week.

"The Portuguese hang their heads, and say that the next thing they expect is to be sent to hear Prayers at Lord Kinnoul's Chapel.

"Farewell yours ever,

"PHIL: FRANCIS.

"My best compts. to Mr. Calcraft, Mr. Wade, Mr. Adair, My Uncle and Cousin &c., To Sally and the Cat."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO DR. FRANCIS.

" LISBON,

" *July 24, 1760.*

" The Portuguese women in general are far from being handsome. In the first place the best of them are but pretty Jewesses of whom some very few are really pretty.

" I should not neglect to inform you that on the second of this month the Ambassador gave a most magnificent and splendid Entertainment to the Ministers and Nobility belonging to the Court upon occasion of the Marriage. A noble dinner, a fine concert for the Ladies and at night some elegant Fireworks exhibited in the garden where 22 swivel guns were planted on an eminence to announce the healths. The House was handsomely illuminated as were all those of the English Merchants here. All Lisbon, I believe, was assembled to see us. At 12 O'clock the company sat down to a Supper prepared with a profusion and elegance equal to the rest of the day. Open house was kept and my Lord Kinnoul was glad to come off for £650. It did us great honour.

" On Sunday the 13th inst. I was invited by Sir Harry Frankland to see a Grand Bull Feast from his Barraca or Lodge. To have a true idea of the Portuguese you should be acquainted with this their favourite Diversion. I think I shall not be severe upon them when I say it is the most abominable entertainment that ever was invented, but at the same time I confess nothing could be better adapted to the genius and disposition of the Spectators.

" I shall not attempt to tell you what it filled me

with Horror and Sickness to see. When the Bull is unable to attack he is delivered over to the Cavaliers servants for the diversion of the crowd. What follows is too shocking for anything but the eye or ear of a Portuguese.

“ I am dear Sir yours very truly,

“ P. FRANCIS.”

Sir Harry Frankland, mentioned in this letter, was in Lisbon on the day of the great earthquake of November 1st, 1755, and had a narrow escape, recorded thus:—

“ Sir Harry Frankland, who was riding in a chaise through a narrow street when the shock began, was saved by leaping into a doorway near the spot. Both the driver of his carriage and the mules were killed by the fall of stones from the neighbouring houses.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HIS FATHER.

“ LISBON,

“ Aug. 22nd, 1760.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ Since my last of the 4th Inst. nothing of any consequence has happened here, except that an entire rupture with the Pope has been declared by three royal Edicts, forbidding all communication between Portugal and Rome. Besides the weakness of that See, His Holiness's Ministry are by no means able to vie with Carvalho in cunning; and the low Politics of Italian Priests, if opposed to regularity and firmness, are easily overturned. They say this Kingdom will save about two hundred thousand pounds by the Rupture, which used to be sent annually

to Rome to purchase Bulls and dispensations. It seems that this Ministry is determined that whatever accommodation shall be hereafter concluded, such impoverishing abuse shall never again be admitted. However advantageous such disputes among the Catholic powers may be for England, I very much question whether it be our real interest that Portugal should recover from the Ignorance and Dependence in which she is sunk.

“The silk Fabric here, which since the Earthquake had three hundred workmen, is so much declined that at present it has literally but three, and everything in the Country seems to flourish in the same proportion.

“I am, dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

“PHIL: FRANCIS.”

DR. FRANCIS TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

“Sept. 16, 1760.

“My last, of last Tuesday, was a conversation between Mr. Wood and Mr. Dobson, to whom you are really much obliged. He is a good man, and loves you. Some few days since I saw Mr. Wood. He said a great many handsome things of you; for I think, you may now begin to be trusted with your own merit. He recommends to you with great earnestness, the collectings of all possible anecdotes of the present Reign of Portugal. The Earthquake, the Conspiracy, and even the Horrors of the Execution &c. A work of this kind would not only be extremely valuable in itself, but it might possibly introduce you

personally to Mr. Pitt. Everything is within hope for a young man in your situation. Mr. Pitt himself, no offence to his present greatness, is a proof of it. I promised to send you a paragraph of news in every letter, you must be contented with one single article at present. We have taken the Island of Dumat, I believe near Quiberon Bay. It commands the Harbour of Croisic. Sir Edward Hawke says he can winter the Fleet there if it be necessary."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO DR. FRANCIS.

"Oct. 11, 1760.

"... It is impossible to lead a more dull and melancholy Life than I do. I am heartily sick of all this Regularity and Form and Good Living, the only Place of Diversion in Lisbon, is the long Room, where the Young People now begin to meet; but it is by one of my Lord Kinnoul's Whims forbidden to his family. If we should stay the Winter, I should certainly not submit in this Point, *conte qui conte*. When we left London there was no expectation of staying near so long as we have done, and I should think it a real Misfortune to be detained here so long as to miss the Congress. As I shall therefore, in that case, be drawn in for much more than I engage for, I shall not allow that his Lordship has any Right to make the Place more miserable to me than is necessary. If I had any business to employ me,—Patience. But to play at Whist every Night in the same dull party, without the least Variety, or Intermission is more than I can bear. Perhaps and I earnestly hope the next paquet may

bring our Recredentials. With what Joy shall I quit Portugal, and once more see dear England.

"I am Dear Sir,

"Yours most sincerely,

"P. FRANCIS.

"We are in deep Mourning for the Queen of Spain, who died on the 27th of last month."

DR. FRANCIS TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

"LONDON,

"October 14th, 1760.

"This Letter my dear Phil I hope will be the last of my Lisbon Correspondence, and that I shall soon bid you welcome from the land of Slavery, Superstition, and Ignorance.

"The best, indeed the only News of the Day, is that the Cherokees have abandoned the Siege of Fort London, which was greatly distress'd, and have applied for Terms of Peace. We are all at Gaze for the Destination of our Expedition to which your Secretaryship, thanks to our friend Calcraft, might have been Secretary. I spent a very good humoured last Sunday with Chitty's Jollity at Hampstead, and heard the—not too divine Miss McRabie singy our 'Would you woo the tender creature.' Farewell my dear Phil I heartily wish you a good voyage.

"Yours,

"P. F."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO DR. FRANCIS.

"LISBON,

"October 29th, 1760.

"Dear Sir,

"A packet arrived on the 18th inst. with five mails full of glorious News for the public, and agreeable news for us in particular. I need not

answer your several kind letters at present, as I hope to have the Happiness of seeing you within a few days after this reaches London. My Lord Kinnoul has made such expedition in preparing for his Departure that we shall go on board the *Isis* next Saturday evening, and, if the wind proves favourable, proceed early next morning. We had our Audience of leave yesterday. His Excellency was received, as usual, most graciously. After all the formal audiences were finished the Condé d'Oeyras went to him, and told him that his Majesty desired to speak to the Earl of Kinnoul in private; when he went in, the King began by saying in Portuguese, 'My Lord, the British Ambassador has left my court, but I would not let the Earl of Kinnoul depart without informing him of the particular Esteem I have for his person; and how greatly I am pleased with his Conduct. My Lord, no man knows better than you do, how intimately the interests of the two nations are connected, and I believe no man is better disposed to support the harmony and union, which is for their mutual Advantage. I know what an esteem the King, my brother, has for you, and the confidence he places in you, and I am persuaded you will employ your best offices in cultivating the Friendship that subsists so happily between us.' His Majesty pronounced all this in an open, easy, and very friendly manner. In concluding, he said,¹

¹ In his Autobiography, writing about this incident, Francis says: "In consequence of a difference between the two courts about the value of a present offered to Carvalho when he was Envoy in England, it had been agreed for some years that no presents should be given at the departure of their respective Ministers."



JOSEPH I., KING OF PORTUGAL.

‘Although the etiquette of the two Courts does not permit the giving presents to the ministers of each other, yet I cannot avoid giving my Lord Kinnoul a particular mark of my private regard for him, which I beg he will accept and wear for my Sake.’ So saying he presented him with a gold box, containing an immense Brilliant, which the jewellers here value at thirteen hundred pounds. As my Lord will choose to tell this most handsome story himself, I would not have made it too public. The Portuguese call this compliment a grand *fineza*. It is with difficulty I can find time to write, for literally I am almost fagged to death. No wine can be brought. Mr. Adair’s is ready at Oporto and only waits for a Convoy.

“Most affectionately yours,

“P. F.”

The regular exchange of letters between Dr. Francis and his son is interrupted at this point.

Philip returned to England with Lord Kinnoul in November, 1760, and took up the post of Clerk in the Secretary of State’s office which he had held before he accompanied the Ambassador to Portugal. He was presented at Court by Lord Kinnoul, and it is said was “graciously received,” but no preferment was offered him.

During the following year Philip, then twenty-one years of age, became engaged to Miss Elizabeth Mackrabie, and was married to her on February 27th, 1762.

Dr. Francis was very much opposed to this marriage, and a coolness between him and his son resulted from it which extended over some years. But

intercourse between the two was renewed long before the father's death, which took place on March 5th, 1773. It is plain from the later letters written by the old man—made prematurely old by ill-health—to Philip that the father's affection for his son had in no degree diminished, and also that he had no reason to complain of any lack of kindness on the son's part, or want of gratitude for the strong affection which had been given to him from his childhood.

In one of Dr. Francis's letters to his son, when the latter was at Lisbon, he mentions having spent an evening in Miss Mackrabie's society, by which it appears that the families of Francis and Mackrabie were already acquainted.

Elizabeth Mackrabie was the only daughter of Mr. Alexander Mackrabie, who had retired from business and lived on small means with his family at Fulham. She had one brother, Alexander. The Mackrabies and the Francis family had mutual friends in Mr. and Mrs. Chandler (Mr. Chandler was a relative of the Mackrabies) and Mr. and Mrs. Chitty; and these names recur frequently in the letters following. It appears that her own father was almost as strongly opposed to Elizabeth's acceptance of young Philip's proposal to her as Philip's father was of the proposal being made. The lovers were forbidden to meet or have any intercourse for three months, but they evidently transgressed.

ELIZABETH MACKRABIE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

"July 10th, 1761.

"Tho' I have nothing particular to say yet I would not omit this Opportunity of writing you a

short Letter as I fear time won't permit me to make it otherwise, however as a thing of the most Consequence I hope to hear soon from Harriott [Chitty] that you are perfectly well and also cheerful and that your F——r and you are upon good terms, as I should be extremely unhappy if I should ever be the least Cause of disagreement between two such near Friends and Relations, however as hopes must still carry us on, I must not perplex myself and endeavour to be contented, as to my Father I believe he has already forgot it, and thinks that I have, for he never speaks a single Word of the Affair, if so he is much mistaken, as it has made a much deeper impression, but I appear as easy as I can and I thank God am very well, I went to Town last Wednesday, my Father came on Tuesday Night and knew nothing of your being here, we came here again last night and my Father is just gone to Town again this morning. Mrs. Chitty & Harriott is here I have received yours and have but just time to thank you and say I can never think of the private Scheme. I am very well and very happy you are so, and am in haste.

“Your,

“ E. M.”

ELIZABETH MACKRABIE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

“FULHAM,

“July 23, 1761.

“Your obliging favour of the 19th came safe here on Monday night and I have taken the first opportunity to thank you for it and to congratulate you on being upon good terms with your father before he left town, indeed I am sincerely happy at it and

heartily wish it may long continue, though from what you say I fear you are still pursuing what will only make him displeased again and most likely only more so were he to know it, however at present you seem to think he is easy in that particular as he thinks 'tis all over on your side and that may perhaps make him happy. I am certain my Father thinks it is with me as I always endeavour to look cheerful and happy when he is here and I believe suffer rather more for it at other times, but there is no help for that. I often wonder he don't find me out, as I am not used to deceit I am a very bad dissembler, but I fancy as 'tis what he would not willingly find out so imagine he does not look for it. Last Tuesday my brother came home and thank God perfectly well, he din'd here as did my Father and some more Friends. I could not help wishing you had been of the party to have made it more complete, but wishes won't do so must be content. Indeed I must own you have acted very disinterestedly in this affair and am only sorry to say, that this thing should it ever take place, looks so very much so on your side that I fear you will be blamed by all your Friends, as having acted imprudently and as many will think improperly in marrying one older than yourself and without Fortune, as will be the case were we to do this thing privately. My Father's disposition is such. . . . You know your Father's objection to your marrying is so great that he told my F—— that would he give me Ten Thousand Pounds it would not make him approve it ; so don't flatter yourself with vain hopes of assistance on his side, . . . and you must forgive me, if I think your

Income won't do alone. . . . I can't see any immediate necessity till at least the three months are expired, in that time I flatter myself something favourable will happen to us, and I hope you don't fear trusting to me for so short a time, but I know you don't, as I have no doubt of you, and am entirely convinced you will always do all in your Power to make me happy.

"I go into Essex on Saturday. After my return home I flatter myself I shall be able to fix some way to have the pleasure to see you.

"Your,

"E. M.

"I shall put this in the Penny Post to-morrow morning in London."

ELIZABETH MACKRABIE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

"FULHAM,

"*Friday Night, Sept. 11, 1761.*

"In obedience to your desire I write you a few lines to show you how desirous I am of pleasing you and to say I hope you got safe home, but not without being seen I believe, for as you left our back Gate, a Man from that open door came out after you went past and seem'd to Eye you, and when you was gone I call'd at Mr. Bonnin our Clergyman's and he told me he saw a Young Gentleman in blew go to our house, that he had laid out for me, I could not deny your being there so said nothing, I hope in God your being here to-day may not come to my Father's Ears and then all will be well and I must say your Company has given me much pleasure

today, and I hope no bad consequence may come from it. I own it has given me fresh spirits and I seem to be all alive (and if I were so happy as to be at Hampstead) I should say merry, but that I can't be, so 'tis needless to wish it, but still the propensity is so great, that I can't avoid saying it. . . . I have not time to write anything but these few Words, which I hope your goodness will accept instead of a letter for 'tis but a scrawl, however when I have an Opportunity will make it up, pray excuse this little bitt of paper, as I have not a bitt more here and believe me to be with the greatest Sincerity ever

“ Your

“ E. M.”

None of her lover's letters to Elizabeth have been kept, nor any written during the two years succeeding their marriage. Their first child, a daughter, Sarah, was born on May 29th, 1763. Towards the end of the year 1762 Philip (æt. 22) had, through the interest of his and his father's friend Mr. Wood, received from the Right Hon. Welbore Ellis, Secretary at War, the appointment of First Clerk in the War Office. Christopher D'Oyly at the same time was made Mr. Ellis's deputy. Thus D'Oyly and Francis became companions in the War Office, and their companionship led to a warm friendship. Eventually they left the War Office together in 1772. Mr. Francis's income was increased by this change in his life.

The second child, christened Elizabeth, was born in March, 1764. During this year Mrs. Francis paid

a long visit to Brighton for her health. Her husband writes to her there from home :—

“DUKE STREET,
“June 28, 1764, 7 o'clock.

“MY DEAREST BETSY,

“James has just arrived here after a miserable Journey. The poor fellow has been wet thro' & thro', and continued so several Hours. But he has this minute swallowed a Bumper of Rum and seems to be in tolerable spirits. People who go upon Journeys must expect to meet with a Variety of Plagues, and make the best on't. Upon the whole I think you have not been very unlucky. If your Chaise Boys were troublesome, the Weather was exactly what you would have wished, and the having James with you must have been a considerable Advantage to you. If you are comfortably settled now, no matter for the Past. The two dear children are as well as possible. Sally ate a bit of chicken with me to-day, for I dined at home ; but I could not spare her half so much as she wanted as I had nothing else. The nurses to do them Justice seem to be very fond and careful of their charge. As to the additional Expense you have been at, there's no help for it. All I can say is you must be as saving as you can ; at the same Time it is not my Desire that you should distress yourself about Trifles. I dined at the 'Chops' on Tuesday and Yesterday in Cecil Street ; but never sure made so bad a dinner. First four monstrous Mackerel, hard-roed and blood Raw. Not a little cursing and swearing. After being all mammocked the fish were sent down to be boiled and when they returned had

the most odious appearance I ever beheld ; they looked like one dish of Hodge Podge. A neck of Mutton roasted to death formed the second course. In short I came away sick and hungry. If I write often which I propose doing you must not expect me to be very prolix. Pray give my compliments to your Mother and believe me

“ Most affectionately Yours,

“ P. F.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HIS WIFE.

“6 July, 1764.

“ I am most truly grieved at the most melancholy account of your Health, especially as it is so entirely out of my Power to contribute to your Relief.

“ With respect to this Head Ache I suppose it is no more than the immediate effect of a remedy which you are not used to ; but I flatter myself still that it will go off. But if it be owing to your excessive lowness of Spirits, I know no Remedy :— it is indeed bad enough that you should not have met with a single Acquaintance at a Place of such public Resort ; but remember my dear Girl that you went more for Health than for Amusement or Pleasure ; and let the Hopes of Attaining that great Object give you a Relish for the Means. As to my own part I assure you I never was more truly sick of anything than I am of this Vagabond way of Life, and sincerely wish to have you Home again ; but it would grieve me to think that all this should have been done to no Purpose ; for God’s sake persevere, and do not let the Want of the company of People whom you

do not care a Farthing for, interrupt a concern of so much consequence as your Health.

“What is it you wish for—Your Children and I are perfectly well and wherever you are you may be sure my tenderest Affection for you is the same. But you want to see me—I wrote this Morning to your Brother, and find by his Answer which I send you enclosed, that we shall dine together. I shall propose to him our setting out on Friday next for Brighthelmstone and if it can possibly be managed you may expect us that Night. What can I do more. So be a good Girl, and keep up your Spirits. Ask Dr. Relhan’s advice as soon as he arrives. My compliments to your sleepy mother.

“Yours truly,

“P. F.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HIS WIFE.

“July 10th, 1764.”

“MY DEAREST BETSY,

“I wrote to you on Friday and Saturday last, and received a letter from you yesterday dated the 6th, which I fancy must be a mistake: for the future add the Name of the Day. Everything is settled for our setting out on Friday next. That Night I promise myself the great Pleasure of holding my dearest Girl in my Arms. It is impossible to be more impatient than I am to see you. Our Time at Hampstead was spent as usual in the height of Jollity and what added to it was that Mrs. Chitty found herself almost perfectly recovered. It would really have grieved me more than I can express to have lost that worthy good Woman. You are a

rigid Economist indeed to think of so small a Matter as a Penny a Day. I desire you will by no means cramp yourself in the article of Expense as I choose that you should have everything that can be of Use or Satisfaction to you, and as I am most firmly convinced you will never run into unnecessary Expenses, I shall with Pleasure make good any Deficiency in your Allowance.

"The two children and I played together this morning about half an hour on the Carpet; it amuses me vastly to see how fond Sally is of her Sister, and what efforts she makes to speak to her; 'Ti-ta-to-tu'—for at present I live in the Dining Room, the Parlour is all Filth and Dirt.

". . . It is possible you may not hear from me again until you see your Brother and me at Brighthelmstone. Adieu.

"My compliments attend your Mother.

"Yours always, P. F."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HIS WIFE.

"July 28th, 1764.

"MY DEAREST BETSY,

"It gives me a great deal of Concern, to hear that the Sea is not a more effectual Remedy to you, than you have found it. What I apprehend is that the uneasiness of being from Home counteracts the good Effects of the Water, and leaves you in the same State it found you. If this be the case, I may be very sorry, but I cannot find in my Heart to blame you; but if it be really the case, if all the end answered is that you are sometimes better and sometimes worse, I own I cannot discover the Use

of your continuing at a Place, where you must lead but a melancholy Life at best. Ask yourself the Question, whether you seriously think the Sea has, or probably will do you any considerable Service. If it has not I would by all Means advise you to come home. My dearest girl, don't attribute this to any but the true motive—a Desire to have your Company, which yet I would willingly give up, if there were Reason to hope that your staying where you are can in any measure contribute to the Establishment of your health. . . .

“Rosenhagen has left, and I am going to Mr. C——. The Parson promises to return again on Monday.

“Believe me always my dearest Betsy,

“Yours most truly,

“P. F.

“The two dear Childers look like little Angels. I make Sally walk whether she will or no. My Father's Housekeeper calls sometimes, but I have never seen her, nor the Doctor himself. Present your Brother's love and mine to Mrs. Mackrabie.”

Philip Rosenhagen, of a Danish family, had been a fellow-pupil of Philip Francis at St. Paul's. Rosenhagen was older than Philip, but they were class-fellows. Mr. Thicknesse, the Headmaster of the school in their time, used to speak of these two boys as being the most naturally clever amongst his pupils. In forecasting their lives he predicted a far higher moral development for Francis than for his friend. Rosenhagen graduated at St. John's

College, Cambridge, and took Holy Orders. He was eventually appointed Archdeacon of Colombo, where he died in 1799.

In the summer of 1765 Mrs. Francis visited Margate with her children for the sake of sea baths ; her husband writes to her there :—

"8th June, 1765.

"Indeed, my dearest Betsy, I am very serious when I say I think your absence long, and the prospect of three weeks more appears almost an age. However if you and the Children are benefitted by it, I shall be satisfied, and leave it to your own judgment. . . . As I understand you are not acquainted with any body at Margate, how do you contrive to make Parties at Quadrille. You should take care not to play with any but genteell People : that Place has not always the best company in the World. . . . Does Sally grow stronger or does she attempt to talk yet. Do you subscribe to the Library and read pretty Books? Mr. Chitty has pressed me very much to go to Hampstead, and I propose, if nothing intervenes, to pay them a visit this Evening, and return on Monday.

"Next Saturday I shall either go to Maidenhead Bridge or to Mr. Chandlers, but your Brother is an idle good for nothing Varlet. The Fellow goes and sups with Men and their Wives eternally. I forgot to tell you that the Pussy has been safely delivered, upon one of the Arm chairs in the Parlour, of a white, white kitten, no bigger than Sally's Thumb. The latter is perfectly well, and the former as well as can be ex-

pected. She is truly the Lady in the Straw, having a nice bed of that quality made up for her in the Garden, where I take care to have her Victuals regularly conveyed to her. As these are events that regard the Family, I flatter myself you will not hear of them with Indifference. This Letter would hardly be worth *your* paying fourpence for, but as *I* am to pay for it you may allow me to be as concise and as idle as I please. . . .

"I dined at Gordon's yesterday—they enquired properly about you and desire their compliments. Mine to your Mother, and kisses to the children.

"Yours, my sweetest love, always and with the greatest truth,

"P. F."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HIS WIFE.

"June 11, 1765.

"This Post is very convenient, for though we are above seventy miles off, I hear this morning how you did yesterday. This is so great a Pleasure to me that I wait with impatience for the hour of the Post, and woe be to you if you disappoint me. I am perfectly satisfied that you will not dance with any but a proper Person, but that was not what I meant: I am apt to suspect that the general run of the Company is not of the best, therefore would wish you not to make yourself too cheap among them. Who did you dance with? The Time till my dearest Betsy returns seems full as tedious to me as it can do to you. I wish it were possible for me to take a trip to Margate, but that would make it impossible for me to execute my Paris Scheme. Your Brother and Fitz and I

went to Foote's last night, and afterwards they supped on Bread and Butter with me.

"My sweetest Betsy, I hope you think of me, and that you really wish to be with me again; if you do not you are ungrateful to the last degree. Haven't you fixed the Day yet for your Return? As you are such a constant Bather, I should imagine your Stay might be shortened. But all this I leave to yourself. As I write constantly twice a week, you ought to be contented, though I don't complain of your wishing to hear oftener from me. I wish Sally would do me the Favour to say a few Words; can't you persuade her to write a line or two to me?

"Yours, my dearest Betsy, for ever,

"P. F."

The following letter was written by Philip Francis in 1766 to his friend Mr. Allen at Lisbon:—

"LONDON,

"February 4th, 1766.

"DEAR ALLEN,

"I have but a very few moments to spare, but I will not omit letting you know the event of one of the most important Questions ever agitated in Parliament: No less than whether the British Legislature had a right to tax the British Colonies. You have undoubtedly heard to what a dangerous height disputes have been carried here upon this point, especially since Mr. Pitt thought fit to declare himself so strongly in favour of the Claims of the Americans: it is true that his opinion and his manner of declaring it, were universally condemned by every Englishman above the rank of a Blacksmith; yet it did not fail,

as might well be expected, to increase the ferment the nation was in already. Yesterday the point was solemnly argued by both Houses, and decided in the Upper House. In the House of Lords, where I attended, (for not a single stranger was admitted in the other House) the Debate lay between the two great pillars of the law, Lords Chief Justice Cambden and Mansfield. The Parties were all prepared. The known Anxiety of the public, the fulness of the House, and the profound Attention with which these great men were heard, made it a most solemn scene, and seemed to add something to the real Importance of the question. The debate took its rise from a motion made by the Duke of Grafton, as follows: ‘That the King’s Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords spiritual and temporal and Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled, had, hath, and of right ought to have, full power and authority to make laws and statutes of sufficient tone and validity to bind the colonies and people of America subjects to the Crown of Great Britain in all cases whatsoever.’

“I did not get into the House time enough to hear Lord Cambden, who opposed the motion; but I understand that his whole Discourse was rather oratorical than argumentative; that he seemed to have adopted the declamatory Stile altogether, with the principles of Mr. Pitt; resting his cause more upon natural rights of Humanity and the general doctrine of natural Liberty, than upon the laws and true Constitution of England. I need not go through the common train of arguments in favour of Freedom, virtual representation, trade, &c., which I dare say

were urged with all the force they could possibly admit of. But to very little Effect. For when Lord Mansfield had made his reply, it was so full, so learned, so logical, and in every respect so true, that not an atom of doubt remained in the breasts of his hearers. He traced the Colonies from their origin—their charters and history—the impossibility of supposing two supreme Legislatures—how impracticable to draw a line for bounding the authority of the British legislature; the absurdity of attempting to distinguish between the one act of legislation and another; as if a greater degree of power were required to lay taxes than to make any other kind of Law—proved by a multitude of examples that such an idea was equally false in Fact as in Reason. Expressed the greatest tenderness for the Americans, and his firm belief that these commotions might be appeased without violence or bloodshed. That to give up the Act, in order to save our Trade, would be in effect incurring—and the surest way of incurring—the mischief we endeavoured to avoid—it would be *ne moriari mori*; and ended thus: ‘I shall conclude with saying from my inmost heart Amen to a prayer once made by Maurice Prince of Orange for his native country, That it may please God to open the understandings and better inform the minds of this poor, innocent, industrious, loyal, brave, but wickedly misled and deluded people.’ A long pause between every Epithet, and a most pathetic Delivery, accompanied this sentence, and had an effect which I cannot easily describe. Lord Cambden then made a short reply to one particular Point which did not at all

affect the whole question, and seemed to give up the Argument.

"The House then divided, 125 content, 5 not content. The names of the latter were; Lord Cambden, Earl of Shelbourne, Earl Paulet, Earl Cornwallis, Viscount Torrington.

"You may be sure that this Intelligence was soon carried to the House of Commons. They sat till past three, but without dividing, and the consideration of the above Motion was adjourned till Wednesday. But it seems Mr. Pitt has himself perceived how much the turn of the House is against him, and we make no doubt the Motion will be agreed to *nemine contradicente*. *Tout le monde est d'accord que Monsieur P. est ce qu'on appelle perdu sans retour. Le ministère aussi, à ce que l'on dit, doit se changer entièrement et bientôt.* My account of the Debate is wretchedly imperfect, but I really have not time to make it more complete, though I have matter enough in my head to fill a Volume."

Mrs. Francis's only brother, Alexander Mackrabie, became her husband's most intimate friend. Alexander went to America as clerk in a house of business in Philadelphia during the year 1767, and remained there six years. The following letters have been selected from the correspondence between the brothers-in-law:—

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

"ON BOARD THE *DRAGON*.

"13th September, 1767.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"About a month ago I informed you of my safe Arrival at Madeira, in a very foolish drunken

letter from that Island ; at least, I conceive so from the condition we all found ourselves in when we returned on Board. Depend upon it, I shall never write to you again in that state. I am determined to be very regular in America.

“ This voyage seems like a Gap in life—it furnishes nothing. We have now been thirty-one days out of sight of every object but sky and water, and when it will be at an end God knows.

“ The winds have not favoured us greatly, being for the most part so calm, that the Voyage hitherto might have been performed safely in the ship's Boat. I can't tell if we may charge the Tediousness of our Passage to the Captain's neglecting an Image of St. Antonio, recommended to him at Madeira. St. Antonio is the patron of Roman Catholic sailors ; none of their Ships will sail without him, they tie him to their mainmast, and are very constant in their Adorations to him. If he procures them a fair Wind, they reward his kindness with a Taper, but if the contrary, with a rope's end.”

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

“ PHILADELPHIA,

“ 8th October.

“ Thank God, I am safely arrived here, and in good health, tho' not so soon as we expected. The first Land we made was Virginia ; and the Wind falling calm, we were four Days more getting to the mouth of the River Delaware. We landed forty Miles below this City, at a Town called Newcastle, where we swallowed cream and bread-and-butter and new-laid-eggs like so many devils. But I must not give

you any Account of America in this letter ; indeed, I have not time, for after the arrival of a Packet, they only allow us time enough to answer letters before the Mail is dispatched back again to New York. I believe I told you I was very sick for a week after I came on Board ; after that I had an amazing Appetite, and eat and drank at such a rate, that when I attempted to put on my Clothes (which I had no occasion for during the last Month at sea) I could hardly button them.

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“ We hear Sir Harry Moore is superseded in his government of New York, and is going home ; that a Colonial clerk is appointed in his Room ; that Lord Holland is now the leading man in the Ministry, and granting lands in America like dirt. I wish he would give you a grant when his hand is in. ’Tis the only country in the world to wish for Possessions in, to my Mind.

“ Mr. Neave [Mackrabie’s superior] has taken a House here—a very pleasant one, with a great many fine trees hanging over it, a little Garden and good Stabling. We Breakfast comfortably, and always dine with somebody or other. They drink too much, but everything is extremely good.

“ We have Races here next week, and a Review, and Plays. This is the busiest Season in Philadelphia—the Election, and annual Meeting of the Quakers ; a very full Town.

“ I must now make an end of this long, dull chit-chat Letter ; I don’t like it myself.

“ I wish you would write to me often, that I may

improve. I have wrote a long letter to Fulham, which I have enclosed in this, and beg you will send there.

"I shall write next Pacquet to my sister ; my love to her. God bless my three little girls.

"Farewell, my dearest Philip.

"You know how truly I am your affectionate,

"A. MACKRABIE."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO ALEXANDER MACKRABIE.

"WAR OFFICE,

"Dec. 5th, 1767.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"As long as it remained uncertain whether you were floating on the surface, or lying flat on your Back at the bottom of the Sea, I thought it in vain to continue writing to you, but now that I understand by your first Letter from Philadelphia that you are man in Esse as well as in Posse, you shall find me as regular in my Correspondence as the *Monthly Review* and perhaps as full of Matter. The Letter you have mentioned as written from the Madeiras never came to Hand. I should think your landing there must have been a very agreeable Circumstance both as a relief from the sea and a Prospect of new Faces. You ought to have told me in what manner you were received by my unknown Cousins of whom I understand there is a plentiful Crop at the Place where you find yourself. Are they civil to you and do you spend your time agreeably ?

"We are in hourly expectation of some further Alterations in the Ministry by introducing some of the opposing Parties into Place. We are just informed

of a very extraordinary combination entered into at Boston by all the principal Inhabitants not to use any one article of English Growth or Manufacture : such are Fruits of our Indulgence. But as to you Sir, I insist upon it that you neither make yourself a Party Man nor Politician. My Father has had the misfortune of a Stroke of the Palsy which seized him all over about a fortnight ago at Bath. He is now pretty well recovered. I am going to Bath in the course of next week to spend the Xmas Holidays. Mrs. Chandler I suppose is now at the summit of her Wishes for Mr. Chandler has bought a House in Bruton Street, Berkeley Square. When he has made the alterations he intends in it, it will really be fit for a nobleman. . . .

“ Adieu, adieu,

“ P. FRANCIS.”

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

“ BRISTOL [PENNSYLVANIA ¹],

“ 20th Jan., 1768.

“ MY DEAR PHILIP,

“ I wrote you last week, but cannot exactly recollect what Day ; I sent it to New York, to Mr. Neave, to forward by a private Ship. This goes by the Pacquet, which is but just arrived, and will be dispatched again directly. I have so little Time to write this and several other letters, that I am forced to steal an Hour from Company at an inn, where I put up on my return from a visit to Mr. Franklyn, Governor of the province of Jersey, to

¹ There are numerous Bristols in the United States. This, no doubt, is Bristol, Bucks Co., Pa.

whom I was introduced yesterday by a Friend of his and mine. He is a son of Dr. Franklin's, of Philadelphia, whom all the world knows. But perhaps you may have seen this Gentleman in England. He is a very sensible agreeable man, and behaved with the utmost Politeness to us; entertained us at his House till this day. I could hardly find myself out this morning in a most elegant crimson silk damask Bed.

“The November packet is just arrived. I have received a letter from my Father, in which he informs me that you and my Sister and the little Folks are all well. I rejoice at it. The October packet is not yet come in, perhaps it may bring a letter from you. I hear there is a good deal of public news, but I have not yet seen any Papers. I am informed there are three new Governments forming upon the frontiers. When they take place I wish they may not meet with Interruption from the Indians, who begin to be very unquiet. I think I mentioned in my last some Encroachments made upon their Hunting-grounds by white People, which they complain highly of. We have fresh accounts every day of Murders among them. The assembled Governors and the Commander-in-chief are all anxious to put a stop to these Irregularities, which if not soon done great confusion is apprehended. Objects so distant as these may not much engage the Attention of people in England, but they are the constant and general topics here. I may cry out, ‘Happy is he who possesses nothing, for in the day of trouble he hath nothing to fear.’

“If any one would tempt me with a very advantageous proposal, I should make little Objection to settling upon the Ohio, or, indeed, any where to get Money. I do not think the People here quite so mad as the good folks on your side of the water were some years before our time, with their famous Mississippi Scheme, but you would really be amazed at the rapturous terms in which those who have been some hundreds miles to the westward of this, speak of the Country. As they advance inland the Climate becomes more temperate and settled, the Soil rich and fertile, producing spontaneously many useful Herbs, Plants and Fruits, in many Spots fine extensive tracts of open Champain Country, not loaded with useless Woods as every part near the Coast is—extremely troublesome and expensive to clear. We shall see what time will bring forth.

“I wish you could get a Grant of Land for yourself; your Children might reap the Benefit of it, tho’ it might not turn to any immediate Benefit for yourself.

“It is almost a Proverb in this Neighbourhood that ‘Every great fortune made here within these 50 years has been by land.’ I walked over the river Delaware this morning, where it is more than a Mile broad, upon the Ice; Carriages loaded at the same time passing to and fro. You may imagine in such a season, when all nature is locked up, there can be little here worth communicating. The Amusement among the ladies of all Ranks and Ages is riding upon the snow in Sleighs, a kind of open coach upon a sledge, drawn by a pair of horses. They make

parties out of town in them and drive at a prodigious rate. 'Tis pleasant enough."

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

"PHILADELPHIA,
"Feb. 18th, 1768.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"I am unwilling to let slip this first Opportunity of writing by a London Ship immediately from this port which has been blocked up above two Months by Ice.

"Your letters are extremely pleasing when I get them, but they stay a confounded while by the way.

"Mr. Neave has been three Months away and I have made about three times as many Acquaintances in the time as he has done in so many Years. Upon my soul you are a very fine Family, if you did but know it. A Cousin of yours who is to be married here next week to one of the sons of the Chief Justice of the Province is a charming Woman, tho' not in my opinion so amiable as another pretty cousin of yours whom I hope to dance with at the Assembly to-morrow."

Mackrabie speaks of Mr. Francis's cousins. In order to understand the cousinship we must refer to the Francis genealogy. The Rev. John Francis, D.D., Dean of Lismore, the grandfather of Philip Francis, had three sons and two daughters. The sons were Richard, Tench, and Philip. Philip we already know as Dr. Francis; Richard practised at the English Bar, lived in England, and died young;

Tench emigrated to America, married Elizabeth Turbutt, of Kent, Maryland, and afterwards settled at Philadelphia, and became Recorder of that city. A story is told about Tench's marriage. The bride, Elizabeth Turbutt, who was the beauty of her neighbourhood, had been much courted before she accepted Tench Francis; she was also popular, so that on her marriage-day the church was filled with her friends, admirers, and lovers. When the usual formal challenge was given from the altar, if any one present was prepared to forbid the marriage, the bridegroom drew his sword, laid it upon the altar steps, and turning round, faced the congregation with an expression that seemed to say he was ready to do battle for his rights then and there. The sons of this marriage were called Tench and Turbutt; there was a daughter who married a man of the name of Tilghman. Richard, one of the sons of this marriage, became a personal friend and afterwards a correspondent of Philip Francis. Tench, Turbutt, and Mrs. Tilghman were therefore first cousins to Philip Francis, and were his contemporaries.

Tench was a civilian; he was cashier of the First Bank of the United States; a very decided Whig, he fought under Washington, attached to the "Flying Camp." His wife's name was Anne Willing. The granddaughter of Tench and Anne—Anne Francis—married James Bayard, and the son of this marriage, Thomas Francis Bayard, after filling many important posts in the States, was nominated by President Cleveland Ambassador to Great Britain in 1893.

He was the first Ambassador sent by the United States to this country. Mr. Bayard was extremely popular in England. He represented America from 1893 to 1897.

Turbutt Francis, the second son of Tench Francis and Elizabeth (Turbutt), was an officer in the American Army, in which he attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He fought under Washington, and was killed during the War of Independence. He made acquaintance with his cousin Philip during a visit to England, and corresponded with him occasionally.

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

" PHILADELPHIA,

" *March 5th, 1768.*

" DEAR BROTHER,

" I thank you very sincerely for your promise of writing to me by every packet and I am as determined you shall hear from me at least as often.

" I have mentioned before how very agreeable [has been] the Reception I have met with from your cousins here, more particularly so as it has introduced me to that kind of Acquaintance which is the most difficult for a stranger to obtain ; but which is at the same time absolutely necessary to his Comfort, where there are no public places of Diversions ; I mean that of a few agreeable Families for a dish of tea and a dish of chat, without Ceremony. I have also young men enough of my Acquaintance. Taverns and Coffee Houses are not so much frequented here as they are in London. I have one weekly Club

at a Tavern, almost the only occasion on which I enter one.

“ I shall only add, that I assure you, my Friend, even if my present engagements should not detain me long here, I am in no hurry to return to England ; at least I am resolved first to try what this part of the Globe can do for me.

“ I observe from your letters and others the Boston Combinations, and the Reception which their resolutions met with in London. I very sincerely believe that the Province which I have hitherto been in, is the most moderate of any in its conduct with regard to the mother country ; but they have all too violent principles of Independence. When I except the conduct of this Province, I mean only in what relates to England ; for in its intestine divisions it is as eminent as any of them. I will look out for a Conveyance, and send you an Address or two of the House of Assembly, to the Governor, with the answers. The people, growing rich and powerful, feel themselves uneasy under the weak reins of a proprietary Government, as they express it, and want to be under the more immediate Protection of the Crown. Is not this a second part to the frogs in the fable ?

“ You must have heard of the application made at home by General Gage and Sir Henry Moore, about precedence at New York. I don't mean upon their own Accounts, as that, I believe, is a determined point ; but with respect to their Ladies who cannot agree which shall stand first couple in a country

Dance. To such lengths have their disputes been carried, that this Winter there have not been any assemblies at all in New York. But unluckily two private Balls have been given, at the first of which there were high words, and Lady Moore retired in a rage. At the other, which happened very lately, that lady, calling for Sir Henry's support, involved him in a quarrel with an Officer who presided, which has at last produced a formal Challenge from the General to the Governor, who they say has prudently made the reply gracious, instead of the retort valiant.

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“Your political Postscripts will always afford me entertainment, nor need you either fear my quoting your authority or being infected with the rage of Party. I am amused by such Subjects, but no more seriously affected than your wife would be, who farther than your interests are concerned, cares nearly as much for a prime minister as she does for one of Harriet's old stockings. I would not as a Friend advise Mr. G. Grenville to come and pass a summer in North America. It might be unsafe.

.

“I don't know if anything can make Mrs. Chandler perfectly happy. She has long seemed to enjoy every Comfort riches can give. The noble House you describe will be an Object for some time ; but everything loses its value after a long Enjoyment. I am sure I find it so in many things. Some pairs of silk Stockings which I greatly admired, and have long been intimate with, are now become so unpleasing to my eyes, that I am resolved to see but half of them at

a time, meaning to cover the lower parts, in which are many apparent marks of venerable Age, with a kind of half Spatter-dashes of black Cloth in vogue here. I must have some new ones for Holiday and fine weather. I will therefore trouble you to buy six Pairs agreeable to pattern I shall send you very soon.

.

“ Here is a parcel of nonsense buzzing about of Wars and Tumults. The King of Prussia and the Dutch, and I don't know what all. I don't care half so much about the nations upon Earth as I do for your health, welfare, and happiness. That they may all remain fixed upon the best and firmest Basis is the wish and prayer of him who is, my dear Philip,

“ Unutterably yours,

“ ALEX. MACKRABIE.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO ALEXANDER MACKRABIE.

“ LONDON,

“ *March 12th, 1768.*

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“ As long as you grow fat in America, you may be said to be in a thriving Condition ; the future must take care of itself. But would it not be worth your Prudence to consider what is to be done when your term with Mr. Neave expires ? Undoubtedly you have considered of it ; yet if you should not be able to resolve on anything, I am sure I enter too much into your Situation to blame you. We have long since agreed how easy it is to find fault ; but whoever fails you, be always assured that my heart will for ever be open to you ; in short, if you cannot determine upon

any plan where you are, you have nothing to do but return to my House and stay in it until something else can be thought of. My house is your sure retreat. So be not unhappy about a disappointment more or less, nor let any untoward Accident discourage you, since you will always have the means of keeping your head above water with me. I so much agree with you about landed possessions in America, and the Security that may arise from them hereafter, that I shall commission my cousin Captain Francis, who is now here, to purchase a thousand Acres for me in the course of next summer, which he assures me he can do for a mere trifle. By the by, this is a noble fellow, and if you meet him in America will, I am sure, contribute not a little to the happiness of your life there. My other unfortunate Cousin, so far as I can learn, for I never see him, has no sort of prospect of being extricated from his difficulties without an immense loss. Poor fellow! I feel for him.

“Wilkes is setting up for the City of London. We are all as mad about Elections as ever you Americans were about the Stamp Act. I do not recollect anything else that has happened here worth your attention.

“Pray let me know how my cousins in general have received you, or whether you have had any sign of life from Captain Maturin.

“It is now generally thought that Jack Wilkes will be elected for the City of London. He dined with the Lord Mayor yesterday with the rest of the candidates.

“Yours,

“P. F.”

When Francis wrote to his brother-in-law, offering him a home, he was still only a clerk in the War Office, had a young and increasing family, and was helping to support his own father and the parents of his wife.

DR. FRANCIS TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

"BATH,
"September 3rd, 1768.

DEAR PHIL,

"When I used to read pretty Books, I was much pleased with the Hero of one of them, who had laid up a sum of money, which he called the Bank of Friendship. He lent it without interest to his friends, if indeed we can lend Money to a friend without interest. Whether you have such a bank I do not know, but I was at an anchor here last week, and bid upon the Credit of it for somewhat more than necessaries. I am therefore compelled to tell you I shall be much obliged to you for a thirty pound note next post. Beside the interest of Friendship, I shall with pleasure pay any expence that attends it, when either my spiritual or temporal revenues come in."

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO MRS. FRANCIS.

"PHILADELPHIA,
"9th March, 1768.

DEAR SISTER,

"You are very kind in telling me you will in general look upon my letters to my Brother as answers to those I may also have the pleasure of receiving from you. If a number of my letters to you were wanting to give proof of my Affection, I

should write often ; but I hope that test is not necessary. I would wish to entertain you, if possible, with my Correspondence ; but at this place and at this season there is so little of anything amusing, that it is with the utmost difficulty (or, as Philip says, with 'mere pulling and hawling') I can furnish out matter for one letter ; and, upon my modesty, I have two more to write by the Spanish packet after I finish this. I have your kind Favours of the 12th September and 12th December, which came to my hands about the same periods as if they had been dispatched on the 12th November and December such is the uncertainty of winds and waves. I am charmed with your Accounts of the three dear little girls. I know you are quite impartial. I often think of them ; if they continue to improve, and at the same rate, it will be unsafe to be acquainted with them some years hence. Should you know (which I hope you do not) any ladies who wish to be married and are not so, advise them to come to this Country, where they [may] depend upon getting Husbands immediately. The good people are marrying one another as if they had not a day to live. I alledge it to a plot against the State, and that the ladies (who are all politicians in America) are determined to raise young Rebels to fight against old England.

“ I am very much obliged to all my friends for their kind enquiries. If there should by chance be two or three people beside our own Family who yet remember me, and wish to hear of my welfare, please to tell them I am alive and hearty, fat and well liking ; and tho' I never can see

England but in my dreams, I often think of it with pleasure.

“I thank you much for executing my little commission at Christmas. All my letters from home, tho’ in general pleasing, have some little Alloy of pain. Colds and swelled legs or faces, rheumatic twitches, and so forth; these things must be. I have my little grumblings sometimes; but have I not at the same time great, very great, cause to be thankful for many Blessings I enjoy, which in the ordinary course of things I had no title to expect at this time? We are all, thro’ the divine goodness, secure to be as blessed as we can fear. I think to copy this into my Fulham letter. I don’t know that I have philosophised so much of a long time.

“‘Pray’ (as old Polonius says) ‘when you was young and in love,’ did you approve of Serenading? It is extremely in Vogue here now. The manner is as follows: We—with four or five young Officers of the regiment in barracks—drink as hard as we can to keep out the cold, and about midnight sally forth, attended by the Band which consists of ten musicians, horns, clarionets, hautboys, and bassoons, march through the streets and play under the window of any lady you choose to distinguish, which they esteem a high Compliment. . . . I have been out twice and only once got a violent cold by it.

“We have no plays or public diversions of any kind; not so much as a walk for the ladies, so that there is no opportunity of seeing them but at Church, or their own Houses, or once a fortnight at the

Assembly. I have been to some of their assemblies, and have danced once with a charming girl, a Cousin of yours ; but you never saw her, nor in all likelihood ever will. I shall therefore only tell you I was very happy, and very much envied. This is not the season to get furs from the Indian country, and when they do come I don't know if there are any fit for ladies' wear ; but I am determined at some time or other to send you something to remember me by, if it should even be a Bear, as O'Brien did to your friend Foote.

"When you see Mr. Fitzpatrick, Roberts, Marsh, or Grainer, give my love to them. I would send it by Philippe's letter, but I knew he would drop it out and forget to deliver it ; and please to remember always that you can hardly think of anybody who loves you more warmly and sincerely than does,

"My dearest Betsy,

"ALEX. MACKRABIE."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO ALEXANDER MACKRABIE.

"LONDON,

"April 16th, 1768.

"I had written so far when yesterday your several letters of February 18th and March 19th were brought to me. You are very good to write so much, and I assure you it pleases me not a little to see that you can write in such good spirits, and with so much spirit. If these Cousins of mine are so handsome, and so clever, and so inviting, take care of your Heart. Observe that I forbid the bans. Pray take every

opportunity that offers of assuring the handsomest of my cousins what a respect I bear to female Beauty, and that, since they are handsome I do not love them the less for being my relations.

“The family of the Tenches I take for granted are now compleately happy. If the father has any of that Christian patience you talk of it is by no means thrown away upon him. Your letter from Madeira arrived sometime after your first from New York. Your account of the disputes about Precedence between General Gage and Sir Henry Moore is perfectly ridiculous. Is it possible for grave men to fight about a place in a country dance?”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO ALEXANDER MACKRABIE.

“LONDON,

“May 14th, 1768.

“MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,

“Mr. Wilkes has been in the King’s Bench Prison this fortnight, and must remain there till next term, when the errors of his Outlawry are to be argued again His friends, to the number of many thousands, have taken possession of St. George’s Fields, and beleaguer the Prison. Many lives have been lost, yet the mischief is likely to continue if not increase. . . .

“You may say what you please of your Americans, but I’ll be curst if we don’t match you for Riots. The worst on’t that they keep me at the War Office many hours a day more than I like. Such marching and counter-marching! The Horse-Guards had no

conception of such hot service. Many of them who quitted their Trades without any other view but to become private Gentlemen, complain loudly that the contract with them is dissolved, and are determined to retire. Mr. Wade's billiard match, on which other people have many thousands, and I have ten, pounds depending, is to be played to-night. My reason is convinced I shall win, but the risk of such a sum is enough to alarm the Passions. The villain is brought on purpose from Naples to give Mr. Wade two and beat him. He is not half so like a man as a monkey. Foote swears he remembers him keeping a glass shop on the top of Mount Vesuvius. He has had a particular dress made for him to play in, and never was anything more ridiculous! Having no more nonsense to spare at present I shall conclude in sober truth and sadness,

“Yours

“P. F.”

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

“NEW YORK,

“4th June, 1768.

“DEAR BROTHER,

“I am but just arrived and find a ship on the point of sailing for London.

“I was very fortunate in my Company hither. I came with a young Gentleman of one of the first Families in the City who has lately married a very pretty agreeable Girl in Philadelphia; so that I shall get into parties both male and Female while I continue among them. We met Captain Francis

upon the Road, but I did not know him, I hope to see him in Philadelphia. His Character makes me very desirous of an Acquaintance with him, and I am not upon bad Terms with his Family. This is an Advantage I have to thank you for, as well as for almost every other which does me Credit on this side of the Water. Your kind offer of an Asylum if I should be driven back to my native Soil obliges me very much. I am truly sensible of your Friendship.

“I cannot form any Scheme of settlement yet. . . . I am endeavouring to save a little Fund if possible to ramble upon. . . . I know you sympathise with me in all my Ups and downs; you shall always be made acquainted with my Plans.

“You will certainly be right in making a purchase of lands in America, and no time so proper as the present. They are to be had at a lower rate now than could have been at any period for years past—owing to the extreme scarcity of money.

“So Master Wilkes has got in at last. I suppose he has not obtained a Pardon; you would have mentioned it if he had. . . . I said before I am but just arrived here. This is a better Place for Company and Amusements than Philadelphia; more Gay and lively. I have already seen some pretty women.

“You may tell my sister that I get acquainted with Families, and drink Tea, and play at Cards; and go about to Assemblies dancing minuets. I shall hardly get any Dancing here. It is growing very hot, and Sir Harry Moore is gone back into the country; they say Land Jobbing. I am stunned with the firing of

Guns and Crackers, on account of the King's Birthday; all the town illuminated. The General makes all the Officers in the Town drunk at his House. I have nothing new, but hope to have a great deal more to write to you when I have seen something of New York.

"A Mr. Andrew Seton, who was a Bankrupt about twelve months ago in London (my sister knows his wife), is just arrived here with his Family—six Children; and has already purchased an Estate, to cost him about Five Thousand Pounds. Is not that worth breaking for? This is a Fact.

"A. M."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO ALEXANDER MACKRABIE.

"WAR OFFICE,
"June 11th, 1768.

"MY DEAR MAC,

"This letter will be probably a short one for a very good reason—because I have not Materials to make it a long one, for you know I do not mind Trouble; not I. A letter of yours, dated in March, is arrived since I wrote last, but I think it does not require any particular answer, and if it did—for I have left it at Home.

"Domestic news is as insipid as usual. Children bawling, servants fighting, my Wife scolding, your father and mother weeping, and Patty¹ raving mad. These, with the addition of a preternatural Appearance, and some unaccountable Noises which have been repeatedly in my house in Duke Street at the dead of night, make up the perpetual History of my family.

¹ A cousin of Mrs. Francis who lived with Mr. and Mrs. Mackrabie.

Without a jest I have myself heard a most extraordinary ringing of bells about midnight, and have never been able to discover the cause.

“P. F.”

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

“NEW YORK,
“13th June, 1768.

“Here are no Diversions at all at present. The Plays are over, and I told you some time since the Cause of there being no Assemblies. I have gone dining about from House to House, but meet with the same dull round of Topics everywhere—Lands, Madeira-wine, fishing Parties, or Politics, make up the sum Total. They have a vile Practice here, which is peculiar to this City: I mean that of playing at Back-Gammon (a Noise I detest), which is going forward in the public Coffee-House from Morning till Night, frequently ten or a dozen Tables at a time. I think a single man in America is one of the most wretched beings I can conceive; yet your friend Atchy Thompson is still a Batchelor; but he talks of going to Europe immediately upon the return of his Partner, I believe to settle in Ireland or London. He is a good-natured youth, and I believe in a very good way; at least I can answer for his having a good House and good Wine.

“I live a tolerably Jolly Life, but I see no prospect of getting rich. Plague take this Subordination. I want to make a Ramble about 200 miles up the country. - Sir Wm. Johnson holds a Congress of a vast number of Indian tribes. The Governor is

going up thither, and a great many Strangers. I have a violent Curiosity to see something of that Nature, but have had no Opportunity yet. I must and will save a little money for Amusements by and by. Heavens! what an immense Country this is! If I should meet with two or three disappointments, I don't know but I may set down upon a Tract and plant Cabbages."

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

"NEW YORK,

"15th June, 1768.

"I am here still. There never was such uncomfortable Weather. It has blown a Hurricane these two days, and rained constantly. I am prevented crossing the Ferry to set out for Philadelphia. So uncertain is this Climate, that in the morning you may wear a suit of Cloth Cloaths, at noon sit in your shirt with windows and doors open, and in the Evening of the same day wrap yourself in a fur Cloak. I wish I had one here now.

"Among the many disputes in this and the more northern parts of America, the religious are not the least. The zealous members of the Church of England are full of Apprehensions at the great and growing power of the Presbyterians. Don't imagine that I mean in any matters that regard Salvation; that Affair might have been left to shift for itself at Doomsday. The Alarm was taken at an Election lately; since which the Parties have raged with tolerable violence. The Church People, conscious that the Presbyterians, who have the Appointment of their own Ministers, must always outnumber them, are desirous of having

some Person here vested with the Power of Ordination — but they don't like a Bishop, nor Ecclesiastical Courts, in short, they don't know what they want. You remember Dean Swift was to have been made Bishop of Virginia. The Presbyterians should not be allowed to grow too great. They are all of republican Principles. The Bostonians are Presbyterians. Now I talk of Church matters, pray where is Rosenhagen?¹ I am fearful he is very inattentive to his Flock in Florida. We just now hear that Major Rogers has been playing the Devil at his Fort, and that he had a scheme of seizing another, and giving up both to the Indians to plunder. It is said he is coming down here in Irons.

“I must have now done. I am afraid all this Nonsense will tire you, but 'tis the best matter I have. So as you can get no more of the Cat than the Skin, you must take the will for the deed. I am just setting out for Philadelphia upon a hired Horse, full speed.

“So Farewell at once, my dear brother.

“I am most affectionately and cordially yours,

“A. MACKRABIE.”

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

“PHILADELPHIA,

“17th August, 1768.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,

“I wrote you by the last packet, which dispatched from New York in June, and the May packet is but just arrived here. It brings me your favour of 14th May. We had not received any Accounts from England for so long a Time, that we

¹ Rosenhagen was at this time a chaplain in the army.

began to think the Winds and Waves had combined to compleat the separation that Politics had begun. You out-do us altogether in Riots and Combinations. God knows how it will end. We have nothing new in this quarter, not even in public matters. Moderation is our System.

“ I am very fond of your Cousin the Colonel. We have been taking a Ramble together sixty miles up the Country—the first Inland View I have had of it. Our chief object was Bethlehem (not of Judea, but,) a settlement of Moravians, about a Thousand in Number. This little Society live together upon a Plan very like that of the Jesuits in Paraguay: a religious Government. They have among them Mechanics and Manufacturers of every kind necessary for their own Accommodation, and, I believe, the most compleat Farm in America. They have their own Schools, which are not contemptible, their own Language, own Customs and Religion. Music, in which they are almost all proficients, is an Article of their Religion. So far, their state is a natural one; but the poor Devils have no property; the Labors of each Individual being dedicated to the General Advantage of the Community, from whose stock each has his Portion of necessary Comforts (not even excepting their Wives) allotted according to the pleasure of the directing fathers. The Children are the Children of the State. I need not tell you they are not Free Agents, as you know well enough it is nothing but property can make us so.

“ I am never sick, and but seldom sorry. Farewell,

my Friend. Give my best love to my Sister, and teach your Children to remember me in their Prayers.

“ So God bless you all, says

“ Your faithful,

“ A. MACKRABIE.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO ALEXANDER MACKRABIE.

“ LONDON,

“ Oct. 3, 1768.

“ I am now to thank you for your letter of Aug. 17th. Pliny himself could not write better. Your account of the Moravians is pleasant enough. . . . We are all raving mad about the King of Denmark's masquerade. The Tickets bear a higher premium than those in the Lottery.

“ Pray keep a look out about the lands ; though may I be eternally curst, if I ever cross the Atlantic, at least at my own Expense.”

In a letter written to his father about this time, Philip Francis recorded the birth of his son and his own recovery from a severe illness.

DR. FRANCIS TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

“ BATH,

“ October 6th, 1768.

“ Will one letter be sufficient for my congratulations upon three such happy Events—your Wife's recovery from that hour of Terror ; your own from a very alarming Disorder ; and the Birth of your Son ? You are now, my dear Phil, beginning to be a Father

with other duties and affections than you have ever yet known. A Mother dresses her Girls, and makes their persons fine, a science which she well understands; but in his Boys, a Father's cares are employed in forming their hearts to virtue, to sentiments of humanity, and improving their minds by his superior knowledge and Experience. Perhaps the papers which I am now drawing up for Mr. Calcraft's boy may not be unuseful to yours.

.

"Sally begs of me to send her Congratulations; I dare vouch them very sincere.

"Be so good as to send me half a pound of 16s. green tea."

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

"PHILADELPHIA,
"2nd January, 1769.

"I am quite tired of plodding for ever in this confounded Quaker Town. Plague take it! I work without getting rich. You can never have had a party in a Sleigh or Sledge, for I recollect it was summer when you were in Holland. I had a very clever one a few days ago. Seven Sleighs with two Ladies and two men in each, preceded by Fidlers on horseback, set out together upon a snow of about a foot deep on the Roads, to a Public-House a few Miles from Town, where we danced, sung, and romped and eat and drank, and kicked away Care from Morning till Night, and finished our Frolic in two or three Side-boxes at the Play.

"You can have no Idea of the state of the Pulse seated with pretty Women, mid deep in straw, your Body armed with Furs and flannel, clear air, bright Sunshine, and spotless sky, Horses galloping, every feeling turned to Joy and Jollity! I wished heartily to have had you amongst us, and so did Cousin Tubby.

"The Family here are in daily expectation of Mr. Tench Francis's arrival. I fancy he will come in good Spirits, for from what I hear his Affairs have turned out more fortunately than was expected."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO ALEXANDER MACKRABIE.

"WAR OFFICE,

"January 4th, 1769.

"MY DEAR MAC,

"I am just returned from spending a riotous fortnight at Bath. Gravier and two others filled a Post Coach, which was dragged with no small velocity by four Horses. We travelled like Gentlemen, and lived like Rakes. All our news here is that Wilkes is elected Alderman of Farringdon Without. At this rate I see no reason why he may not be Sheriff and Lord Mayor in regular succession; and why not Prime Minister before he dies. In short nothing can be more ridiculous than every thing that happens about this Gentleman. Every attempt that has been made to injure or oppress him, has in reality done him Service; yet after all I apprehend he will infallibly be expelled the House of Commons. The Election for Middlesex has raised such a Ferment,

that even America has been laid aside, and Corsica not once thought of. The Ministry was supposed to be in a strange state of confusion, and many changes are actually talked of. So much for news and Politics.

“ P. F.”

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

“ PHILADELPHIA,

“ 28th January, 1769.

“ MY DEAR BROTHER,

“ I wrote you by the last packet, and now have yours of the 10th September and 5th October and 2nd November before me. I give you Joy of your son. I don't know how you feel on the Occasion, but methinks I seem a greater Man now I am Uncle to a Nephew. I am informed your Daughters are most accomplished young women. My Father writes me he is their Tutor for languages, and takes *especial* care to make them speak plain and distinctly. I don't doubt but like poor la Fleur, he has '*toutes les dispositions qu'on peut avoir ;—mais—*' in short, I hope he will have better success with them than he has had with his Son.

I have got a little Box which shall be sent you by a ship from this port, in about a week. It contains something from the Colonel—I don't know what. That Cousin of yours and I have had some Converse about Lands. He is managing his own matters in that way, and has promised to take care of a Thousand Acres for you. I have on my part engaged that the Money for the Charges, whatever they are, shall be forthcoming.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO ALEXANDER MACKRABIE.

"WAR OFFICE,
"April 5th, 1769.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"Your friend Mr. Wharton has delivered his Credentials. I have been, and shall be, as civil to him as I possibly can. He gives me such an account of you as is enough to make me love the man without farther Recommendations. He says you are better received than any young man that ever went to America, and that you are likely, if the trade be not quite lost, to form such commercial Connexions as you may improve to a happy Establishment at home. I wish you yourself would give me some hints of this nature to keep up my Spirits.

"*Apropos*, I condole with you on the Death of your Aunt. One naturally grieves at the Death of a person who leaves one nothing to rejoice at. This has been always my case. No poor devil ever had so little reason to rejoice at the death of his relations."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO ALEXANDER MACKRABIE.

"LONDON,
"May 5th, 1769.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"The last packet brought me no letter from Philadelphia, so I have nothing to answer. If you do not furnish me with materials, the stream of my Correspondence will flow in a narrow Channel. We have Politics enough, God knows, but as I have not the honour to be entrusted with the secrets of either party, I can give you nothing but what you will see much more elegantly set forth in the Newspapers.

Truth is out of the question. Each party says and believes just what suits themselves without decency or moderation, and a neutral party is detested by both. A Philosopher has no more chance among them than a Cat in hell. (I wish, by the by, that the person who stole my cat were in the warmest corner the devil could find for him.)”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO ALEXANDER MACKRABIE.

“WAR OFFICE,
June 7, 1769.

“DEAR MAC,

“The present state of Politics stands thus : the French have lately received a severe check in Corsica. Government assists Paoli underhand, and Subscriptions are openly advertised for individuals to pay in their contributions to the cause of Liberty.

“The Turks have been defeated and lost a place of some importance. It is thought that this rupture with Russia will be fatal to the Ottoman Empire. Poland is ruined ; Denmark is armed and in a strong state of defence ; the King of Sweden has declared his resolution to remain quiet and take no turn or part either way.

“Lord North has assured the House of Commons that at the opening of next Session there is a Resolution to accommodate matters with America to the satisfaction of all parties.”

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

“PHILADELPHIA,
August 10th, 1769.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,

“I have yours by the May and June Pacquets now before me, and I thank you for your

Anecdotes. You seem to think such Matters of no great Consequence, but I assure you they are. Every Pacquet gives me the Dignity of an Oracle. ‘Mack, what do your Letters say? You must have News? and your Intelligence is the best, &c.’ Your ministerial Gentry will not gain their Point with all their promises. The Resolvers are very steady, and have newly determined not to abate in the smallest degree till the Acts are actually repealed. By the by, we have had two or three very odd Occurrences upon the Subject of Importations.

“A discontented Gentleman made a Purchase of a Cheshire Cheese last week; and another Malcontent thought to drown his Resentments in a Hogshead of English Entire Butt. These Delicacies happened unfortunately to be shipt from Europe after the Resolutions on this side had transpired, and of consequence Messrs. of the Committee took the liberty to interfere. The Purchasers made a gallant stand in defence of their bellies, but their Opposition was vain. Hard words and bad Names flew about in support of Liberty. They cursed and swore, kicked and cuffed and pulled Noses; but the Catastrophe was, that the prisoners were regaled with one and t’other—I mean the cheese and porter—qualified with two dollars’ worth of Bread. They have sent away a ship loaded with Malt to-day. Nobody would either buy or store it.

“Mr. Neave and I are upon the point of withdrawing ourselves from this busy Scene, and retiring for a few weeks into the Woods. We shall quarter ourselves upon your Cousin Tubby in the course of our Peregrination. You shall hear by and by how he

lives, and I am of opinion that we shall eat our Meat with little sauce but Hunger. I shall write you again before we set out, and for the present must take my leave. So farewell at once.

“Yours ever,

“A. MACKRABIE.

“We are all panting with Heat, the Glass from 92° to 95°—and yet the mad People will marry in spite of it. I sleep upon the Floor for Coolness, and almost perish under the weight of a single Sheet.”

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

“PHILADELPHIA,

“12th December, 1769.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“The only Point of Appearance in which Maryland differs from this Province is, that there they have not any large Towns. The Rivers, and their navigable Branches, are so numerous, that the Gentlemen of that Country live generally upon their own Plantations, and keep Negroes to cultivate Tobacco and other produce. . . .

“They are of late years getting more into the Cultivation of Wheat. What do you think of one Person having more than 800 Acres in Wheat, and as much more in Indian Corn, and half that quantity besides in Tobacco? This is at 15 Bushels per Acre, and 5s. per Bushel makes no contemptible Income. Let me tell you, old Friend, a good American Farm is a very good thing. Were it not that the expensive hospitable manner in which everybody lives here (for you may really go from

house to house for a month, living upon Delicatesses, and drinking Claret you would not despise at the first Tavern in London); and that their number of Negroes and Equipage serves as a weighty Counterbalance, they would grow immensely rich; too rich, *mon ami*, for your system of American Politics. Nothing that I met with in Maryland surprised me so much as to see the Regularity and Exactness with which their Inspecting Houses, or Public Repositories for Tobacco, are conducted, both to prevent Frauds in ascertaining the Duties, and also for the convenience of Individuals; not even a single stalk of the poorest Planter, but he is accounted with for, and can transfer as his Property, even at a hundred Miles distance. I was no less amazed to hear that in a late year, when the produce of the Tobacco Colonies was about 80,000 hogsheads, not less than 38,000 were the property of the merchants in Scotland! I had no Idea of such a proportion.

“ Pray what do you think of Paoli? *C'est un galant homme*. We annex extraordinary Ideas to the Appearance of Heroes, as if they were not like other People.

“ Adieu, my dearest brother.

“ I am, with truest affection, ever yours,

“ A. MACKRABIE.”

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

“ PHILADELPHIA,
January 2nd, 1770.

“ MY DEAR BROTHER,

“ Your cousin Tub is in his Flannels again. He has had a severe Bout this time—ever since the

date of my last letter. He dined with me that day, and has not been out since. I am just come from his Bed-side, where, though he could not reach out a Finger to me, he assures me that he has had a *signum salutis* which ensures his speedy Recovery. We had a deal of Chat about old England and your Worship. He is actually in Treaty for two Tracts for you and I think he will make you an American landholder as soon as he gets about again. It shall go hard but I will buy Ten Guineas' worth of Terra firma before I leave this Continent. It will be as extensive as some German principality or Scots Laird's Estate.

"I know little of your political Contests at home, but I will whisper to you that our Americans with their Resolutions have overshot the Mark. They perhaps find that the very steps on which they founded their hopes and expectations of Redress may prove the very means of defeating it. In short, I don't know what they must do, if this Session of Parliament should not afford them Relief. The Stores are empty; those Persons who have Goods lately imported, and in the Possession of the Committees, are discontented, and will soon grow clamorous. Rogues are making their advantage, and the Quakers grow cold and plead Conscience. Here are few Manufactures to supply the deficiency of Goods from Europe. None of Consequence can speedily be established, and at the same time here is a People daily increasing. You will read what they are about at New York—their meetings and the subject of it. It should seem that the spirit which was lately lulled into silent Expectation, is about to Flame forth again.

What can be the Cause of it? Here is weather to freeze the blood of Tigers. Love or Wine can hardly warm me.

"How can it be that the longer I reside in this Climate I am the more affected by its Severities? The intense Heat of last summer overpowered me, and the Cold we have already this winter seems to exceed all Recollection or Idea, as well as it does all Endurance. I had almost spoiled my letter with a lump of black Ice, which hung from my Pen just now. I am going to attend an Electrical lecture. We'll try if that Spark can touch me, and if it does I will dance it to a Blaze at the Assembly at night.

"I am, most truly yours,

"A. MACKRABIE."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO ALEXANDER MACKRABIE.

"WAR OFFICE,
February 7th, 1770.

"I was just going to seal this letter, when I received yours of the 2nd of January. A thousand thanks to my poor Cousin, and all my good wishes. Tell him if he will send an exact description of the Lands, I believe I could get the Grant for nothing. I depend upon his skill in the choice. It is really impossible to say any more.

"Don't let it be confined to a Thousand Acres if more good land can be had."

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

"PHILADELPHIA,
10th March, 1770.

". . . Have you repealed our Acts yet? I wish you had, for we want Goods most confoundedly.

I would give all the ready Money I am worth to be here with a noble Cargo in the first Vessel that arrives after the Repeal. It is an Age since we had any Politics. This is too cold a Season for any bold Stroke on this side the Water. They have only a Captain Macdougall prisoner at New York for libellous Productions. He is to take his Trial in about a Month. The Booksellers are publishing copies of the Trial of one Zenger at New York many years ago for much such another Affair; on which Occasion the Father of Governor Hamilton gained amazing Honour by his Pleadings in Defence of the Liberty of the Press. But *Junius* is the Mars of Malcontents. His Letter to the King is past all Endurance, as well as all Compare. The Americans are under small Obligations to him for his Representation of them. I will do them more Justice than he does by declaring that his Production is not very favourably received among them. Who the Devil can he be? Sir William Draper is arrived in South Carolina. I have read all that correspondence and never before met with such keen cutting Satire."

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

"PHILADELPHIA,

"24th April, 1770.

"MY DEAREST BROTHER,

"The ministerial Confusions at home afford but an indifferent Prospect to America of their so wished for Repeal. In the meantime they are lessening their heavy debt by an Export of Grain that would amaze you. Not a Ship in the Port unengaged, and even new ones upon the Stocks contracted for upon

Freight before they are launched. Their constant draughts upon England have lowered Exchange near 25 per cent. since I have been here. That difference, my Friend, is confoundedly against your humble servant, who receives his Stipend in Sterling; so it will be against you in your Purchase of Land.

“Would you think that in a City with above twenty thousand Inhabitants we should find difficulty in collecting twenty native Englishmen to celebrate St. George’s Day yesterday? And in that Number there were some I had never spoken to before. We should have had the Governor at our head, but that the Party was only proposed two days before. However, we met at a Tavern, stuffed roast Beef and Plumb Pudding, and got drunk, *pour l’honneur de St. George*; wore Crosses, and finished the evening at the Play-House, where we made the People all Chorus ‘God save the King,’ and ‘Rule Britannia,’ and ‘Britons strike Home,’ &c., and such like Nonsense; and, in short, conducted ourselves with all the Decency and Confusion usual on such Occasions. My head aches plaguily! so pray excuse me till the next paquet. Adieu! In a fortnight you shall hear again from

“Your ever faithful

“A. MACKRABIE.”

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

“PHILADELPHIA,

“4th May, 1770.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,

“My Friend and your Cousin the Colonel has given me the enclosed letter to forward.

“Tubby is a great Speculator and as enterprising as speculative. He tells me he has hinted some of his Objects to you. I wish we could realise some of his projects. . . .

“We have just now a report, by way of Lisbon of a repeal of part of the Revenue Act, the Tea only excepted. If it should prove true, I shall regret that our Ministry were not generous enough to recommend an absolute and complete Repeal; tho’ it were even at the Expense of the East India Company. I don’t like reconciliations by halves.

“Our Gentry here don’t seem to expect that Goods will be shipped in the Case as reported to us; tho’ it is well known they are in the greatest want of supply. I am now convinced that ’tis no easy matter to establish Manufactures in America; nor have I observed a single step towards an Attempt either in Linnens, woollens, or silk, except stockings. A Scheme is proposed here for the Culture of Silk, in consequence of your offered Bounty at home, and it is well supported. Near a Thousand Pounds has been subscribed in a few days, and more could, I doubt, be easily raised. The People of this City are far beyond the Inhabitants of any other part of the Continent in public spirit; I mean in that proper useful spirit of Improvement—Moderate in Politics. I may be deceived, but I look to *this* as my Field of Action.

“Adieu, my dearest friend! You have my sincerest regards.

“Yours ever,

“A. MACKRABIE.”

TURBUTT FRANCIS, THE COLONEL SPOKEN OF BY
ALEXANDER MACKRABIE, TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

“PHILADELPHIA,
“4th May, 1770.

“MY DEAR COUSIN,

“The night before last I returned from the Country, with your survey of one Thousand Acres or thereabouts. I make no doubt but from my long Silence you concluded I had entirely forgot you, but I should have blushed even at this distance if I had wrote these six pacquets past, that I would get the Land, at the same time not able to give you any Certainty of it. I determined not to give one line until I either got the matter or gave it over. I now have it, and so in a few months will you ; your Patent under Mr. Penn and a Draught of the Land, which is as good (as the saying is) as ever a crow flew over ; so much for that—no, one thing more, it will cost you one hundred and twenty five or thirty Guineas.

“I have a plan which, with your Assistance and some of your friends over the water, will in all probability hand the name of Francis to the future World with Dignity and Property : it's no less than a part of a Province, which I have reason to believe might be bought of the Indians for two or three, at most, thousand guineas, provided we could obtain the Crown's Right to make a fair Purchase ; it's a matter worth Attention, and I make no doubt you have as much anxiety for the future Rank of your Children as any fond Father can have ; the Purchase will be very extensive, and a prodigious fine Country. If you can get Lewis Evans' map of the Colonies, find

out Fort Pitt, then go down the Ohio on the west side until you come to a river emptying into the Ohio, you will find its name to be *Scioto*, and higher up the same river you will find *Lower Shawanee Town*. The beginning of this purchase will be at the mouth of the Scioto river, and down the Ohio until you come to the Wabash, which you will find on the west side of the Ohio, bounded by the Wabash on the south, on the Ohio by the east, and Scioto on the north, and our western line must be run. Now if you take in two or three of the right sort of men who will obtain the Royal Grant, and who will also advance some Money to make the Essay, which may require about two hundred guineas, there is two of us here who will go to that Country, and see what can be done; there is but one Gentleman who will go with me, that I am desirous to be concerned in this Country, and the thing cannot well be done without him: so do you take in as many as you think necessary to carry on the Plan, and those that will carry it into immediate Execution, do think seriously of it, and let me know your Sentiments, and who you intend to take in, by the next packet. If you can obtain for us too the carrying place of Niagara with the lands joining it, and a grant of the Salt Lake, and the Land for one Mile around it in the Onondago country, it will be a great thing. You may push that matter yourself, and the sooner the better, but be as silent as the Grave with every man, but these with whom your business lays, for the value of those two Places are so well known by every man who has been in America, that envy

would start up and perhaps overset you. By all means if you can, get absolute Grants, not an Order to the Governour of New York, in whose Province those two last Places lay.

“I have not heard anything lately about my joining the Regiment. I wish you could lay the matter out, so as to get me a Company in any Regiment. You certainly have Opportunities of obtaining a favor of that kind. I could then either join the Regiment or go out upon^a half pay, my rank would be going on, and in case of War, if I was not better fixed, might go into the Army with greater Advantage to what I can as lieutenant. Do think of me, tho’ three thousand Miles from you. Mc. just this moment left me, he is going out of town.

“Remember me to Mrs. Francis, and believe me to be affectionately yours,

“TURBUTT FRANCIS.”

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

“PHILADELPHIA,

“9th June, 1770.

“I wish you would all be quiet at home, and be as unanimous as we are this side the Water. Could you but be present at one of our Meetings here—such Speechifying! But the Joke is, that the Resolutions of non-importation are supposed to be the Resolutions of the Merchants who usually vend Dry Goods, and are in Number not exceeding two hundred, and at least five times that Number of different Persons have appeared and given their Voices at their several Meetings. Indeed their chief speakers at almost all

their Meetings are people who have no more Concern in Dry Goods than I have with Astronomy. If these things must be, the patriotic Public should indemnify all the little Shopkeepers, many of whom live upon the Profits of their petty returns from month to month. But the spirit of Liberty breathes on every Act and on every Occasion. Our Play-bills promise to exhibit to us the Noble Struggles for liberty of those renowned Romans, Brutus and Cassius, tho' poor Cassius was so deficient in his Latin as to call Publius Puppy-lies, throughout the whole Piece. A gallant Mechanic, whose Shop was broken open lately, could not advertise a Reward for apprehending the Thief, without pathetically lamenting how hard it was for a Man to part with his Property *without his Consent*. If the Delinquent should be caught, and prove an Englishman, he will be hanged without Benefit of Clergy.

"I long to make one of your Parties with Dick Tilghman, Fitz, and so forth, but the Devil take politics! I'll never debate with either you or Dick. You have both too much to say. I hold my tongue here, and the people think me knowing—but Snug.

"A. M."

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

"PHILADELPHIA,

"20th June, 1770.

"The New York Merchants have now a Majority for Importation after the 1st of December next. Some amongst ours begin to waver. How fickle a Gale the Public Voice is!

"I believe I have never told you that we have

got Whitfield among us. He preaches like a Dragon, curses and blesses us all in a Breath, and tells us he hopes to die in the Pulpit. He abuses the Players, who in turn advertised to perform 'the Minor.' The Parsons petitioned the Governor against it, and the Performance was dropt. Squintum took this as a Compromise, and the next Sunday recommended a Subscription for the Players.

"Yours, ever with the truest affection,

"A. MACKRABIE."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO ALEXANDER MACKRABIE.

"MARGATE,

"*July 1st, 1770.*

"MY DEAR MAC,

"I arrived at this enchanting Place to pay a visit to my Wife and daughter Bess, who have been bathing in the Ocean about a fortnight. I assure you this Town is wonderfully improved since we saw it about five years ago: a fine Assembly room, a good Tavern, a Coffee house, and a Billiard table, to say nothing of the Church, which, I observe has been repaired and beautified. Yet after all, I doubt whether there be a more detestable Spot in any part of the inhabitable Globe. I have got a letter from our honest Cousin Turbutt, which it is absolutely impossible for me to answer by this packet, unless it should happen to be detained a fortnight beyond its usual Time. Pray tell him so, and that I am inexpressibly obliged to him for the trouble he has taken about the thousand Acres. As to his other Project, it has not been in my power to consult anybody yet, nor indeed, supposing it a thing advisable,

do I know how to set about it : he talks of a Tract of Country, which upon the map appears equal to at least a third of Ireland, and he supposes that I have nothing to do but to ask and have. I wish that either he or you had been more particular. One thing I wish you to tell him directly—viz. that instead of having a great deal of Interest, as he seems to take for granted, I have really none at all. However, the Land will not run away, and I must have time to make proper Inquiries. By next packet, I shall answer him fully. Between ourselves, is this youth considered a visionary Projector in the country, or have they any reasonable opinion of his Discretion ? I should also be glad to know what benefit I am to derive from my thousand Acres. You, I presume, have not lived so long in the land market without making yourself a Freeholder, and laying down some plan for a future Estate. You give me a hint of your returning this Summer, and I have kept it carefully to myself. How glad we shall be to see you is more than I can conveniently put upon paper ; for my time is short, and my paper almost out, and so, my dearest friend, farewell ! We have a very agreeable Hurricane here every night.

“ P. FRANCIS.”

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

“ FORT PITT,¹

“ 14 *July*, 1770.

“ MY DEAR BROTHER,

“ All this and much more have we seen in a few days. We have conversed with Indian

¹ Now the city of Pittsburg.

Chiefs ; and if our stomachs could have digested Brickdust and Bears'-grease might have been not unkindly received by their *Squaws*, by which names the ladies of the Copper Race are distinguished. We have seen them dancing, and we have seen them drunk ; we have heard them talk and have heard them sing ; and I believe I have already almost enough of the Shawanee language to tell you in good Indian the Names of all these different Ceremonies. I have persuaded a Warrior whom we met on the Allegany River to come down to the Fort, for me to draw his Picture ; but an unlucky Accident which has just happened—namely, a White Man's having taken the liberty to shoot an Indian for offering certain Familiarities to his Wife, and attempting to steal his Horse—has put my Gentleman out of Humour, and disappointed me of my Copy. He was to have put on all his war Trinkets, and to have been new Painted on the Occasion. These Indians are the greatest Coxcombs upon Earth ! Their method of cutting and pulling their Ears, and boring their Noses, is beyond all conception ridiculous. I have seen a Woman with not less than six dozen Brooches of silver upon a Shift more dirty and ragged than was ever seen in St. Giles's ; and a Warrior with his Ears slit into Strips and Chitterlings, and twisted about with more silver Clasps than a Dutch family Bible.

“ You can have no idea of the delightful situation of Fort Pitt. It is built upon a Point of land formed by the confluence of the two rivers, Allegany and Monongahelah, which immediately upon their Junction have the name of the Ohio. The Indian language,

which is the most figurative in the Universe, is remarkably characteristic in the titles of these two rivers. They are their Allegro and their Penseroso. The former clear and lively, flowing over a bright pebbled Bed, and transparent as Cristal; the Monongahelah dull, dark, and heavy, moving in a sluggish and almost imperceptible Course. The lofty Hills and endless Woods with which they are bordered make the whole scene delightfully romantic. I shall say little of the Fort, because I don't understand military Matters; and besides that, I had little time for Observation. I am told it will accommodate more than a Regiment, but it has not at present fifty men who do Duty. We have been most hospitably and genteely entertained by an officer whom we knew last winter in Philadelphia, and allowing for the *Politesse à la Militaire* which obliges us to compound for being *un peu enivré* at least once a day, we pass our time very agreeably. I am as well reconciled to the four o'clock Drum as if I had lived all my time in a Camp. But our week has just expired, and we must return to our former Engagements, and cross the Allegany Mountain once more. I tremble at the Thought of rocks and precipices; tho' these are gentle Sufferings compared to Loghouses with earthen floors and the intolerable Suffocation of Barksmoke, which we are obliged to endure every Night, to avoid being flead alive by Gnats and Fleas. In point of Provision, this Road in summer *beggars all description*. For a hundred Miles we are under the Necessity of carrying fodder for our Horses; and for our parts, I shall never while I live lose the Idea of dried Venison and Whiskey Toddy.

"I think we cannot be absent from Philadelphia more than a month longer. One of my most pleasing Prospects is that upon my Return I may hear of your family so dear to me. Adieu, my dearest Philip.

"I am, most affectionately yours,

"A. MACKRABIE."

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

"PHILADELPHIA,
November 9th, 1770.

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,

"I am favoured with yours of the 4th Sept. by the paquet—and have read to the Colonel that part of it which relates to him. I may venture to tell you that he was very anxious to hear from you, and seemed to think your Silence unkind. But your letters have composed him. He loves you and of Consequence was jealous of the least Appearance of Neglect. He has shewed me all the Draughts and Papers relating to your Lands. I know nothing of their Situation, but have not a Doubt of their good quality.

"I have been introduced to our new Coz whom before I only knew by sight; now that I have conversed with her I like her very well. She is a sensible clever Girl. Tell Richard [Tilghman] I say so and that I hope he will not treat his Aunt with the less Respect for being only Eighteen years old.

"You will know before this Time of the resolve of the Merchants here to import every Article except Tea. . . .

"Adieu my brother,

"A. M."

The new cousin mentioned in this letter was the bride of Colonel Turbutt Francis. Richard Tilghman, the son of Turbutt's sister, spent some years in London studying law, and became much attached to Philip Francis and his family.

PHILIP FRANCIS TO ALEXANDER MACKRABIE.

"LONDON,

"Feb. 12th, 1771.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"Your Father's letter, which I sent by the packet, will, I suppose, contain a true Account of Family matters. We are well. Your Nephew is, without flattery, a most extraordinary Child. His mind and body seem to be everything we could wish.

"Tilghman¹ dined with me yesterday, and swallowed a moiety of two bottles of Claret. I shall not be easily reconciled to his leaving old England. Tell his Father and Mother very seriously that it would be a pity to remove him so soon from his Studies—alias from Covent Garden. . . . You cannot conceive how close he applies. Your old friend Meyrick, I hear, has espoused that young Lady; and does business again. The rest of your Acquaintance are pretty much in *statu quo*.

"We lead a jolly kind of life. This night to a concert—on Thursday to a ridotto—on Saturday the opera—and on Tuesday following a grand private ball at the London Tavern. We desire nothing but that you were here to partake with us. Adieu!

"P. FR."

¹ R. Tilghman returned to America in the autumn of this year.

PHILIP FRANCIS TO ALEXANDER MACKRABIE.

“WAR OFFICE,
May 1st, 1771.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,

“I fear I load you with postage inland, much more than my letters are worth ; but this is an Expense you must submit to, as long as you express Satisfaction in hearing from me. Long before this, I hope, your grievances have left you—I mean Rheumatism and Fever. You Americans have a wonderful turn to pains in the Bones. If you have not made a thousand Compliments to Tubby Francis for me upon his change of condition, you deserve to be hanged. I have used that honest Fellow infamously ; but really, between ourselves, I cannot prevail upon myself to talk to a man who makes so light of getting large Provinces into his Possession. For God’s sake take excellent care of my land ! If I do not misunderstand you, you mean that it must take care of itself, I will either pay the Money to your father or otherwise, as you think proper. If War had gone on, something might perhaps have offered for you. But have courage, we shall not always be at the foot of the Ladder.

“A great event has happened in the history of the Mackrabies—I have taken a little neat Cottage at Fulham for the summer. Your father’s letter I dare say will be full of it. We go on Saturday. I saw him this morning amazingly well. Your Nephew is a most glorious Animal, but not very like his Uncle. Adieu.

“Yours,

“P. FRANCIS.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO ALEXANDER MACKRABIE.

"WAR OFFICE,

"*Sept. 4th, 1771.*

"If you could form such commercial Connections in North America as would enable you to act upon your own Account, I should think it not impracticable to raise a sum of money for you on this side, to begin upon. Your Father's letter, which goes herewith, will naturally be filled with the departure of our good friend Tilghman. He breakfasted with me for the last time, Wednesday the 28th of last month, and was to get into his Postchaise at four o'clock that afternoon. Our Parting was no other than if we were to dine together the day following; yet I shall probably never see him again. I do not think that as to the choice of Friends or Companions, it is an easy matter either to please my Fancy or to satisfy my Judgment. The villain succeeded in both completely; and now I ought to hate him heartily for giving me such cause of regret as will last as long as I live. He is to write to me constantly, but at this Distance and with this Prospect, it will be the dead letter, which he has been studying so long. You are fortunate in waiting for his return to America. We are all pretty quiet here, but it seems to me rather an anxious pause or interval in Contention, than the tranquil security of a wise and firm Government. Tilghman is loaded with Politics and can explain everything as well as I can. I begin now to think that some discovery will be made about Portsmouth fire. The Duke of Gloucester is gone to Lisbon.

"Tilghman will tell you wonders of my children, particularly your Nephew.

"Adieu, adieu!

"P. FRANCIS."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO ALEXANDER MACKRABIE.

"WAR OFFICE,

"December 4th, 1771.

"MY DEAR MAC,

"Go directly to Tilghman, and ask him what news. Do you and he ever meet privately, that is, at a proper distance from Quakers, Indians, and mad Americans? If you do, drink my health very cordially. You may let the Colonel—alias broken Lieutenant—be of the Party, but none of the profane. The Rogue loves Claret. Since Tilghman arrived among you, I hope you found the Climate was improved. We used to make it out very tolerably together. Do tell me a little whether you are determined to take root in America, or ever to be transported Home again? By the time you get back you will have a fine Crop of nephews and nieces. Little Philip is a Hero in every sense of the word. For God's sake pardon my not writing any more! I am jaded to death.

"P. F."

RICHARD TILGHMAN TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

"PHILADELPHIA,

"Nov. 10th, 1771.

"DEAR FRANCIS,

"About a month ago I arrived at this place. The Governor came Passenger in the Ship with Me,

and the good People here have been constantly making Feasts for him and his Friends, among whom I have the Honour to rank myself. You will suppose I have been very happy. I expected to be so—but in Truth, I have been disappointed. The Dissipations of this Country do not agree with me. Eating and Drinking you know I love ; and yet, believe Me, I should be happier in fasting, than feasting. The Pleasures of the Table are but of an inferior Kind. I never valued them but as preparatory to greater Joys ;—Joys which this Country does not afford. . . .

“ I am yet intirely unsettled. In a Week or two I shall go in search of some Spot to pitch my Tent upon. When I have found a Place to my Mind, I will set myself seriously down to Business. England I certainly have taken my Leave of for many Years. Indeed the Chances are against my ever seeing it again. The Thought of endless Banishment makes me miserable ; insomuch that, if I did not think it would be a Sin to forget the Favours I have received from you and Mrs. Francis, I should wish more heartily for a Cup of good Lethe, than ever I did for a Bottle of Burgundy.

“ The first Man of my Acquaintance I met on the Shore was our Friend Mackrabie. If one may judge from his Looks, he is in perfect Health. I would fain keep him here till the Spring, for his own Sake as well as mine ; but he seems determined on a Winter’s Passage. I must not forget to thank you for introducing me to Argenis. I am quite in love with her ; and I think the Romance of which She is the Heroine, by far the most chaste and elegant

I ever met with. It is in my Opinion, a very happy Imitation of Petronius.

“You have so many Correspondents, that I cannot press you upon the Subject of Writing. When you do write, be not sparing of Politics. I beg to be remembered by Mrs. Francis, and the good old Pair, her Father and Mother. My best wishes attend the Holdens and Cornthwaites. I could fill a Page with compliments to Fitzpatrick, Godfrey &c., but I will not trouble you.

“I am most sincerely yours,

“RICHARD TILGHMAN.”

We have no letter from Francis to his brother-in-law in America with a date later than that of the last given, December 4th, 1771, in which he asks whether or not A. Mackrabie intends to return to England; but in a letter to his wife dated December 24th, 1771, he holds out the hope that she would shortly see her brother again.

A few notes to Mrs. Francis from her husband, written to her during his absences from home or her own, may as well be given here. The three earliest are of the year 1770.

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HIS WIFE, WHO WAS THEN STAYING
AT MARGATE.

“June 18th, 1770.

“MY DEAREST BETTY,

“Not having any letter by the Post, I flatter myself I shall receive one from you to-night

by William. I saw the children this morning (at Fulham). Sally has had the toothache violently, but by the help of a Poultice she slept well last night, and is free from pain this day. Philip and the other two are as fierce as Lions. Your mother was in Bed. Patty has been bled; her blood is so bad that Price says she must be bled once a week for two Years and some Months."

The Francis children frequently visited their grandparents at Fulham. Philip Francis writes to his wife:—

"Tuesday, 10th July, 1770.

"MY DEAREST BETSY,

"I am just returned from seeing the children at Fulham. It is impossible for them to be better or happier than they are. Sally has got rid of the Toothach. Harriet is in Words of three Syllables—Philip rules the Roast—and the size of Mary's face will astonish you. She takes Notice of everything—take care to let me know before you want Money, and don't run too close. Adieu dearest. Love to Betsy & Miss Holden."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO MRS. FRANCIS.

"BATH,

"23rd Dec., 1770. Sunday.

"MY DEAREST BETSY,

"The Weather and Company I was in must have assured you that I had a most agreeable Journey. We arrived at Marlborough at seven and found ourselves eating an incomparable Dinner in about a quarter

of an hour. We got into Bath at one o'clock. My Father I think is wonderfully mended in health and spirits. We all lodge together in a very comfortable, I might say an elegant house. Upon the whole it promises to be a very agreeable Expedition. A thousand kisses to my sweet chickeys, not forgetting Philip. Compliments in abundance to your father, Mother, and Patty.

"Yours yours yours

"P. FRANCIS."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO MRS. FRANCIS AT MARGATE.

"June 19th, 1771.

"MY DEAREST HONESTY,

"I wish you joy of your snug little Dwelling. William knows something of Houses, and says it was entirely to his Satisfaction. I wrote to you yesterday, consequently have not much to say at present. It rained bitterly all last night and this morning—drop, drop, drop into my room last night. I wakened with the noise, and took it for Thunder. We are all at sea. If it holds up, I shall ride to Fulham this afternoon. I shall pay you a visit at Margate as soon as Lord Barrington goes out of Town."

TO MRS. FRANCIS FROM HER HUSBAND, WHEN HE WAS
ON A TOUR IN THE COUNTRY.

"MANCHESTER,

"Saturday Morning, August 4th, 1771.

"This is just to inform you that we arrived here yesterday about 4. After dinner with much Toil we found out Mr. Clough's, where we all supped, and I lay in the State Bed. By the same token I am now

writing in his best Parlour. Oh ! I wrote to you from Derby. We have been all through that County, and have travelled over a thousand mountains, to say nothing of caverns and precipices. But to say the truth everything has contributed to make it a pleasant Journey. These good folks received me as the Jews intend to do the Messiah. To-morrow we set out on our return. Old mother Clough is as blind as a Horse in a Mill, and has a hand like a Curry-comb. . . . And so deary, adieu ! Kiss the Children heartily, and place it to account as per advice.

“ Yours,

“ P. FRANCIS.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO MRS. FRANCIS.

“ BATH,

“ *December 24th, 1771.*

“ MY DEAREST BETSY,

“ It is not that I have anything to add to my letter of Yesterday, but a letter is comfort to you, and I am afraid you want it. My father was well enough this morning to go abroad in a Chaise. But he relapses frequently, and is truly in a deplorable Condition. He is hardly sensible of my being here ; and if I did not live cheap, and did not expect Mr. Godfrey I would return many days sooner than I intended. I have dined but once at a Tavern, and have never supped out. I am very uneasy about the dear Children, and much more so about you. It is hard that you should have so unpleasant a Christmas ; but have a good heart, and I'll take care you shall have a merry New Year. I flatter myself your Brother will be in London in a fortnight. I was invited to

dine to-day with a riotous Party, but did not like it, so dine at home alone ; and Mrs. Walsh has sent me a ticket for a Concert : so I take my music and my nourishment gratis. I am very impatient to hear what Lord Barrington has determined about the War Office. I neither expect nor desire any alteration in my own Situation. Very likely Mr. Bradshaw may succeed. I am afraid my poor friend Walsh is very unhappy. She has represented their melancholy state to me with Tears, and would gladly retire to any Farm to avoid Bath. But this is impossible. I have just swallowed an excellent Fowl and roast Chine, and now drink your Health, and all that's dear to us at Fulham.

“ And so, Honesty, adieu !

“ P. F.”

In January, 1772, Mr. Francis writes to his cousin Major Baggs¹ :—

“ WAR OFFICE.

“ You will have heard that Mr. D'Oyly has resigned his Employment. He did it while I was at Bath. Immediately on my return my Lord Barrington was so good as to make me the Offer with many obliging and friendly Expressions. I had, however, solid Reasons for declining the Offer. . . . All this I should be glad you should communicate to anybody that is willing to hear it. . . . I have Schemes floating in my mind about a certain 6 months' voyage. Farewell.

“ P. F.”

¹ Major Baggs was the son of Mary Francis, sister of Dr. Francis. She had another son, Stephen, who became Vicar of Kilmacahoe, in Ireland.

Mr. Francis sent in his own resignation shortly after the retirement of his friend. From the War Office he writes again to the Major on March 20th, 1772 :—

“ DEAR PHIL,

“ The formal letter you have just read is, I hope, the last you will receive from me in that Stile.¹ At the end of this Quarter I leave the War Office. It is my own Act. Be not alarmed for me. Everything is secure and as it should be. I wait your answers to my last letters, in order to settle that Business. You may still direct to me under Lord B.’s cover, but not any other letter but for me.

“ Adieu.

“ P. F.

“ P.S.—I am hurried and agitated to death.”

¹ This was an official letter to the Major written from the War Office.

PERIOD II.

1772—1774.

This is an intermittent period in Francis's life. A year after he left the War Office, his appointment as Member of the Indian Council was announced. The correspondence of the father and son ceases in 1773 with the death of the former. Francis travels abroad, and we have letters which he wrote to friends from Italy. His acquaintance with the Clive family begins at this date. Alexander Mackrabie accompanied Francis to India as his Private Secretary, and we have the Diary which he kept on his voyage out, and at the same time the earlier pages of the Journal which Mrs. Francis kept during her husband's absence from England. Francis and Mackrabie arrived at Calcutta, October 19th, 1774.

PERIOD II.

1772—1774.

AFTER leaving the War Office in the spring of 1772, Francis made a long tour in Europe in the company of one of his friends, Mr. David Godfrey. The travellers visited several towns on the Continent, and spent a long time in Italy, but no letters to family or friends have been kept, either written or received by Francis during this time, excepting the following letter to Dr. Campbell written from Rome. Dr. Campbell was a literary man and a friend.

FROM PHILIP FRANCIS TO DR. CAMPBELL.¹

“ROME,

“October 17th, 1772.

“DEAR SIR,

“At last I have an Opportunity of keeping the Promise you were so kind as to exact from me, when I left England. I have not been unmindful of my Engagement, but I wished to perform it a little more to your Satisfaction, than by a detail of the ordinary occurrences of a Journey, or the common observations of Travellers. You are not to be entertained with the rattling of French roads, the Famine of

¹ Author of “Political Survey of Great Britain” (1774).

an Italian inn, or the Velocity of Postilions within a given time. As for pictures and statues, I have really seen so many that I remember nothing. In a very large mixed Company, one seldom contracts a lasting Acquaintance. Neither would my advice be of much use to you, for I fancy at present you have no thoughts of travelling. But, my good and worthy Friend, I have the pleasure of thinking that I can meet you upon your own ground, upon your favourite Topic, a great and good Prince who does honour to a Throne. I know to whom this glorious character most eminently belongs. Yet, trust me, there are princely virtues on both sides the Alps. The present Roman Pontiff [Clement XIV.] is worthy of his Station. He had no family Connexions, he had no private Interest nor foreign Protection, and circumstanced as the affairs of the Holy See then were, it was impossible for him to have been Pope if he had not deserved it. Yet it is not his personal Merit I admire so much as the ready concurrence of so many Rivals to acknowledge and reward it. The success of his administration he piously attributes to the goodness of Providence. His modesty will not suffer him to insist upon the influence of second Causes. As to matters of Religion, I would not debate the point with him. In worldly Affairs, I believe we may affirm that common men are not usually the instruments of wise Councils or of important Events. At his Accession to the Pontificate, he found the affairs of the Church in the utmost disorder. Portugal totally alienated ; France dissatisfied : Spain little less than hostile; and Naples actually in arms upon the Frontier.



ELIZABETH MACKRABIE,

FIRST WIFE OF SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

Scarcely had he reigned a twelvemonth, when everyone of these untoward circumstances was reversed. I ask no other proof of the wisdom of his Councils. As for his personal Deportment, I can affirm from experience that it corresponds with his public Character, and contributes to adorn it. A great man preserves his Dignity, even when he wishes to lay it aside, and discovers the force of his Abilities while he seems to make no use of them. The Bow is unbent, but we may judge how far it carries.

“After seeing the Laocoon, Meleager, and Apollo, the next thing to be seen was the Pope. We had heard that Englishmen were well received by him. His Holiness takes every Opportunity of honouring them with the most distinguished marks of his Regard. This condescension of course encourages them to wait upon him ; and even without it, I think it would be absurd to see Rome and not to visit the head of the Roman Catholic Church. His Holiness being in the Country it was necessary to send beforehand, to know at what time we might be admitted to his Presence. This part of the Business was arranged for us by Abbé Grant, to whose Friendship and Politeness we are much indebted. An answer was quickly returned, that the Pope would be happy to receive us whenever we should do him that honour, for so he was pleased to express himself. The day before yesterday we accordingly set out for Castello Gandolfo, under the Auspices of our friend the Abbé. The Master of the Ceremonies happening to be out of the way, we were obliged to wait about twenty minutes in an antechamber, for which his Holiness

condescended to make us a multitude of Excuses. The moment he knew we were arrived, he ordered us to be admitted, and received us at the Door of his Chamber with an exclamation expressive both of satisfaction and goodwill. I never saw a more venerable nor a more benevolent Countenance, yet not unmixed with keenness and sagacity. Instead of permitting us to observe the usual Ceremony of kissing his Slipper, he insisted upon our sitting down by him upon a little Sopha, a distinction of which we are assured there never was an instance before. Our introducer, who has been accustomed to see English Gentlemen well received, was at least as much astonished as we were at finding himself seated in the Pope's presence. In a moment his Holiness began the Conversation, with the utmost Familiarity and good humour; and as it was my chance to sit very close to him, he frequently laid his arm upon my shoulder, and always called me *caro mio figlio*. This, and *cari miei signori*, was his constant Address to us both. But whatever he said or did was accompanied with an ease and cheerfulness, that, without lessening the reverence due to so great a Person, banished all restraint. His discourse was rapid, and included a variety of Topics; yet there was none upon which he seemed to dwell with greater pleasure than upon his esteem and affection for the British nation. I acknowledged how much we are obliged to him for this favourable Opinion, but he insisted vehemently that we were only obliged to ourselves; that his regard for us was well known, and that he was pleased the World should take notice of it. He

informed us that the Venetians, having lately doubled the Duty upon English salt-fish imported into Venice at second hand from Civita Vecchia and Ancona, and having found themselves disappointed in the produce of that Duty, had accused him of having formed a commercial treaty with Great Britain ; and that his Nuncio at Cologne, having asked leave to visit England last summer, incognito, it had been industriously reported that his Holiness had sent him thither upon some special Commission. He laughed heartily at these reports, and wished they had been better founded. He assured us that if he had been Pope in the time of Harry the Eighth, he would have prevented that unfortunate Separation of England ; that Clement the Seventh was a weak man, and duped by Charles the Fifth ; and Wolsey a man of abilities, but blinded by his Ambition ; that the same temper and moderation on the part of the Holy See, which had lately recovered Portugal, would probably have preserved England. On his mentioning Portugal, I took the liberty of telling his Holiness, that I was at Lisbon when Cardinal Aiaccioli was so disgracefully dismissed, and that I had the honour of being known to the Marquis of Pombal. This Circumstance seemed to lead his Holiness to enter largely upon the late Reconciliation with that court. His management of it undoubtedly does him Honour. It was the first measure of his Government, and the success of it has fully answered the rectitude and piety of his Intentions. He said that the instructions given to Cardinal Aiaccioli were certainly injudicious, and that the Cardinal's zeal in carrying them into Execution

was, in his opinion, rather more to be commended than his Discretion. That, upon his accession to the Pontificate, the first object he aimed at was to reconcile Portugal to the Holy See. That he immediately appointed Monsignor Conti (a name highly grateful to that nation) to be his Nuncio to the court of Lisbon, and had given him no other instructions whatsoever, but to carry with him 'Galateo' and the Decalogue. (You may not know perhaps that 'Galateo' is a book much esteemed here for the rules it contains of civility and politeness.) That his letter to the Marquis of Pombal was cordial and unaffected; reminding him of his former Attachment to the interests of the Church, when he was Minister at Vienna, and expressing a Confidence in his piety, and in his well-known zeal for the support of the Catholic Religion; that if the King of Portugal wished for the nomination of a Cardinal, he was ready to grant it; and that, in short, he desired a reconciliation with the court of Lisbon, upon no other Conditions, but such as might best express his paternal tenderness and affection for his most faithful Majesty. This language, said his Holiness, came directly from my Heart, and it pleased God to give it success.

"If I were to repeat to you the many just Observations he made upon this Event, as well as upon the means he constantly employed to maintain a good understanding and correspondence with the Princes of the House of Bourbon, I should write you a letter too long for an Ambassador. As there was no Formality, so there was no exact order in his Discourse. The most serious parts of his conversation

were mixed with expressions of personal Kindness and attention to us his humble Audience. He spoke of the Duke of Gloucester with tenderness and regard, and seems sensibly touched with the acknowledgments his Royal Highness had made him of the civilities he had received at Rome. He also mentioned a late Declaration, but in the most moderate and guarded terms. From these subjects he descended to enquire how we had passed our time at Naples and Rome, where we dined, and what was our plan of Amusement for the day. We told him we had provided a dinner, and meant to eat it at a Franciscan convent in the Neighbourhood. He then was pleased to conduct us through the apartments of the Castle, opened all the casements himself, and pointed out to us the most striking parts of the Prospect. At parting he attended us to the outer door of his apartments, gave us his Benediction, and said that, being in the country, he was sorry he had nothing to offer us by way of *ricordo* or token of Remembrance. After a short walk we returned to the Convent, and found that he had sent us six bottles of Burgundy, and a large *pasticcio* from his own Table. The good Franciscans omitted nothing in their power to show their Hospitality, nor were they unwilling to drink long life to their holy Father in his own wine; but this with Moderation.

“Our obligations to his Holiness were not to end here. In going to Castello our axletree unfortunately broke. We had it patched up, but it broke down again within a hundred yards of the Castle. There was no remedy but to apply to the Pope’s Master of the Horse for a carriage to convey us to Rome.

He asked his Holiness's permission, and it was granted immediately with a readiness to which I should be far from doing Justice if I called it only polite.

"This letter you may consider as an involuntary Effusion of gratitude for Favours great and unmerited. I expect that you will share with me in the pleasure of this day. It was a pleasure not only high in degree, but of the purest sort, for it was unattended with regret. Though not a convert to the doctrines of this Church, I am a Proselyte to the Pope. Whoever has the honour of conversing with him will see that it is possible to be a Papist without being a Roman Catholic.

"I will not conclude without a formal Protest against your taking the trouble of answering this letter. I know your punctuality in these matters ; but I also know how much better and more usefully you are employed. In *publica commoda peccem*. A line from my old Friend and fellow-labourer, to acknowledge the receipt, will be quite sufficient. He will be so good as to direct it to the care of Messieurs le Coulteux, at Paris. In a few weeks I promise myself the pleasure of seeing you. My friend James, by whom I wish to be kindly remembered, is a ready Penman, and will give me the news of the day. I have not been long enough out of England to be indifferent about Politics. I beg of you to present my best compliments and sincerest good wishes to Mrs. Campbell, and that you will believe me, with truth and affection,

"Yours,

"P. FRANCIS."

Francis seems to have written in a similar strain as regards his visit to the Pope in a letter to his cousin Richard Tilghman. The reply of the latter is interesting in one particular—namely, by the introduction of a name now notorious:—

“I lament exceedingly his Holiness did not give you by way of ricordo, the Decalogue and that fine book ‘Galateo’ the one would have taught you charity and the other politeness. I think I never received a letter so strange, & so full of impudence and abuse as your last. You never knew but one man who was hanged, & *he was a lawyer!* The inuendo is so plain that I can’t help understanding you. We are *novi homines* are we? It is but fair to take you down a little for your ignorance in history. This day [May 1st] is the birthday of an American ancestor of mine, of the name of Tammany, who, as you ought to have known, was canonised about eleven hundred years ago.”

In his Autobiography we find Philip Francis writing about his circumstances at this period:—

“After an absence of five months I returned to England. Constant anxiety made me restless and impatient. The place I was not in seemed always preferable to my actual situation. I felt that I was a burden to myself as well as to my friends. But the generous heart of D’Oyly never failed me. He had hardly a thought, a word, or action that was not directed to do me service.”

During his tour Philip had heard of the death of an

old and much valued friend, Mr. Calcraft, who had also been a friend of Dr. Francis. Philip writes of him :—

“Calcrafft had agreed to meet me at Naples in the Autumn. We parted with every possible mark of Affection—never to meet again.”

Not long after Francis's return to England, Dr. Francis died at Bath on March 5th, 1773. In one of his later letters to his son Dr. Francis had written :—

“Farewell my dearly beloved and esteemed. May your Boy make you as happy a Father as I am !”

The physical condition of the father had been sinking lower and lower. His son writes about his state :—

“I went to Bath to see and take a final leave of my good Father. . . . I found him reduced to a state lower than Infancy and insensible even to the pleasure of seeing a Son he adored. May I never exhibit so melancholy a sight ; or may they who behold me, look forward, as I do, with tenderness and sympathy to their own Decline and to the possibility of a similar misfortune ! My Father died on the 5th March 1773. I have kept all his Letters with several of my own, and earnestly desire that they may be preserved for ever in my Family.”

Dr. Francis left the following undated memorandum for his son :—

“I have desired my ever faithful Sally not to send you this paper until the wretched Writer

shall be no more. Take then my dearest Phil my last farewell—Take all my thanks for your Kindness and Tenderness, your Care and Punctuality in my affairs. With regard to this world, I have only to hope that the money arising from Mr. Jennings's Bond may be remitted to Sally, to pay the Expenses of burying me, with my servants' wages and the present quarter's rent of my house. I have no other debts—I am no longer able to hold my pen and I end with my best assurances of my Affection and Esteem for you and all your Family.

“Farewell for ever!”

Thus ends the correspondence between the father and son which had begun some twenty years before, on the father's side, with the words: “From this moment I offer you my whole heart, even all its weaknesses and frailties—without disguise, without reserve.”

In his Autobiography Philip wrote, after the description of his last visit to his father:—

“My hopes of employment were distant and uncertain. The interval had to be amused and if possible with credit.”

Accordingly he began to make a translation of M. de Pinto's Essay on Circulation, and went to The Hague to consult the author about it. He writes:—

“But neither this nor any other Occupation was sufficient to defend me from fits of Despondence. It was in vain to shut my eyes to my Situation.

Wherever I went, or whatever I did, the Spectre haunted and pursued me.

“ Alexander Mackrabie had lately returned from America. He had purchased a thousand acres for me in Pennsylvania where I meant to secure a retreat for myself or my Family if ever England should cease to be the seat of Freedom. The question now seriously agitated in my mind was whether I ought not to transplant myself at once, and take possession of this establishment before my little capital was exhausted. This was actually the subject of a dismal conversation between Mackrabie and me on the 4th of June, when we accidentally met a Gentleman in the Park, who informed me that John Cholwell, one of the intended Commissioners for India had declined the nomination. I immediately went to D'Oyly, who wrote to Grey Cooper. It was the King's birthday and Barrington was gone to Court. I saw him the next morning ; as soon as I had explained my views to him, he wrote the handsomest and strongest letter imaginable in my favour to Lord North ; other interests contributed but I owe my success to Barrington.”¹

June 4th, 1773, was therefore a marked day in Francis's life. Spectre-haunted, like all his days of this period, at its beginning, it was brightened by a sudden hope at its close. Mr. Francis was, in fact, appointed to be a member of the New Council of India, created by Act of Parliament in June, 1773, “ for establishing

¹ Lord Barrington, Secretary at War, under whom both D'Oyly and Francis had served.

certain regulations for the better management of the affairs of the East India Company as well in India as in England." There were to be four members in the Council, and Mr. Hastings, the Governor-General, was to be the President. Mr. Francis was to receive a salary of £10,000 a year. The colleagues of Francis in this Council were General Clavering and Colonel Monson; Mr. Barwell, already in India, a servant of the Company, made the fourth.

Though Francis received the appointment in June, 1773, he did not leave England for India until the end of March 1774. During this interval he visited Lord Clive at Walcot, and became very intimate with him and his family.

PHILIP FRANCIS TO MRS. FRANCIS.

"WALCOT,

"*Saturday, 24th July, 1773.*

"MY DEAREST BETSY,

"I suppose you may like to hear from me again, though I wrote on Thursday. My Time is so much taken up with the pleasures of life that I have very little Opportunity to attend to Business. These are the best-humoured People in the World, and let me do exactly what I please: but what they do themselves, is so very near what I like to do, that we are generally of a Party. I ought to give you an account of our Way of Life, but I have no Leisure for Description. Among other enjoyments they ruin me at Quadrille. We have not hands enough for Whist. When we arrived at Ludlow, we found that Lord Clive was within two miles of us at Oakley

Park, where we lay that night ; a charming place, but not equal to this ;—the next day we galloped here, about 13 Miles, and tomorrow I hear we are to visit Oakley Park again. Incomparable Beds in both quarters. Lady Clive is very civil about you and the Children ; indeed she is better than civil :—it is true good Nature. I propose to leave this on Sunday night.—I propose, but am not certain.—I am pretty sure we shall not sail before the middle of December, so that there will be time enough for Margate.

“ I have had strange thoughts lately about Allen and my Son.—If I could make it worth his while to undertake the Tuition.—We’ll think on’t. My love to the Sweet fellow and his dear Sisters. Compliments to all the good Family at Fulham.

“ Yours, dearest yours,

“ P. F.”

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

“ WALCOT,

“ 31st July, 1773.

“ MY DEAREST WIFE,

“ As I propose being in Town on Tuesday night it will not be necessary to say much at present. I have received yours of the 27th, and observe, this is my third.—I rejoice at Sally’s success. Many thanks to your Brother for his Letter. I fancy he will hardly see France, till he returns from Bengal.¹ We continue here in the same good humour and good living. I never saw so much of either in one house. Yesterday came two Druids from Plynlymmon, with

¹ Mackrabie accompanied Francis to India as his Private Secretary.

Harp and Fiddle. We had Plenty of Company and danced all the Evening like Dragons. Miss Ducarel says that knowing such a sweet Creature as me makes her wish to know such a sweet Creature as you.

"Phil. Baggs will be in England in September. You may read his Letter. You did very well to leave Fulham.

"Compts to your Mother and Love to the chickens

"Yours ; Yours P F.

"This good Lord & Lady drink to you and my progeny every day."

"Friday, August 27th, 1773.

"DEAR WIFE,

"I sat an hour with Lord N. this morning, and had a great deal of very satisfactory Conversation. It looks *very* probable that we shall depart about the end of October. He agrees that I shall return to Margate and stay as long as I proposed. I am to see him again to-morrow in Downing Street, and intend lying at Ingress, so I shall be with you on Sunday to dinner.

"Lord N. asked me to dinner, but it was inconvenient, so I dined at Twickenham. . . .

"Just returned from Fulham. Found the old Folks all well, and in the fact of playing at quadrille. Called at the school, and took the three Girls into the carriage, healthy and handsome, though in their Bedgowns. I have hardly time to seal this, so farewell.

"To Mrs. Francis, at Mrs. Granger's,

"Bowling Green, Margate."

LADY CLIVE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

" WALCOT, NR. LUDLOW,

" August 31st, 1773.

" In English, being too weak in Italian, I will in a few words take upon me to answer Mr. Francis's letter to Mr. Strachey [Secretary to Lord Clive], and I am to begin by returning him thanks for the kind remembrance in which he holds me and my family. Lord Clive, the Stracheys, and Miss Ducarel, and my three daughters, desire to offer to Mr. Francis every good wish, and to inform him the time he passed in our house passed too quickly away ; moreover that as he does not go till next month for India, they think he might bestow one more look upon us in this country. It is wonderful that without Mr. Francis Ludlow races should have proved so delightful, and yet they have dismissed our large party in better health, and in better spirits than when they first commanded our unwilling attendance. Those of Shrewsbury are to begin on September 14th. How charming it would be if Mr. Francis would accompany Colonel Tonyn to that place of gaiety and pleasure ! Colonel Tonyn, if still in the land of the living, would probably prove a more lively companion than poor dear Mr. Ashby, who, amidst all his sorrows, nevertheless won Mr. Francis's affection and liking ; but if Mrs. Francis will come I shall be most glad.

" You need not be apprehensive, dear Sir, of exciting in my mind groundless fears of future events, since the past has so exactly corresponded with those you fear may happen, that I am always prepared for such disasters, and give away my pets as fast as they are

brought into life, in order to make others share in the grief of losing them, and that the whole burthen may not rest on me. Domenico Balestrieri¹ lamented one cat, fallen from the top of a house and crushed to death; I not only one so lost, but two besides, the fathers of families, basely assassinated and put to death by wretched boors, that pretended to believe the lovely creatures were wild and mischievous animals; one fair snowy female hurried out of life by an odious rat at two months old, another over-crammed at Walcot, another still-born at Claremont, some of both sexes crushed by doors, others lost by bad nursing, and some hundreds now begging their bread.

"Let me tell you, Sir, I think you have, with the utmost modesty, chosen for yourself a very proper situation between the two extremes of high exaltation and the lowest degree of favour, but will you be content to remain there, and not seek to supplant Tufty as well as Beaumy? According as ye all behave so will I be unto ye, and no other promise will I make.

"I am now to thank you for a very signal favour. The present you have made me is very acceptable, and has afforded me great pleasure and satisfaction. The sonnet upon mewing is happily expressed by *gnao, gnao*; and many others of them in wit and pleasantry exceed everything I ever met with. The lamentations are very affecting, and fitted to the subject. I should have written to you in Italian, but that I found, upon making an essay, I was too much out of practice, and that the post would not wait.

¹ A Milanese poet of the eighteenth century.

I should think the book complete, were there to every sonnet a picture of the dear Micio or cat prefixed. I may say with equal truth of each of my murdered cats, as does Domenico Balestrieri of his :

la stampa

Natura fece, e poi ruppe il modello.

"I hope this will find you, Mrs. Francis and the little ones well, and that every happiness may attend you and them is the wish of, dear Sir,

"Your most obedient and humble servant,

"M. CLIVE.

"In return for your present I am willing to bestow on you a loan. There is in my drawer of papers a well-told and true description of the earthquake at Lisbon in the year 1755.¹ Upon hearing me mention it, you once expressed an inclination to read it, and I was desirous you should. Now, if you care about it, and will take the trouble of asking Mr. Crisp for it, I shall be pleased with you. I should not be sorry to have one copy taken of it. So you may order that too."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO THE HON. MRS. HAY² AT
BARBADOES.

"LONDON,

"November 4th, 1773.

"DEAR MADAM,

"I have rather more reason than yourself, because I am going to a greater distance than

¹ This letter is printed almost *in extenso* in J. A. Smith's [Conde da Carnota's] "Life of Pombal," p. 51, *sqq.* (ed. 1871).

² Wife of the Governor of Barbadoes. Mr. Hay had been English Minister in Portugal at the time of Lord Kinnoul's special mission.

Barbadoes, to wish that people in England were a little more attentive than they usually are to their friends in Banishment. But it is in vain for us to be angry. They have the rod of Silence in their hands, and may plague us to death without any trouble to themselves. I hope, however, that our letters from Margate have recovered Mrs. Francis and me, in some degree, in your opinion. I really have all the dispositions in the world to be a good Correspondent, if time and place would co-operate. I am also very well disposed to live long and see good days. Your kind advice about my Health shall not be neglected. You already know that Mrs. Francis is not to accompany me to India; it is her own choice and resolution, and severely felt by us both. She dreads the effect of the Climate upon her nerves; and even if there were no apprehension on the article of Health, what are five little girls and a boy to do, deprived both of Mother and Father? Your own feelings and judgment suggested to you what her Determination would be. But all this will come right again. If I survive the trial, it will have made me an independent man. You know my way of thinking, and that to a temper like mine Independence is the first ingredient of Happiness. Difficulties about the mode of conveyance have retarded our departure. Everything is now settled to our entire Satisfaction, and I think it looks probable, that we shall not spend next new year's day in England. I will not promise much for myself about Correspondence from Bengal, but you will hear regularly from Mrs. Francis, who will think herself happily employed in giving you advice of my

Proceedings. This, however, will not be the last letter you will receive from me before I go. In your next I hope to receive the confirmation of a Report current among the West Indians here, that the two Miss Hays have quitted that Title. Our best wishes wait upon them in every state. Shall we all meet again, and compare notes about the atmosphere? When you are languishing at Barbadoes, think what it is to be dissolved at Calcutta, and comfort yourself with the idea that some of your friends are hotter than yourself. This is one of the principal consolations to be derived from Friendship. Allen is well, though not much the better for my leaving him in Portugal.

“ P. F.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO MISS HOLDEN

AT FULHAM.

“ DUKE STREET,

“ *November 13th, 1773.*

“ MY DEAR MISS HOLDEN,

“ It was bad Policy in you to suffer me to run so deeply into your Debt. I should not have been afraid to acknowledge a moderate Obligation, because I should have lived in hopes of being able to return it some time or other. But when I consider the Favour you have done me, the pains you have taken, and the wonderful elegance of the Performance, I own I am tempted to be ungrateful. I can hardly persuade myself to thank you at all, since I never can thank you enough. But if I say little upon the subject, be assured I pay you off in thinking. I shall for ever esteem this Waistcoat as the dearest and most ornamental part of my Dress. It shall only

be worn upon Festivals, that I may bring it back as bright if possible, as when I received it, and shine as long as I can in the Lustre which you have lent me. From waistcoats there is a natural transition to potted Snipes. Instead of trusting hereafter to Providence for food and raiment, I propose to trust entirely to you and your Mother : you shall both be better treated in return than Providence usually is upon these occasions."

Richard Tilghman wrote from Philadelphia on hearing of his cousin's good fortune :—

"PHILADELPHIA,

"*Aug. 30th, 1773.*

"DEAR FRANCIS,

"You have not a Friend in the world that rejoices at your good fortune more than I do. What a glorious Appointment ! . . . It makes me not a little proud that in the day of your Elevation you have not forgotten your old Friend. Do, Mr. Councillor, as soon as you get to Bengal, establish some office with a handsome Salary and send for me to fill it. I am tired of my country and my Profession. There is neither honour nor profit to be got by practising the law among these Quakers.

"Our new Governor and his Lady with several fine Horses, arrived here a day or two ago from England. But what care you ? I might as well read you a page of the history of Lilliput. I suppose all North America and all its concerns appear as trifling

to you as the disturbances and wars in Greece did to Alexander in India. . . .

“As to England when you are gone I shall hardly wish to return to it. My old Friends you say are all dispersed. What then should I do there? I should be miserable to find myself at a loss for companions in a place where I was once so happily connected. I would write to Mr. Secretary Mackrabie, but really have not time. I charge you take care of y^r health.

“Believe me to be with the greatest Affection,
yours,

“RICHARD TILGHMAN.

“Do not neglect to give my love to Mrs. Francis.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HIS WIFE.

“Thursday,

“Heaven knows what day of the month,

“in the year 1773.

“MY DEAREST BETTY,

“I snatch one moment, being all that I can spare from feasting, singing, gaming, riding, and sleeping in a Bed as wide as our best Parlour, to tell you that I perform all the offices of life above-mentioned to admiration. I had the pleasure of travelling two days in company with a very good natured man, who never once opened his lips but to complain of his misfortunes. N.B. He is melancholy mad, having lost a Trunk at his outset from London, from behind his chaise, containing the title deeds of all the Estates in Shropshire—Lord Clive’s among the rest. I have got into a set of

the most good humoured people upon earth, a charming House and fine Park, seven dogs and two dozen of cats. Lady Clive has it much at heart that her guests should sleep well, and the Beds are Incomparable. This, you know, is a capital circumstance. I am just risen from a monstrous dinner with twenty-three of Lord Clive's free-voters at Bishop's Castle. Lady Clive drinks your health every day, not forgetting the Bairns. Mem. Kiss them in my name repeatedly. Bid your brother write to me copiously. I have just one quarter of an hour in the day which I can dedicate to the reading of letters. Farewell, dearest ! Compliments to your aged Father and Mother and Patty.

“ Yours, yours,

“ PH.

“ Direct under cover to Lord Clive, at Walcot, near Bishop's Castle, Salop.”

The following is from his former chief, Lord Barrington :—

“ CAVENDISH SQUARE,

“ *September 4th, 1773.*

“ DEAR SIR,

“ Many persons, knowing the long connection which has subsisted between you and me, have pressed me to recommend their relations in India to your favour and protection. In general I have excused myself from this ; but I have two friends to whom I can refuse nothing. One of them recommends young Mr. Cadogan, who is on the civil line, the other Lieutenant Bucknall, who is on the military.

If you can with propriety do any service to these Gentlemen, you will lay me under a real obligation. I am, with my best wishes for your health, happiness, and success,

“ Dear Sir,

“ Your most faithful and obedient humble servant,
“ BARRINGTON.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO LORD BARRINGTON.

“ MARGATE,
6th September, 1773.”

“ MY LORD,

“ I have just received the Honor of your Lordship's Letter, & can with the greatest Truth assure you that I consider the Request you make me as a sensible Addition to the signal Obligation I already owe you. It was my Intention to have asked it as a favour of your Lordship that you would give me an Opportunity of shewing you that your patronage & Friendship were not ill bestowed. The Gentlemen you mention shall take place of every other Recommendation & I beg of you not to limit yourself to two Names only. I shall think it an honor & happiness to be permitted to consider your Lordship's Friends as mine. When you confer a Favour you make the Impression deep & distinct. I have the Honour to be with the greatest Respect & Attachment, my Lord,

“ Your Lordship's, most faithful humble Servant.

“ P. FRANCIS.”

LADY CLIVE TO PHILIP FRANCIS, WITH PRESENT
OF ATTAR OF ROSES.

“ The little bottle of all is for Mr. Francis's pocket to be always kept there. The very largest is for a

reserve, and not to be unsealed till he really wants it, for it is the most exquisite Atta or essence that ever came from King or Prince, and this came from a King.

“The middling sized bottle is for Mrs. Francis her own dear self. All should be kept in some sort of case, if it be but cotton or paper, for it is, like all other goodness, too apt to evaporate.

“If best wishes, if regard and respect for the characters this little present comes to, can render it acceptable I shall be delighted. To Heaven’s Protection I recommend them, and Oh! how much I desire to be known for their sincere friend.

“My sister joins me in kind compts.

“M. CLIVE.

“30th March, 1774.”

Before Francis left England he made Mr. Chandler and Mr. D’Oyly his trustees, and in a way committed his wife to their charge. Mr. Chandler writes:—

MR. CHANDLER TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

“PRESTON STREET,

“March 30th, 1774.

“DEAR FRANCIS,

“I intended visiting you to-night before I saw you this evening, and missing Mrs. Francis shall not prevent it, although to say how she was as late as possible was one motive. You may depend on Mrs. Chandler’s and my seeing her to-morrow and every day that we possibly can, to alleviate her great loss all that Friends can. Another motive was to tell you I won’t make your Insurance. God preserve you

very long to your family! He has been already bountiful to you and yours in His blessings. If His Almighty will disposes of you otherwise than we wish, depend on it your dear Children shall never want the sum the Insurance would have raised them. God preserve you! The four hundred shall be taken care of. A happy speedy voyage, and every good that can befall you, is the sincere wish of your affectionate friend,

“GEORGE CHANDLER.”

Mr. D'Oyly, writing to accept the charge, says:—

“In return I expect that you are not at all anxious about your wife and family, for you have left those here that will take care of them.”

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HIS WIFE.

“LONDON,

“*March 30th, 1774.*”

“I have paid into Messrs. Drummond's hands a sum of £500 for your use, and subject to your Orders. This, with the sum of £93 which I leave with you, amounts to £593. My intention is to allow your Father £25 a year, to be reckoned from the day I embark. Of this he has already received ten Guineas on account. You will pay him the remainder (£14. 10. 0) any time within the year; but do not advance any more till this time twelve-month.

“You are to pay my Father's pensioner half a guinea on the twelfth of every month.

“On April 1st, 1775, my Trustees are directed to

pay you £631. 6. 0. or such a proportion of that sum as you may desire, and so on annually. You will leave it at Drummond's, and draw for it as you want it. Keep an account of your Drafts that you may know how your money lasts. If the above annuities fall in, you will have the advantage of it.

“As you are to have the above sum paid annually on a stated day, it is not material to you whether I leave the rent, taxes, schooling, &c., paid up or not to the day of my Departure, but I shall leave you an exact statement of those articles as they stand due. I wish you may be able, for three years at least, to live on this Allowance; but I should be very unhappy to think you were distressed. You are therefore at liberty to apply to my Trustees for £50 more, if you find you want it at the end of the year. This, I hope, will remove all difficulties and apprehensions.

“I have made the best Provision I can for my son's education. I need not recommend it to you to see him often, and tell Mr. Ribouville freely anything you think amiss. The girls will fall more particularly under your care. Sally is to come home at Christmas next, or at Midsummer 1775 at farthest. I leave that and everything relative to the periods of their going to and quitting the School to your own Discretion.

“I wish you to live rather a retired, but not a dull and melancholy life.

“You have Acquaintances enough, and I wish you to avoid new ones. In general, prefer those Friends who live nearest to you. Let the Girls be taught a grave, modest, reserved carriage. I dislike Hoydens. Keep them constantly in your company (when from

school) and observe everything they do. Let them have Exercise abroad, and constant Occupation at home. Take care what Books they read ; and if you take them to a Play, which should not be above once in a winter, let it be some ridiculous Comedy or Pantomime at which they may laugh, but nothing sentimental, or that borders upon Indecorum. Above all things, never suffer them to be idle. The older they grow the more necessary you will find this rule to be. When you want medical assistance you may always have that of Mr. Adair and Dr. Macnamara. Keep an account book for all the money you pay (exclusive of your house and private expenses), and mark the day to which every article is paid up."

Mr. Francis and Alexander Mackrabie left home on March 30th, 1774. We give extracts from Mackrabie's Journal and letters written during the voyage :—

"JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE TO THE EAST INDIES, BEGUN
30TH MARCH, 1774.

"MR. ALEXANDER MACKRABIE.

"*March 30th.* Messrs. Francis and Mackrabie set off from Duke Street Westminster at half past eight, in a Postchaise well loaded with Baggage. Mack observes that, at the same hour, on the same day, in the year 1773, he came into London from America.

"ON BOARD THE *ASHBURNHAM*.

"*April 1st.* The Innkeepers of Portsmouth seem to have all the Dispositions in the world to make out

handsome Bills for Messrs. the Indian Councillors and Judges.—At Breakfast, Colonel Monson pays a visit to Mr. Francis—informs him that General Clavering and his Family are expected to embark this morning ; that he, (the Colonel) with his Lady, propose going on board to dinner ; and offers a conveyance at the time to Mr. Francis and Mac. This morning is employed in writing many letters, and in purchasing several little articles.—At Noon Mr. McKenzie arrives, having travelled all night. He makes us happy by informing us that he saw Mrs. Francis at eight on Thursday evening,—well and Chearful. At one Colonel Monson with Lady Anne and Captain Deladuespe, Messrs. Francis and Mackrabie, and a great Train of Trunks and servants, go on board a sailing Boat, which carries them to Spithead, and within half a mile of the Ship. But, both wind and Tide proving contrary, and the Boat working very badly, they are obliged, after a disagreeable Struggle of two hours, to return into the Harbour. We are then all invited by Captain Ourry to dine on board the *Worcester* a sixty-four Gun ship, commanded by him. Lady Anne Monson and the Colonel accept this Invitation ; but Mr. Francis and Mack dine on shore, at the Navy Coffee House. Veal Cutlets, Pork Chops, Mulled Wine and a smoaky Room. The *Worcester's* Boat is sent for them at five,—they call for their Friends on board the ship, and the whole Company are conveyed to the Commissioner's Yatch [*sic.*], which he has lent them on the occasion.—Macleod and Captain Deladuespe's servant are missing, and left to shift for themselves. The Yatch carries us through a Storm of Wind and

Rain, while we are covered with the Spray of the Sea, and in half an hour puts us safely on board the *Ashburnham* at Spithead. Being after sunset, the Salutes are omitted. Here we find General Clavering with his Family—and all sick. The Confusion of shifting our Luggage in the dark from the Yatch to the Ship;—taking Possession of a crowded Cabin—getting at sheets, quilts and Blankets, and making up Beds—is not to be described. But we shall get into order in time—'Tis enough for the present that we can sleep and are not sick.

“*April 2nd.* In the morning we rise early, and are plagued with the everlasting Macleod and his excuses, and his List of Things lost and missing. It is determined at all events that he goes no more on shore.

“This morning the General, Colonel Monson, and Mr. Francis write a joint Letter, informing the Court of Directors of their having embarked for their Voyage to India on the first of April. After Breakfast, Mackrabie sails for Portsmouth, in quest of Bolsters, Pillows, Brushes, Hats, and a long list of ects. and returns in the evening well stored with Necessaries, but without a penny in his Pocket. He brings intelligence that the Judges¹ with their several Families are arrived, and propose to go on board the *Anson* this day. They do so, as we learn by the salutes of Guns.

“*April 3rd.* This is Sunday. We get more into order, the ladies appear at Breakfast, and a plan of

¹ Judges of the Supreme Court, created by the same Regulation Act to which Francis owed his appointment—Impey, Hyde, Chambers, and Lemaistre. It seems to have been thought advisable that the two vessels should keep close company.

Life is formed, our Party being now complete.—General Clavering, Mrs. Clavering and three Miss Claverings, Col. Monson and Lady Anne, Mr. Francis and Mr. Mackrabie, Col. Thornton, Cpts. Deladuespe and Webber and Mr. Addison. These with Mr. Lowder, Capt. Jamieson and the Doctor, Mr. Goldie are the constant Company at Table.

“To these it is agreed that there shall be added at Dinner the officer of the Ship who is upon Duty, and occasionally, some one of the Passengers who are in the Second Mess.

“Our regulations are as follows:—Breakfast at Nine, Dine at three, Drink Tea at Six, Sup at Nine, and that a warning Bell shall be rung half an hour before each Meal. No person except the Ladies may appear at Table in an undress, but it is resolved that all troublesome Forms shall be banished, no Toasts, nor drinking Healths, neither are there to be any hot Suppers. Our Dinner consists of six Dishes, besides Garden Stuff and two Soups which are removed and two more Substantial Dishes set in their Place. After all this we have Pastry and Fruit. Our liquors at present are Port, Madeira and Sherry—Punch, Porter and Small Beer. We now begin to get acquainted and become sociable, the Weather is fair, but the Wind contrary.”

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO THE REV.
STEPHEN BAGGS.

“*EARL OF ASHBURNHAM, SPITHEAD,*
“*April 7th.*

“I wish you could see us assembled in the Evening in our great Cabbin. A Whist Table in one Corner,

one at Loo in another, with little detached parties at Chess or Back Gammon, besides the Accompaniment of a Piano Forte and Violin. This agreeable Confusion though not unpleasant altogether I find highly unprofitable, for amidst the Distraction of Eyes and Ears, it is impossible to avoid losing one's money.

"My Couch or rather Cott is a Vehicle suspended by Cords so near the Ceiling that I prove the thickness of my Skull at least once a Night by endeavouring to sit upright. It is with Fear and Trembling that I mount into it, and I am obliged to roll out horizontally upon all Occasions. This Inconvenience excepted our Cabbin is truly desirable. It is already the Envy of the whole Ship. At one End there is a luxurious Sofa perfectly calculated for Ease with a Window close by it for Refreshment. Here we propose to sit or rather loll, when we get into a warm Latitude, and pity the Sufferings of our Friends in other parts of the Ship."

"*April 9th.* After dinner the Anchor is heaved and we set in the Ship nearer to the Isle of Wight. Afterward let go the Anchor again and lay off St. Helens.

"*April 10th, Sunday.* A delightful day and Smooth Water. After Breakfast General Clavering and his two elder daughters with Mr. Francis and Captain Jamieson pay a visit on Board the *Anson*. In about an hour after their departure Capt. Webber and Mr. Mackrabie go on Shore on the Isle of Wight and are soon followed by the Company above named after their Visit. They walk about upon the Island for

near two hours, called at the Priory—a house belonging to Mr. — very pleasantly situated upon an eminence within View of St. Helen's Road, Spithead, and Portsmouth. The Gentleman of the House is not at Home, but we walk in, take a view of the House and Grounds, ask for Refreshments, get sweet Butter and Bread—after which we return together on Board the *Ashburnham* to Dinner and finish the day as usual. N.B. We do not play at Cards on Sunday, but the Party on Board the *Anson* do and drink Healths and Bumper Toasts of all Sorts.

“*April 11th.* Still at Anchor off St. Helens—but perceive some fluttering of Wind which seems to promise some Change to the Eastward. Heave our Anchor to see that it is clear and get everything in proper Order for sailing; this evening we are all in high spirits expecting our Departure.

“*April 12th.* A fine Breeze Springs up from the East, we heave the Anchor and get under Way by half past eight in the Morning.

“The weather is clear and pleasant and the extraordinary motion does not disagree much with the Company though the Ladies in Time are obliged to give way a little to it.

“The *Anson* weighed Anchor at the same hour with us and follows at no great distance.

“*April 14th.* At noon we find that the Ship has made a Run since the same hour yesterday of 214 miles. The men hold out very stoutly but some of the Ladies are indisposed.

“*April 16th.* We are at last amazingly fortunate in our Wind. Capt. Jamieson declares that he never

had so good an Outset.—We have run since noon Yesterday till Noon this Day 151 miles more and all in a direct course.”

Meanwhile, Mrs. Francis, in London, has been writing her first Journal-letter to her husband:—

MRS. FRANCIS TO HER HUSBAND.

“LONDON,
“March 30th, 1774.

“MY DEAREST LOVE,

“According to your desire I begin my Journal which I hope will be acceptable to you and inform you of all my actions and proceedings in my dear Husband’s absence and be instead of Letters. I only fear you may think it too tedious and minute ; however as you my dear desired it might be so, you must excuse it, for I am determined to do in every thing what you would wish, was I so happy as to be with you, or you capable of seeing what I do. Then to begin I went to Mr. Holden’s from this house with a heavy heart indeed, and most completely miserable ; their goodness to me in some small degree lessened my then great affliction and I came home about Eleven o’Clock to my dismal House, where every thing that was dear to me was fled. I went to Bed and had a better Night than I could have expected, next morning I got up and found Mr. Shuckburgh come to enquire after my Health, he seemed to be in great trouble for the loss of so great a Friend and said it was really a very great one to him ; after he went came Mr. and Mrs. Chandler and said every thing that was kind and affectionate to me, in particular

about the Insurance, was very good and much more than I could have even hoped. When they were gone came Mr. and Mrs. D'Oyley and stay'd almost two hours with me and sayd everything they could that was comfortable and affectionate. I shewed them your most welcome Letter I received in the morning by the Post Chaise Boy, they were much pleased at your going so far safe, it made me very happy for I feared every thing, Pistols, Robbers, Night, Fatigue, Grief and every other inconvenience, however I thank God you have escaped them all. Mr. Will Godfrey called on me the same morning and sent you every good wish, sayd Mr. Godfrey was out of Town and would be very sorry he did not see you before you set off. Dr. Macnamara and Mr. Baggs call'd the same morning, in the afternoon came Mr., Mrs. and Miss Holden to drink Tea and played a Poole and penny Quadrille, I forgot to mention my Mother came about One o'Clock; at Noon came Mr. McKenzie for my Letter and I gave it him for you. I believe you will find it contains pretty much the same as this, however I would begin from the first and intend going on with my Journal. Friday Morning Mrs. Campbell called. Saturday, April 2nd, Mr. and Mrs. Holden came and took us in the Coach to Fulham, we found my Father but indifferent, a very bad cold and low, but thankful and resigned, the two little girls better, Patty very well, and the three big Girls all well but greatly afflicted when you were both gone, we brought Sally to Town for a few days with us, we all dined that day and spent the Evening with Mrs. Holden and while I was there had another Letter brought me from you,

tho' not being wrote by your hand was rather disappointed, besides I had wrote you a long letter and enclosed two others, one for my Brother, the other for you, which I had opened to know if it was mere Compts or Business, I believe it was from Miss Fraser, but I hardly read it and it was not signed, I made my apologies as well as I could for opening your letter and hope you have excused it. I sent the Packet by the Portsmouth Coach as my Brother directed and in case you were embarked, hope they will return it. If you have set sail I pray to God to vouchsafe you a happy and safe Voyage and every comfort you can wish and also to Bless me with Comfort and an establishment of my health and Spirits.

"*Sunday, April 3rd.* My dear Boy came with Mr. Ribouville to see me, his cough is better, he din'd and spent the day here and Mr. Ribouville came for him at 6 in the evening.

"*Wednesday, 6th.* Went to see Mrs. Chandler who was at home and glad to see me. I then came home just as Dinner was ready and before I began had the Pleasure of a Letter from my Dearest Philip which was more happiness and satisfaction to me than anything else, to hear that you was perfectly well, was the first real Joy I could receive and I thank God for it. I wrote immediately to you at Spithead to thank you for your kind Attention to me and to tell you I am really much better than I could expect. In the afternoon I sent for Mrs. Bussy [Sally, Dr. Francis's old servant] to come and drink Tea which she did and told me she had let her Lodging that day to two Sisters of Lady

Harborough, the Miss Caves. The poor soul desired many kind and tender Wishes to you.

" *Thursday, 7th.* Mrs. Holden and her Amiable Daughter called on us and took my Mother, Sally and I to Fulham. We left Sally at School [at Fulham] and saw Harriet very well, and brought Betsy home. My Father was but poorly, very low spirited, tho' very happy with a Letter he had received from my Brother, but he is impatient for a fair Wind, the two little girls are much better, and always merry, they make my Father very happy. We all came home to Mrs. Holden's to Dinner and to Tea. Mr. Holden came and we played a Poole, I played a *Sans Prendre Vole*.

" *Friday, 8th.* My Friends are constantly calling on me, Mr. Dear on Saturday, he sends every good wish to you and my Brother, as to me I can't be said to be entirely parted from you for I spend every night in my Sleep at least some part of it with you and that affords me great satisfaction, notwithstanding the Disappointment when I wake. I take great care of poor Tom the Cat, as he was your Favourite, that is enough to recommend him. The Gentleman you desired to call on me did, on Thursday last who was just come from on Board your Ship and though I had not the pleasure to see him I was made very happy by hearing you and my Brother were both well. I wished for a Letter, or a few lines, but was contented without.

" *Sunday, 10th.* By Invitation Mrs. Chandler came to call on us about three o'Clock and brought little Philip with her, who she had been so kind

as to call for. We all went together to her House to dine where we spent a most agreeable Day and she brought us home again, our dear Son behaved most wonderfully, he danced a Hornpipe, he sung, he talked and did every thing he could to make himself agreeable and I believe he succeeded, Mr. and Mrs. Chandler seem'd quite delighted with him. Mr. C. made him quite acquainted with the Dog and he was so well reconcil'd to him as to lay down with the Dog's foot like a hand over his shoulder. Nothing can behave with more kindness than they both do to me. Betsy behaved like a Woman and my Mother was quite happy. When we got home judge of my Happiness to receive a Letter sent me by Mr. Strachey from my dearest Philip, a thousand thanks to you my dearest Love for it and also my dear Mac for his most entertaining Letter. I have not time at present or I would write to him, but will by some other Opportunity. . . . I have read your most affectionate Letter so often that I believe I have almost got it by heart. Can any Pleasure be greater than receiving a Letter from those we truly love, indeed it puts me in such great spirits that in a manner it makes me happy, tho' sometimes I am very low and cannot help it, but then I rouse myself and endeavour not to think, however I ought to be happy and thankful for such Friends as I have.

“ *Tuesday, 12th.* Came Mrs. D'Oyly good soul. She is always cheerful and happy, he was gone out of Town, much they long to hear you are sailed, sure you must be long before now. I should

have writ you a long letter before now, but that they told me the Wind has been fair since Friday last, I pray God grant it may be so and that you may be going on finely now. Monday afternoon which was yesterday Mrs. and Miss Holden came for me to go with them to see Mrs. Chitty, I told them what you said to them, my dear Polly and her good Mother were both much pleased and rejoiced at your's and my Brother's good health. Worthy Mrs. Chitty cryed with Joy when she saw me, for she dreaded it, however I can assure you I behave as well as I can and surprise every one, Mrs. Chitty and Harriet were happy to hear such good accounts of you both. These good people brought me home again and are to dine with me on Thursday and carry us to Fulham on Fryday.

.

“ Last night Mr. Chandler was so good as to send me the Letter you wrote to him, some part of which he was sure would make me very happy and not a little vain to hear that the most amiable, most worthy and most dear of all the World to me should speak so kindly of me to a Person whose Opinion is of great Consequence to me.

“ My Brother's Letter was very entertaining and I am much obliged to him for it. Your way of Life must be very Agreeable. I hope it will continue so and that you won't be at all sick, I was extremely sorry to find by Mr. Chandler's Letter that Captain Jamieson had been ill, I hope he is quite recovered. I have just now received another most acceptable Letter and I thank you a thousand times my dearest

Philip for it dated St. Helens, 10th April, 'tis gaining but little ground, however I trust in God by this time you are got off. Your kind Letter has served by way of Dinner, for it is meat, drink and Clothes to me, and now the chief Happiness I can enjoy.

“ I don't know of any more to add but my Mother's Betsey's and my own best Love, Blessing and Every good wish to attend you both and I pray God grant you all a Happy and Safe Voyage and soon, and believe me my dearest Philip ever your most dutiful

“ and affectionate Wife,

“ ELIZABETH FRANCIS.”

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE'S DIARY.

“ *April 21st.* At sunset the Island of Madeira is distant 3 or 4 miles. We have thick cloudy weather with some drizzling rain and little Wind so that we cannot get ashore this night. About 10 are off the Harbour, fire a gun for a Pilot and at eleven anchor in 22 Feet in Fonchal Road.

“ *April 22nd.* This is Friday morning, and we have now been three weeks on board and 10 days under sail. Between six and seven in the morning our ship and the *Anson* salute the Fort with nine guns which the Fort called the Loo returns. Before we assemble to breakfast we receive visits from the shore.

“ *Friday, April 22nd.* Our party are scattered all over the place. Genl. Clavering and the ladies of his Family lodge at Mr. Ferguson's. The Judges are there too, and sufficiently crowded. Mr. Francis,

Col. Thornton, Capt. Webber and Mack take up their quarters at Mr. Deniers. Our Apartments are of all others the most convenient, and our stile of Life most comfortable."

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO ALEXANDER DUNCAN, ESQ.

"MADEIRA,

"April 25th, 1774.

". . . You are to know that the Vessel is an East Indiaman hired as a Transport by Government for this purpose and navigated by a Captain in the Company's employ, under the direction of a First Lieutenant in the Navy, so that we carry a Pennant &c., and receive salutes, like a King's Ship."

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO HIS FATHER.

"MADEIRA,

"Ap., 1774.

"DEAR & HONOURED SIR,

". . . We observe all the Forms in our Salutes &c., and the Firing of Great Guns agrees perfectly with my Nerves. This is a Season of great Festivity at Madeira. On Saturday there were Illuminations and Fireworks, Concerts upon the Water and Processions on the Land in Honour of St. George, and some other of the Holy Brotherhood. On Sunday the Churches were decked in their richest furniture, extraordinary Masses were performed with full bands of Music, and the streets filled all the afternoon with Crowds of People in Masquerade; which altogether afforded high entertainment to our young Ladies who never had an Opportunity before of seeing anything of the Kind. We went the round of the Places of

Devotion, but were no Gainers by it, having lost some Handkerchiefs in the course of our circuit. It seems they make no scruple of picking the Pockets of Heretics, even in Church. . . . We live so luxuriously here that it is very necessary for us to take exercise in order to obtain Digestion. Now there are no means of obtaining this except by riding—our shoes and feet were worn out in the first 2 Days. It is the same thing whether you mount a Horse, Ass, or Mule in Madeira. They are at the same Price, and of the same size and pretty near the same form; but all furnished with Peaked Saddles, and large Bits. They are wonderful Animals, being surefooted as Goats, and scramble over vast rocks without the smallest Danger. Upon any Occasion when our Ladies have gone out of Town, they are conveyed in Hammocks suspended between Poles and carried by a Couple of Negroes. This mode of conveyance is truly laughable and serves to give them a Foretaste of Palanquins. You are thoroughly acquainted with all our Party, at least by Name; but there is no describing the goodness of their Qualities. Wellbred, easy, goodhumoured, and I know you have no dislike to our Fair Companions on account of their being handsome. The two ships carry a vast cargo of Beauty. The judges' Ladies are all lovely. We excite the Envy and Admiration of all the Natives of the Isle."

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO JOHN KIRKMAN.

"MADEIRA,

"26th April, 1774.

" . . . Our Provisions on Board are so good and in such plenty, and our Table so well served that we

had nothing to wish for except fresh Vegetables and this we find here in the utmost perfection, Sallads, Pease, Fruits &c., and we have made such Consumption of Roses and Myrtle to present in Bouquets, that I fear not a Saint, nor even the Virgin herself will be decked with a single Garland till the time we cross the Line. . . . We hire Horses by the Day, pay 2/9 which Price if you consider the size of the Beast which does not exceed that of a 3 months' calf might appear exorbitant, but we have another animal who goes upon 2 legs into the Bargain. No Cavalier travels here without his Squire, and these are peculiarly useful. This attendant is of great use on the Brink of a Precipice where he lets the Horse gradually down by the Tail. This is Fact."

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE'S DIARY CONTINUED.

"MADEIRA.

"*April 24th to May 1st.* In less than a week we are thoroughly tired and grow impatient to get on board. Sunday is fixed for our Embarkation. In the meantime we dispatch voluminous letters to our friends in England. . . . How are the mighty fallen! The *Maidstone* Frigate arrives, commanded by Capt. Gardner, who makes us take down our Pennants—and sinks us into humble Transports, and we are foolish enough to be vexed on the Occasion.

"*Sunday.* Everything is ready on board, we embrace our Host and Hostess; and embark in the evening, attended by half the Factory. The Judges and their Ladies do us the Honour to drink Tea on

board the *Ashburnham*. We observe that the Commission with the great seal constantly attends them. The Chief Judge has stole a march upon the Gentlemen of the Council in point of Precedence—a mark of Distinction which takes from the dignity of the latter, without doing any credit in my opinion to the other honourable gentlemen. Our friends from the *Anson* staid till dark ; immediately after their departure we set sail and at sunrise next morning Madeira was about twenty miles behind us.

“ON BOARD THE *ASHBURNHAM*.

“*May 3rd.* At noon we discover the Pyk of Teneriffe distant about 20 leagues. Its summit is always in sight, covered with snow and towering above the Clouds.

“*Sunday, 15th.* We are in top spirits—all humming French Tunes or repeating scraps of Dutch stories. Judge Lemaitre kept the table on a roar for several hours yesterday. His brother Hyde maintained his Dignity with a proper degree of Silence.

“*16th to 21st.* We are everything less than becalmed. Room for Meditation ; but still preserve both our Health and Good-humour, either of which we are unable to account for.

“SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE,

“*June, 1774.*

“*4th.* This is the King’s Birthday. We put on our best coats and drink his health in a Bumper, which is thought a very proper and becoming Measure. A sailor does the same, and doubtless from as good a motive ; but his loyalty getting the better of his Discretion, he passes the Evening on the Poop in irons.



KING GEORGE III.

To face page 180.]

" 18th. This proves a tremendous day. The Sea runs mountains high. A vast body of Water breaks into our Cabbin and carries everything before it. We are set afloat. The Table, a Washing stand and many other things are totally destroyed, and a fatal wave carries off the silver Basin. Perhaps it is destined to a nobler service, and at this instant decorates the sideboard of Neptune. Bad as the day is, we contrive to get a good Dinner in the round House, a comfort which we have not failed of since we came on board.

" 30th. No remarkable occurrence during the remainder of this month. We begin to apprehend that our Impatience has outrun the Ship, as by most of the reckonings we should have been in view of the Cape by the 30th.

" *July 2nd.* We do not see it, the Cape, till the second of July about one in the Afternoon, after which we speak a French East India ship, the *Duke de Duros*, bound to Table Bay.

" *Sunday, 3rd.* The wind is very unfavourable which obliges us to be constantly tacking ; but after all our difficulties we come safely to an Anchor in Symond's Bay about midnight.

" *July 4th.* 'Tis my first night on shore for above two months, and I could not close my eyes. What a ridiculous bustle. Twenty chaises would have been despatched in the smallest village upon any Post Road in England without half the confusion which 3 or 4 coaches occasion in this cursed place, and yet here is a fat Dutch Fellow driving about with a muster Roll in his hand, who I suppose represents the Postmaster-

General. Soon after nine we begin to move. One of the General's coaches sticks fast in a hollow way at the Town End, Lady Anne's breaks down upon the sands. The Horses are all weak and restive.

"The latter part of our day's journey proves far pleasanter than the first. The weather, the roads, the country all mend upon us. At the Half way House we find Cold Meat and Wine provided as we are informed by the Governor. This refreshment enables us to proceed to the Cape Town. We lodge with Mrs. Vanderdip who feeds us profusely but at most unchristian hours. Nothing can be colder or more comfortless than a Dutch House in Winter, which season now prevails in all its Horrors at the Cape of Good Hope.

"*Sunday, July 10th.* The first day of the week passes as heavily in the Southern as in the Northern Hemisphere. We have read and walked away the morning. D. Goldie and Young Mackie dine with us, after which we piously resolve to go to Prayers. The order of things is strangely inverted here. We go to Church! to avoid sleeping. A Dutch Priest wears a long Black wig, and I observe that sprinkling is the only part of our Ceremony used in Baptism. The sign of the Cross is cautiously avoided.

"Two couples were married. One of the Bridegrooms was dressed in a Black silk coat and breeches and a Black wig. He had indeed a waistcoat of white sattin and white gloves. One Bride was dressed intirely in Black, the other as white as snow. Godfathers and Godmothers all wear black. What can be the meaning of all this?

“ *Monday morning, July 11th*, and who the Plague is that Man in a scarlet coat going through the streets with a green Velvet Bag with silk Tassels under his Arm? Mr. Stahl informs me he is a Barber. I took him for the Governor's Secretary. By the bye the Governor himself paid a visit of ceremony yesterday morning to General Clavering, and came in half Boots. Madme. la Gouvernante had a small pink Hat upon one side of her Head like that of an Opera Dancer. We dine with Judge Lemaitre at Jamieson's Lodgings, who during the Hour of Dinner is in a strange way, robbed of a pair of Point Ruffles worth Ten Guineas. He thinks it is some Joke.

“ *Tuesday, July 12th*. The Lieutenant Governor Mons. Henry gave a Ball and Supper last night, which was handsome and well conducted. He is a very hearty obliging old Man. We begin now to think of our Departure, but are much delayed by the difficulty of getting our provisions conveyed to False Bay.

“ *Wednesday, 13th*. We have now seen everything in or about the Town. The Fortifications are extensive, but in a poor Stile of Defence. The Garrison consists of 700 Men, who make a good appearance, besides whom they have a militia of Burghers. Every man here is a soldier. Their public Buildings are large and commodious. Here is a House of Employment, in which 600 slaves belonging to the Company are maintained, but it affords a wretched sample of Dutch Police. They are employed in dragging burthens like beasts, and are oftentimes hired out to work for other people. The Company's Garden is

large, but badly kept up. We admire the Breed of Horses, which are handsome and active, but badly treated and worse fed.

"The Government of the Cape is esteemed very profitable but it is not easy to ascertain the Income, as it depends greatly upon Privileges in Trade, and the right of supplying Provisions to ships which put in here."

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO HIS FATHER.

"SYMONDS BAY, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE,

"14 July, 1774.

"DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,

"In case the Danish Ship bound from Madeira to Lisbon has by chance foundered at Sea, the accident must have proved fatal to a vast cargo of letters. If good wishes could carry her safe into port, she has mine most heartily. I know not what nation we may be indebted to for conveyance of the present. It is the dead of Winter in this Hemisphere, and of consequence few ships are driven hither except by Necessity. Providence has thus far favoured *us* so constantly with smiles, that I am willing to flatter myself we are reserved for great and good purposes. Fair winds and fair weather have almost constantly attended us; and no one cross accident has yet intervened to deprive us of any comforts the Ocean can afford. Even a sailor who fell overboard, and who I am convinced could not have been recovered on board any other ship is still numbered among our crew, and I daresay lives in hopes of a drier death.

“ . . . As the Settlement here consists only of 2 or 3 families and storehouses, an Hospital and other Public Buildings belonging to the Dutch Co., and is besides the most barren dismal spot I ever beheld, you may conceive we staid no longer time than was necessary to procure Horses and Carriages to convey us to the Cape Town. The Governor sent his coach drawn by 8 Horses for General Clavering's Family, Lady Anne Monson went in another with 6, Col. Monson, Mr. Francis, and I rode on Horseback. The first observation I made upon the Country and its Roads was that the English who first attempted a Settlement at the Cape did very wisely in giving it up. Nothing but the cold Phlegm of a Dutchman could have been equal to the trial. The indefatigable Industry of that Nation has fertilised Rocks and transformed a Swamp into a beautiful City and Fortifications. But the Hogan Mogan prevails in every thing. We dine at one, sleep in a Chamber as large and cold as a church, paved with Tiles, and there is not a Fireplace in the whole Town. Tradesmen of every rank cheat us egregiously. We were forced to pay upwards of 45/- yesterday for 2 Horses to bring us 25 miles, and 14 Dollars for a Waggon not bigger than a Higgler's cart, and at last after coming above a Mile the Driver turned back to Town and refused to proceed because he thought our Trunks were too heavy—There was no Redress but to soothe him with 2 Dollars extraordinary. I have indeed given you the darkest side of the Picture. I must do so much justice to the Gov^r. and several of the principal inhabitants as to declare that they have entertained us nobly. Balls,

Concerts, Suppers in the most splendid and sumptuous manner. I wonder how they come by so much taste or where in this country they find materials to display it. It were also brutal in me not to acknowledge that our Hostess is one of the best women I ever met with; but first I must inform you of a very extraordinary Practice at the Cape. There is no such thing as an Inn or a Tavern; but all the Inhabitants of the City even the greatest and richest admit strangers into their House to lodge and board. You choose your Room, change your Wine, bespeak extraordinary Dishes, in short do whatever you please except making them light a Fire or alter the hour of their Meals. They give you a good Bed and Breakfast, a plentiful Dinner at noon, Tea at four and a profusion of good things for supper at eight—and all this, wine included, of which you may drink till you burst, for a crown sterling, which is the Price established throughout the Place per day. The meanest Family never have fewer than 6 Dishes besides a dessert. Vegetables are in vast abundance and of an infinite Variety even now in the Depth of winter, Oranges are in season all the year, besides dried Grapes, Figs, Walnuts, and others you know nothing of. Fish in great plenty, mutton, venison, wildfowl &c., &c. They have plenty of Wine of their own Growth and the Vineyards greatly exceed my expectation. We find the liquor they yield to be small but of a very pleasant flavour. The wine called Constantia is the produce of a particular spot, a single Vineyard. We have been there but cannot get a drop to buy. The face of the Country near the Sea is totally barren,

but the interior parts I am told are rich and produce grain and cattle in Abundance.

“ I have been this afternoon in Company with a person who is a great Botanist and was sent out by our King for the purpose of collecting plants. He has travelled a vast distance up the country and assures me that the Dutch have farms near 1000 miles back. To meet with such a Man is extraordinary enough ; but I have seen innumerable curiosities besides in the course of the last Week. Zebras, Ostriches, Wild Boars, Buffaloes, Cassowaries, Seals, Penguins &c., &c., nay more, I have actually beheld a Hottentot Man and Woman, with their Mantles of Sheepskin, and Bands round their Legs and Arms which had as much the Appearance of Sheep’s Guts as of anything else.

“ . . . In writing to my father I mean it shall be always understood that I address the whole Family ; I shall therefore only say to you my good mother in particular that I wish I could convey you a Dutch stove to warm your feet ! ’Tis a comfortable contrivance. Mine are almost chilled. God bless you and keep you from Rheumatisms, and you my dear cousin Patty from Asthmas and you my dearest Sister and sweet Girls and Boy from every Vexation which can pain your honest hearts. Health and Happiness to you all.

“ Farewell, I am with constant affection, yours and yours,

“ A. M.

“ Mr. Francis swears that he has seen nothing upon the Coast of Africa so extraordinary as himself.”

FROM PHILIP FRANCIS, AT THE END OF THE
FOREGOING.

“DEAR SIR,

“I join heartily in everything that your Son has been saying to you, and make it my Request that you and good Mrs. M., and honest Patience may live as long as you possibly can.

“Yours faithfully,

“P. FRANCIS.”

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE'S DIARY CONTINUED.

“*July 17th.* Everything disposed for sailing in the morning.”

“*Friday, July 19th.* At 8 in the morning see the Island Joanna,¹ do not come to an Anchor till about 10 at night in an open Road distant half a mile from the Shore. As we approach the Island the wreck of a large ship attracts our attention, we send off a boat and find it to be an East India Ship, the *Huntingdon*, Capt. Pigou, upon a trading voyage from Madras to Mosambique and Madagascar. She was wrecked in April last. All the people, including a valuable Cargo of Slaves were saved as well as great part of her stores. Capt. Pigou speaks highly of the Care and attention shewn by the King of Joanna and his subjects, who have rendered him every possible service on this occasion. This gentleman has taken his passage in the *Anson* to Madras.

¹ Johanna Island, the most frequented of the Comoro Group, between Madagascar and Mosambique.

“*July 20th.* Abbé Renal speaking of this Island says—‘It is there that Nature in an extent of 30 Leagues Circumference has displayed all her Riches with all her simplicity. Hills ever-green and vallies ever fertile there form the greatest variety of beautiful landskips. 30,000 Inhabitants distributed through 73 villages, share in its rich Productions. The Language of Joanna is Arabic, and the Religion that of Mahomet, but very much corrupted. In this Island we find Principles of a purer Morality than are generally met with in this quarter of the Globe. As milk and vegetables are the chief food, and the mildness of the climate renders cloathing unnecessary for the People, they have acquired an insurmountable aversion to labour. From this indolence arises an air of dignity which distinguishes all the superior class. They let their nails grow to a vast length and tinge them with the juice of a shrub. Here the English refresh their ships in the utmost security, here they land their sick, whom the pure air, delicious fruits and vegetables and excellent water speedily restore to health. Bullocks, Goats, Poultry, Cocoa nuts and every other Production of the Island were formerly given in exchange for Beads and other toys, but now a price (though a very moderate one) is demanded in silver.’

“With all possible respect for the opinions of Monsr. Renal, I humbly apprehend that the merits of the good people of Joanna have been much exaggerated by those persons who have made this worthy Abbé acquainted with them. We find Indolence indeed but without Dignity.

“This Island which is situated 44 Degs. east of

London lies also in the 12th degree of Southern Latitude, so that it may be supposed we had no occasion for stoves. The Inhabitants find as little use for either cloaths or Beds, as they have means of procuring them. We dined with one of the Principal men of the place, who called us his Brethren, and treated us in a family Way, that is he gave us a very bad dinner and expected to be paid for it. The women of Joanna shave their heads close, pull their ears down to their shoulders, and wear Rings in their Noses. The Men paint their teeth black, and their nails red, so that both sexes, in point of beauty, are almost as much indebted to Art as they are to Nature. I had forgot to mention that they are negroes.

“Considering the Use and Convenience of this Island, I wonder that the English with their present Ideas of distributive Justice, should have left it so long in the Hands of the original Owners. We are not subject to such mistakes. Our Notions concerning the rights of Property improve every day. In our transactions with the Inhabitants, (who by the bye are as well disposed to roguery as if they had had all the Advantages of Education) we so far departed from our Principles, as to pay honestly for everything we received. In two days we had Bullocks and Poultry enough to stock a moderate Farm, and took our leave of Joanna, not a little edified by the observations we had made upon human Nature in its primitive state of simplicity.

“*August 28th, Sunday.* We have Prayers and Sermon on Deck for the Edification of the ship’s

Company, who daily enjoy more of the good things of this life than they have been accustomed to. Among the rest, Grog and Fresh Beef. Twenty-eight Bullocks were taken on board at Joanna. In the evening we cross the Line a second time, and now bear to the Eastward.

“It is not in the power of fair Weather to make a long Voyage pleasant. We are in Hysterics with the bare Apprehension of a Calm. People who pray for a long Life, have it in their Power to live as long as they think proper. They need only go to Sea, to turn seconds into centuries. These are Sunday Evening Reflections.”

MRS. FRANCIS'S JOURNAL.

“LONDON,

“April 15th, 1774.

“MY DEAREST, DEAREST PHILIP,

“I finished my Journal on Wednesday 13th and sent it by Mr. Collins; Thursday I wrote to you by Mr. Fowke and on Friday by Mr. Paxton, though I had nothing new to say, nor indeed worth your reading—yet it was a great pleasure to me to write as it seems like a kind of conversation with you.

“To proceed with my Journal. Friday went to Fulham—we brought Harriet to Town and we dined and spent the day at Mrs. Holden's. I spent my afternoon in writing to you my dearest Love and most beloved man, much do Polly and I talk of you, we never want a subject, the dear Mack has his share. Saturday I went to visit Mrs. Fraser, she was in the country. I then went to Mrs. Bristow's where I was

let in. Mrs. Bristow, Miss Mary and the beautiful Miss Sophy were all at home. Our conversation was chiefly voyages, ships, sickness, East Indies and so forth, you know already you are no small favourite with all that family. They all joyn in good wishes for your health, success &c., and desire many compts &c.

“ *Sunday*. I went to Church and did not forget to pray for all that travel by sea or land, and I pray God of his great goodness to protect all, but particularly two that are so dear to me. After Church Mrs. and Miss Holden came to give me, Harriet and my dear Philip, who was brought here this morning by his Master, a Ride in Hyde Park.

“ After tea Harriet and I walked home with Philip and delivered him safe, I payd Mr. Ribouville his Bill for Philip being the first quarter and some few things besides. I told him I should like to pay the quarters regularly that I might know my expenses as I go on. Monday afternoon the 18th, Mrs. and Miss Holden and my mother, Harriet and I went to Mr. Ribouville's, it was a kind of Ball, there was a number of little girls and the Master play'd to them and they all danced minuets, cottillions &c., and our Harriet danced the best. . . .

“ Wednesday afternoon I went to Mrs. Harrison's to drink Tea and play at cards till half past nine, then came home.

“ *Thursday, 21st*. Went in the evening to Lady Clive's by invitation where I was well received and taken much notice of. She is happy with your letter and takes the greatest care of it. We had a great

deal of Company indeed. Mr. Stanly my old Blind master who played several concertos to us and Miss Davis Inglesina who sung four fine songs and most admirably well. I play'd a little at Loo and won a guinea and half and came home at half past ten.

"*Sunday, 24th.* I went to Mrs. Chandler's and drank Tea, we talked of you my dear, and he sayd to please me I suppose, he imagined you were near the Madeiras, I pray God it may be so.

"*Friday, 29th.* We dined at Mrs. Holden's, spent a most agreeable day. Mr. Holden came in the evening and we played at penny Quadrille. Polly grows thin, she and I indulged in a little talk of Bath and the many happy days we have spent together including your company and also dear Mack's and sometimes drop the tribute of a tear to those happy days past and gone. I pray God He may have some as good in store for us.

"On Sunday Mr. Ribouville and Mrs. D'Orville and the two Mr. Godfreys drank tea with us. I think Mr. David Godfrey seems a little attached to Polly [Miss Holden], but the dear girl behaves as well and as properly as possible, he has taken a very fine House in Lincoln's Inn Fields for a fourteen years' lease, that was Sir Thomas Sewel's, there are two together, with Octagon windows or panes of Glass, the other was Sir Anthony Abdys, he is to give £250 per year.

"*Monday, May 9th.* About one o'clock we set out in Mr. Holden's coach for Twickenham where after a very fine ride we arrived about four, and found Mr.

Holden, who came on horseback, that Collins might come with us, he and both the ladys welcomed me most kindly, nothing can be more affec^{ate} than all their behaviours, we sat down to a good Dinner and play'd off very handsomely and after took a most delightful walk to the Meadows and back, this place is Ilysium all, but my want is great, I must say it, tho' I wish to conform as much as possible, and everything is done here to make me happy, but oh! no Philip; look where I will; no dear Husband, who with his life and spirits makes everyone happy. We talk of you and my dear Mack for ever, and never omit in the kindest manner drinking your healths."

On May 19th Mrs. Francis leaves Twickenham and goes to stay at Fulham with her father and mother for the Whitsuntide holidays. Her girls are there also, two little ones and three from school.

"FULHAM.

"*Wednesday, 25th.* Patty, Collins [the maid] and I went to Town to bring little Philip here from Mr. Ribouville's. Found everything ready for us and Philip very well. My Father and Mother and the girls were very happy to see Philip and he them. We have a constant noise with the six, but if I am not very well I keep upstairs in my room which I find very comfortable.

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"*Friday, 27th.* We stayed at home and I worked hard for my three girls making three Bonnets &c.

"*Saturday, 28th.* Still at home and at work, no going out, bad weather, Philip reads to me pretty well,

the girls making me some nightshifts. I remember what you say never to let them be unemployed, your injunctions are never out of my mind and I hope in God will have the proper effects.

“*Monday, June 6th.* I sat some hours mending Sally’s coat, then went with my Father, the three girls, Philip and Patty to take a walk. Just as we got to the Bishop’s walk John came to tell me Doctor Macnamara was just come. I came home again, and found him very well. I told him all my complaints and what medicines I had taken since I have been here and he says they will not be of any use at all, he sadly wants me to go to Margate again, but I told him that did not suit me at all unless I found I could not do without. He then proposed Tunbridge and insisted upon my going before this month is out; he says it will strengthen me and give me great spirits, and upon the whole seems to say it is necessary, as weakness and bad spirits, nerves &c., is the chief of my complaints.

“I have had a letter from Mr. Ribouville to inform me that Lord and Lady Clive had been to settle everything about their pretty little Bob and he is to go to him to board on the 20th inst., when the school begins. The letter is full of thanks and acknowledgments to us for our recommendations and speaking so much in his favour, he is very grateful and says he will use his gratitude in the case of my dear Boy.

" *Thursday June 9th*, was my Worthy Father's Birthday when he entered into the 79th year of his age, he is really better than one could imagine and looks very well, but at times very low spirited and his being so deaf I believe in a great degree contributes to make him so. I made them a present of a fine Ham for the Birthday and we had a Fillet of Veal and two Gooseberry Pyes. We spent a very agreeable day.

" *Friday, June 10th*. Collins went Home in the Stage Coach and took Philip to School, he was beginning to be rather too much for us, and I thought a fortnight was quite enough Holydays at a time, he went home with the greatest good humour and spirits and was received most affectionately by Mr. Ribouville and Mrs. D'Orville, they are worthy good People and if they have a fault 'tis being too indulgent, but I hope my boy won't make a bad use of it. Just before Collins returned home we had a change in Mr. White's family where my Father lives, there was an old Lady an Aunt of his, Mrs. Davies—my Brother I believe remembers her—who has been very ill for some months which has rather contributed to making the house more dull, ever since I have been here and on Friday evening just before Collins came home she dyed, this put a gravity and melancholy upon everyone's countenance and I feared would be particularly disagreeable to my Father as he is usually low, and those things generally affect weak spirits. I took my three girls to Mrs. W. at their school and begged she would take them home for I thought it would be terrifying to children to be in the house

with a corpse and then came home again and Collins came out to me and offered me a letter, which I knew by the direction to be yours. I took it very composedly and broke the seal, as I could not waste the paper that had been with my dear Philip and began reading what has been the best medicine to me since you left us, my melancholy and grave thoughts left me and I gave my Father my Brother's Letter and after reading both all our side of the house became happy and comforted; only think on the goodness of God that sent us these Letters just as our spirits had been depressed by the death of the old Lady, perhaps our Joy at receiving them might otherwise have been too great, and overcome us.

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“The shortness of your Passage to Madeira has been looked upon as wonderful to everyone that has heard of it and the observation you make of the heat of the climate as agreeing with you from the clearness of your Head makes me flatter myself you will enjoy your Health. . . . I am extremely glad you happen to have been so agreeably fixed, in your house at Madeira and that you have by that means avoided some of those noxious animals you mention which were so plenty elsewhere. You desire it may be mentioned to Mr. Davidson, the Civility of Mr. Murdocks, accordingly on Saturday 11th I wrote in the morning a few lines to Mrs. Chandler and enclosed your letter to Mr. Chandler and told her about Mr. Murdocks that it might be mentioned to Mr. Davidson. I wrote to Mr. Bourke as you desired, to Mrs. D'Oyly, to Miss Chitty and to

Doctor Campbell, all these Letters were some fatigue to me but the subject was so delightful that I enjoyed it even though I was tired, I am happy when I think I am in my duty and doing what you would approve if you was present.

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“ Your spending your time so agreeably on Board Ship is the greatest pleasure to me, you say you live well. I wish I could convey to you some of those delightful sallets and other herbish you used so much to admire, but my dearest Love we must all consider there is not a situation in Life that has not its wants and hope you won't find many of those. I am extremely happy to find your friends and you are so happy in each other, I never doubted but it would be so and I sincerely hope that every one you are connected with will be as partial and as much prejudiced in favour of everything you do as I am. You mention your intention of leaving Madeira the first of May, I hope you will have as happy and safe and quick a voyage to the Cape as you had to the Madeiras.

.

“ *Wednesday, June 15th.* We packed our things and sent them to the Stage for Tunbridge, that day I received many visits in the afternoon, Mr. Holden drank Tea with us, in the evening Sally Bussey called, who is very well, but low-spirited, for want of lodgers. Mr. Godfrey payd me a short visit and begg'd Philip's company for a few days at East Burnham when next he comes to Town, he seems much pleased with him. . . . I beg my dear Mack's pardon for not

thanking him for his letter, in it was enclosed two tickets for Cox's Museum which my cousin and I have made use of and two Tickets for Mr. Adams's Houses. I am happy to hear such good accounts of his health and happiness. . . .

" Received a letter from Mrs. D'Oyly with one enclosed from Bath containing a note for £15 as your proportion of the money from the Rooms.

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" *Thursday, June 16th.* About 10 o'clock my cousin Patty, Collins and I set out in a Post Chaise and John on Horseback for Tunbridge Wells, where we arrived after a most agreeable journey about 5 o'clock. We immediately went to look after lodgings and took half of the house which joined our little apartment when we were here together the first time. . . . After fixing my lodging we drank Tea at the Sussex and had everything in that evening and hoped to have slept well, but we had a most dreadful night of Thunder and Lightning from half past eleven till four in the Morning, so I never slept till it ceased and the fright so fatigued me that I could not get up to drink the water.

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" *Saturday morning, 18th.* Got up at eight and drank a glass of water, walked half an hour, and then another, walked again and then came home to Breakfast, ate heartily and then set out to walk to Lord Clive's which is upon Mount Ephraim near a mile up the Hill. I found my Lord and Lady and Miss Ducarel, they received me very kindly and talked much of you, but she says the subject won't bear

talking of, but will write to me a great deal, my lord looks very well and seems in better spirits than I ever saw him; he wonders much you never gave me any account of a wonderful Mountain that is before you come to Madeira, he says it is three Miles High and almost perpendicular.

“ When I left Town your favourite Tom the Cat was in perfect Health, but had forgot me, would not come to me, but remembered Collins and was fond of her. John has behaved very well ever since you went, he is quiet, sober and civil and I hope he will do very well.

“ I am in great hopes I shall be the better for these waters as I find I can bear more walking and exercise than formerly and I hope in time to gain strength.

“ *Monday, June 20th.* The Master of the Ceremonies introduced himself to me, he seems to be a very polite and well-bred man, his name is Tyson, he told me he had the honour of being acquainted with you, he had dined in company with you and enquired much after your health and Voyage. The people seem to pay him great respect, he dined at my Lord Clive's last week with Mr. and Mrs. Pigou. There are a good many people, Mr. Pigou tells me their names, but I know no one to speak to but him, however 'tis no loss as I don't want any company and Walking is my only amusement.

“ *Tuesday, 21st.* Walked out in the morning and went to dinner to Lady Clive's, my Lord dined out, old Mr. King is with them and Mrs. and Miss Boone dined with them, we were all extremely

happy and chearful. Lady Clive says she will write to you soon and desires me to say her beautiful Black Cat that she calls Lady is in perfect Health, she talks much of you, gave you for the first toast, then drank you and your Brother and mentions you in the kindest manner, she melts often when she talks of you, you know her goodness, she says she hopes you will send her a fine Persian cat and tells me she hopes to live to see you return and says she has the greatest dependence upon you. There is a Gentleman here whose person is so like you that I have cryed when I have seen him. Lady Clive wished much to see this Gentleman, but has not, Miss Ducarel has and is of my opinion. Poor Miss Ducarel seems very low-spirited, she has many troubles and distresses concerning this same matrimonial scheme she has in view and is very unhappy.

.

"I think my spirits have been rather better since I came here as I walk a good deal, I attribute it much to that and when I am not walking my cousin and I spend all our time in Reading, we don't go to the Rooms at all and mix very little with the Company, as indeed I am not acquainted with anybody here as yet.

"*Friday, 24th.* Our day was spent as usual walking and reading, about eight o'clock in the evening came Miss Boone to see me and stayed an hour, she is very sensible and agreeable and was so polite as to tell Lady Clive she wished to be acquainted with me.

"*Saturday, June 25th.* About three o'clock came

a most welcome visitor by my particular Invitation, Miss Kitty Francis and her maid Sherry, they arrived safe here in the stage coach. The child talks for ever, her joy was so great at seeing me she could hardly express it, kissed and hugged me all over and said 'pretty Mama, Kitty is come to see pretty Mama' she told me a great deal about Grandpapa and Mama and sisters, but is for ever calling on Brother Philly and asking for him. I have sent Mary to Mrs. White's day school with her sisters and she seems to be happy.

"*Saturday.* I had a letter from Mr. Ribouville with a most happy account of my dear boy's health and good behaviour.

"*Sunday, 26th.* Was rather out of spirits, did not go to church, said my Prayers at Home, had a fine walk in the morning, rained in the afternoon so stay'd at home read some of our friend Mrs. Griffiths's at Margate, her productions very sentimental indeed, but well enough to pass time, not fit for my daughters' perusal, when they come home our reading must be of a quite different nature.

"*Monday, 27th.* Took a fine walk after Breakfast to the Top of the Hills, Kitty enjoys running on the Pantiles and hearing the Music, she is much admired by the Ladys, in the afternoon returned Miss Boone's visit, walked a little and came home to our books. We have had some Plays and some of poor Dr. Goldsmith's Works and have now got Lady Mary Wortley Montague's Letters which are very amusing indeed.

"*Thursday, June 30th.* Who should I meet on

the Walks but Miss Smith, an agreeable woman, who was with Mrs. Balentine some years ago, and supped at our House. She is sister to General Smith who has been many years in India, she is come here with his wife and another sister. They have the greatest magnificence and grandeur, Gold-Laced Liverys, much finer than anybody here, we walked together in the evening.

“ *Tuesday, Aug. 2nd.* We had a grand Ball for the Master of the Ceremonys, I went to it and gave him a guinea which was the custom.

“ *Wednesday, 3rd.* Took leave of all my friends at the Wells, paid my Bills and made a purchase of a Book in 2 Vols. on Education wrote by a Mrs. Chapone¹ and recommended to me by a very sensible and wonderful clever old Lady, a Mrs. Montagu, a particular friend of Mrs. D'Oyls and whom this book is dedicated to, she is an author and has wrote some clever things, one upon Shakspeare's works, perhaps you may have seen it.

“ *Thursday morning, Aug. 4th.* We all set off from the Wells in a coach and four which I sent for from Hanbury's the man you employed and also a Saddle horse for John. I thank God we came all safe Home to Duke Street soon after eight in the evening and found the House safe and Tom the cat in perfect Health and as fat as a bear.”

¹ Hester Chapone, the celebrated *bas bleu*. The title of the book on which her fame in those days rested is “Letters on the Improvement of the Mind, addressed to a Young Lady.” Her correspondence with Richardson has also been published.

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE'S DIARY CONTINUED.

"ON BOARD THE *ASHBURNHAM*, CEYLON,

"Friday, Sep. 16th, 1774.

"The Zaprabana of the Ancients—the Serendib of the Arabians—and Solomon's Magazine for spices and Ivory. Our first Parents are supposed to have lived here in great splendour. After them came Noah with his little Family. In his time there was one just Man at least upon the Island, but things are much altered since the Dutch took possession of it. As we sailed along the Coast, we expected to breathe nothing but Gales of Cinnamon and that Oysters would come on board with Pearls in their Mouths. But Nature in this country is soon exhausted, and I fear after all that we are going to make Love to a Superannuated old Woman who, besides the Loss of her Beauty has been plundered of her Money.

"MADRAS.

"Wednesday, Sept. 21st. The Supreme Court of Judicature always take the lead of us. They sail better than we do, and their Charter gives them the Precedence. Their Worships landed [at Madras] two days before us. What marks of Honour and Respect they may have been distinguished by I know not, but nothing could exceed those shown to our Party. Scarce had we cast Anchor, when a Letter and Message arrived from the Governor inviting us on Shore. General Smith with several Gentlemen of the Council received us at the Water's Edge. The Guns fired incessantly, the Streets were lined with soldiers, the Sun flamed in the Zenith, the sand

vitrified under our feet, the Rabble trampled us to death. In short we were received, like the fallen angels into a little Hell of our own. We found Houses provided for everybody and centinels placed at the Doors. The Governor Mr. Wynch entertained us at Dinner each Day. There was a Concert the first Evening and afterwards an Assembly and Supper, when our Ladies by exciting different Passions in the two Sexes, did all the Mischief they could desire.

“Fort St. George does not abound with pretty women, tho’ it may boast with some Reason of Mrs. Johnson. She is unique in this country and before our arrival could never have suffered by a comparison. If splendor accompanied Heat, a Ball in India ought to be uncommonly splendid. The appearance of the Ladies even before Country Dances was rather ardent than luminous, when the Minuets are ended they go home with their Partners to undress, and after a little Refreshment return again in the purest Innocence of Muslin and the Simplicity of a Nightgown. The Zeal and activity with which they exert themselves in Country dances is exercise enough for the Spectators. By dint of Motion these Children of the Sun, in a very few minutes, get as hot as their Father and then it is not safe to approach them. In this agitation they continue, literally swimming thro’ the dance till he comes himself and reminds them of the hour. At midnight we sober citizens retired to Bed, but not to rest—devoured by Mosquitoes and overcome with Heat though all the windows and doors were left open.”

They pay a visit to the Nawab of Arcot, and Mr. Mackrabie describes what took place:—

“ *Thursday, Sept. 22nd.* A conversation carried on thro’ the Channel of an Interpreter cannot be very interesting, but it was very civil and notwithstanding the ceremonies of Asiatic Politeness the visit was too short to be tedious. When we had been seated a quarter of an hour, a Train of Servants came in with Baskets and Phials of Gold. The Nabob then went round and presented each Person with Beetle, a kind of Aromatic Leaf which these people are everlastingly chewing—and dropped Atta of Roses upon our Handkerchiefs. He then thanked everybody for the Honour of this Visit and begged that an hour might be fixed for his returning it next day,—upon which we took our leave and retired in the Order in which we came. I should have been very unwilling to have lost this Interview with the Nabob, even such as it was—but it might have been rendered much more interesting. He might have shewn us his Women, or at least his Elephants—he might if the Law had not put our Virtue out of the reach of Temptation have presented each of us with a Pearl, a Diamond or a Persian Horse. Such sweet Remembrances make lasting Impressions. I have now almost forgot the Colour of his Highness’s Beard.

“ *Sept. 22nd.* Returning from our Excursion we passed thro’ the Black Town where everything is new, everything is strange—the Houses—the People! The Heat and Crowd were intolerable. It was

Market Day and every sort of Jollity and Noise going forward in the Bazar.

“ The Gentoos are divided into numberless Classes and Casts, distinguished from each other by Marks or Lines on the Forehead of different Colours, red, white, blue, yellow, according to the degrees of their Faith or Rank in the Church. If Philosophy consists in renouncing the comforts of Life, there is not a Black Fellow here who might not give Lessons to Diogenes. It must be their own fault if they are not happy. The English by banishing all Ideas of Property from among their Subjects have relieved them from the Cares of the World. They are not robust, yet every Man carries his Fortune upon his Back.

“ We supped at the Governor’s, a large party of ladies and gentlemen, after which our Phaeton conveyed us 7 miles at a most rapid rate to Mamelon, the Retirement of Mr. Andrew Ross where we arrive at Midnight and lie down for a few hours.

“ *Friday, 23rd.* We visited a curious Manufacturer of Chintzes which threw new Lights upon my Ideas concerning that Article. Till then I thought that all Chintzes were printed ; but I now find that in India, every Stroke, every colour is given with a Pencil. The most indefatigable Industry would be unequal to such an undertaking, were not many parts of it executed by Children of 6 & 7 years old, who gain their three half-pence per Day and are content. Though I gave but little attention to what they were doing I felt myself affected by the Sight of so much Innocent Industry so poorly rewarded. We were shewn the whole Process from the Looms to the Glazing. After

Breakfast which we took in the open Air by a River's side, we returned to the Fort, time enough to dress and receive the Nabob's [return] Visit.

"I think I could more easily paint than describe the Procession. He was preceded by a Train of Horse and Foot Guards, a Band of Music, Fellows with gold and silver Staves, and followed by led Horses, Palanquins flaming with rich Embroidery. . . . The Nabob was attended by his 5 Sons. His elder Brother, a venerable old Man with a long white Beard was likewise of the Party. This respectable Personage has but lately tasted the sweets of Liberty. The present Nabob, finding himself at least as capable to rule an Empire, having recommended Study and Retirement to him, which I suppose the other wisely preferred to Assassination. Musselmen have their own Ideas of Justice and the Sword and the Law are generally in the same Hand. After a short Conversation, a folding Door was opened at which our Ladies stood, that the Nabob might pay his compliments to them.

"*Friday, Sept. 23rd.* The Plan of the Houses of Europeans is large and commodious. The Ground Floors all Vaulted, containing Offices and Storehouses. A broad stone Staircase leads to the Principal Story which consists of a very spacious and lofty Hall, with 4 or 6 large lodging Rooms adjoining. The Hall is the Apartment in which you sit at all Times and has arches at each end for the free admission of the Air. These communicate with a large covered Balcony to the Street and an extensive Terrace backwards. There are few Houses here with Fronts of less than 60 or 80 feet.

In Bengal we are informed, the Dimensions are much greater. You see no painted Walls in India, much less do they deal in Tapestry Hangings. They have a kind of Lime so exceeding fine that it has all the Beauty of Stucco with the Polish of Marble. Their Windows have Frames with cane Blinds, instead of Glass.

“ A Chamber requires little besides a Bedstead, a Mattrass covered with a calico Sheet and 2 Bolsters. One for the Head, the other a long one to lay by your side and support the Weight of a Palampore or thin chintze, which is all the covering necessary in this climate. A Mosquito Curtain completes the Economy of the Bed.

“ ON BOARD *ASHBURNHAM*.

“ *Oct. 12th, Wednesday.*

“ We pass Ingelee at noon.—About that Hour we observe a Boat making towards the Ship, having on Board a Gentleman dressed in Scarlet. This appearance occasions manifold Conjectures. It proves to be Mr. Geo. Livius to welcome Mr. F. He supplies us and our fair Companions with various Refreshments, and has provided with indefatigable zeal for our future as well as our present Comfort, having brought for Mr. Francis's Accommodation two Budgerows with every Article necessary for the Voyage to Calcutta, from whence we find ourselves distant about 130 miles upon coming to an Anchor off Kidgeree this day at two o'clock.

“ RIVER HUGHLEY.

“ *Wednesday, Oct. 19th.* Exactly at Noon, a comfortable Season for establishing the Etiquette of

Precedency, the whole Party are disposed in three Boats, and both Courts landed at the Capital of their Jurisdiction. The Procession to the Governor's House beggars all Description. The Heat—the Confusion—not an attempt at Regularity—No Guards—No Person to receive or shew the Way. No State;—This is the Age of Reformation.—But surely Mr. Hastings might have put on a ruffled Shirt.

“The Ceremony of Introduction gone through the Audience broke up, and we changed the Scene though not the Climate. At two, the whole Party, increased by this Time to 150, met again at the Governor's House to dine. In such a Company little Order can be expected, we eat and drank—and endeavoured at Society—but even Wine in Ale Glasses cannot remove suspicion. At four everybody retired, to sleep—or Meditation. At Six, rose to Tea, dress, and go a visiting. We welcomed all our fair Companions to Calcutta,—and here ends the Journal of our Voyage.”

MRS. FRANCIS'S JOURNAL TO THE END OF
OCTOBER, 1774.

“*Monday, August 8th.* We came to Fulham on Saturday Evening, and on Sunday went to Church, saw my dear Girls all well, they went home with us to dinner and spent the Day. They improve very much and all behave perfectly well, Sally is really very sedate and agreeable and I think every way pleasing, Betsy is not so fat as she was, but looks delightfully and tho' more of the Child than



WARREN HASTINGS,
GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

her Sister, is truly a charming, sensible, good natured girl. Harriet is not the least in merit ; her character from her Governess is very great, and I hope my dearest Philip you remember us all enough to know that she is clever and promises to be a most amiable woman. Mary is much grown and is a sweet child, and now for little Kitty, she is, if possible more and more agreeable every Day, her temper is most sweet and her understanding promises to be very strong, she speaks very well and is most engaging, she is much admired, and often talks of you and Uncle and says you are gone far off, such sayings as this give me many a pang."

The Journal is continued from Twickenham, where Mrs. Francis went on August 24th, to stay with her friends Mr. and Mrs. Holden :—

"*Monday, Aug. 29th.* Went to call on Lady Prime. . . . Sir Samuel told Mrs. Holden he was surprised to see me quite a young Lady, indeed he thought by my large Family and frequent Indispositions that I must be an Elderly Lady—but again he says 'quite a young Lady' you know his particular manner of speaking.

"*Wednesday, 31st.* A good morning, took a walk with my dear Polly [Holden] and went to Church to Prayers, came home and dressed and all went to Sir Samuel Prime's to dinner on Venison &c., a good Dinner and Desert, great State and Form. Your Health particularly remembered, a great many compts. payd me on my playing and singing a few

of Handel's Songs to them. Mr. Prime and all the Family seem to stand in great Awe of the old Knight. . . .

" *Friday, Sept. 2nd.* Received a letter from Dr. Macnamara and I believe I must make a tryal of the Sea Baths at Margate for a little time when the Weather is a little colder, as he thinks it will strengthen me and prepare me for the cold next Winter.

" *Saturday, 3rd.* Fine day, took a walk before Dinner with my dear Polly, stayd at home in the afternoon and according to Custom in the Evening played for an hour at Tredrille for $\frac{1}{2}$ a Fish.

" *Sunday, 4th.* Was pretty well, so went to Church.

" *Wednesday, 7th.* Staid at Home. Lady Prime & Mr. & Miss Prime came to drink tea and went home soon for fear of Highwaymen for they are very plenty near Twickenham.

" *Wednesday, 14th.* Return to Duke Street—Home.

" *Tuesday, Sept. 20th.* I put into Mr. Shuckburgh's hands my Journal of 30 Pages and a Letter from Mrs. Hay in case there should be an opportunity of a Ship going to Bengal, before my return from Margate, and he promised to take it to Mr. Roberts himself. About 11 o'clock that morning, my Cousin Patty, Collins, and I in a Post-Chaise and John on Horseback set off for Margate, we dined at Dartford where Mr. Powel enquired much after you and wished you every happiness and success, we slept that night at Rochester at the Bull and breakfasted next morning (Wednesday), for you know I cannot be hurried, we

set out before nine, changed our Chaise at Sittingborn and dined at Canterbury, about six o'clock got safe to Margate and found my old Lodgings at Rowes on the Parade ready for me. Next morning Dr. Macnamara called on me and almost ensures me of success.

"*Sunday, Oct. 9th.* A fine Morning, had a charming dip and walked to the Rope Walk & back again. There is a Lady here, much admired, her name Gruber, her husband is in the East Indies, perhaps you may meet with him, she is very beautiful and was shipwrecked coming from thence. Dr. Macnamara knows her.

"*Friday, Oct. 14th.* I bathed and met Dr. Macnamara who engaged my cousin and me to go and dine with them at the Lighthouse on Whillings. We were very merry and did not forget our dearest Friends, it was a charming day and everything contributed to make our Jaunt agreeable, Dr. Macnamara has got a most splendid coach, Copper Plate Pannels and Painted Blush Colour, it is very pretty indeed.

"*Sunday, Oct. 30th.* We paid all our Bills and took leave of Margate about one o'clock and set off in a Post Chaise and John on Horseback, we lay at Feversham that night and set out at Eight on Monday Morning and only stopped for Chaises on the Road and got safe home about half an hour after four. I was but poorly, indeed very weak and low.

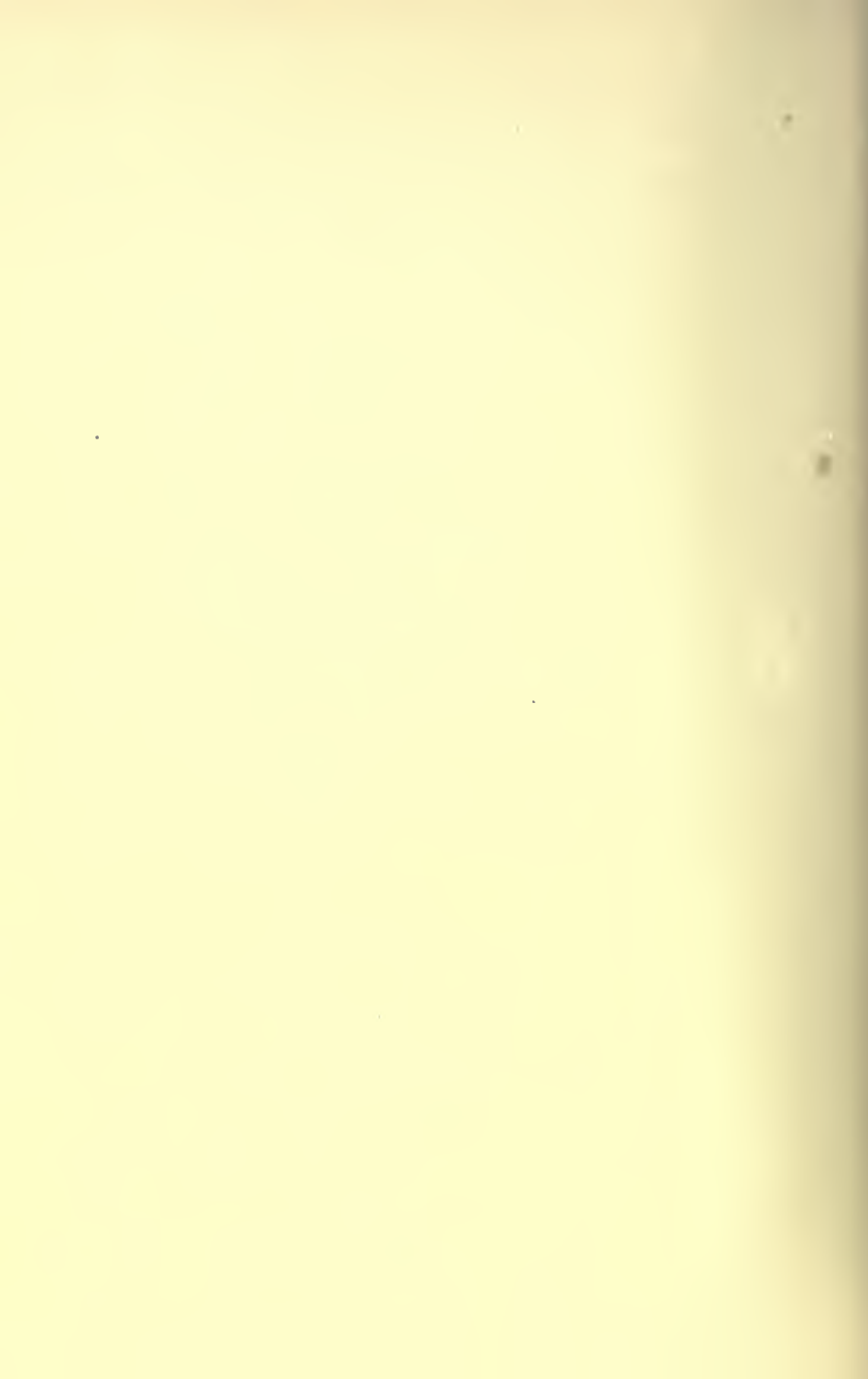
"*Nov. 1st.* Saw the Doctor he said I had bathed too much. I bathed 25 times in five weeks, 15 would have been enough I am now told, however I must now hope for the best."

PERIOD III.

1774—1781.

This Period embraces Francis's residence in India, his correspondence with various friends in England—General Fraser, D'Oyly, Godfrey, John Bourke, and Edmund Burke. At the same time we have Mackerabie's Journal and letters, with the picture of social life in India which these present. In Mrs. Francis's Journal we have contrasting pictures of home and social life in England.

This Period ends with Francis's arrival in London, October 19th, 1781.



PERIOD III.

1774—1781.

PHILIP FRANCIS and his secretary, Alexander Mackrabie, were settled at Calcutta in October, 1774.

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO HIS FATHER.

“CALCUTTA,
“November 30, 1774.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“You have the particulars of our History during three months in the Copy of our Journal from the Cape hither. It comes inclosed with this Pacquet, and was transcribed by a Man who can no more read English, than I can write Chinese, but is nevertheless a very useful Instrument in a Secretary's Office. He is by Birth and Language a Hindoo ;—by Profession a Banyan or Clerk,—he is moreover an indefatigable Copier, and as he writes stark naked, I have no fear of his stealing my papers ; so that you must admit he is a person very fit to be trusted. He is at present of the Gentoo Religion ; but his Attachment to his English Masters, added I presume to the Examples of Devotion he sees in this Family, have inclined him not a little towards Christianity. Being determined to

turn his Application to good Account, he has thoughts of acquiring our Faith and our Language at the same time, and has accordingly furnished himself with a Dutch English Grammar, and a Thomas à Kempis. It is matter of Doubt with me which he will edify the most by,—or understand the least.—One of the first Observations we made here was, that they have no Church. The same Edifice serves upon the first day of the week for the Celebration of divine Service, and during the other six for the purpose of entering of Goods and Collecting of Customs. The Company's Servants were much amazed to see us go thither in a Body the Sunday after our Arrival ; but we afterwards perceived with pleasure that the example had produced a good Effect, tho' not sufficient to break up a Sporting Club, who constantly go a hunting upon that day. We hope that our Friends will be able in time to bring a thorough Reformation of Manners. It is a Consummation devoutly to be wished for—in public as well as private Conduct.

“ We lost poor Campbell at sea. He died as we entered Ballagon Road. No other Mortality has taken place among our ship's Company, except in the Instance of the Baker, who, as soon as he came on shore, dropt suddenly in the very Act, either of making or of eating a Pie. But we have been cruelly alarmed. Many of our Friends have been sick. Colonel Monson was given over for several days, but is now happily recovered. We could ill have spared him. Indeed the world can ill spare such men. There cannot be a more noble or a more amiable Character. The sickly Season is now entirely over.

This will be for four months to come, the most delightful Climate upon Earth—like an English Spring, an unclouded sky, a fresh air, and perpetual Sunshine. I wear a Cloth Suit of Cloathes."

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO MR. EDEN.

"CALCUTTA,

"7th Decem., 1774.

"MY DEAR EDEN,

"If I had not wrote to you at all, you are bound to forgive me. All the engagements of Business I have had in Europe or in America were Child's Play compared to my Occupations here, and nothing less than the example I have hourly before me could support me through it. You see I am giving myself Consequence, but I would not have you conceive that it is the pressure of Affairs of State which lies so heavy on me.—My Domestic Concerns are no Trifle. Scolding Servants, Buying Household Goods, Bespeaking Dinners, controlling accounts of black Banyans whose zeal to cheat us is incredible. We had 25 Guests at Dinner yesterday, 30 at Breakfast this morning.—There are not less than 100 Servants in our Family. Upon so vast a scale and in a Country of whose Language I do not understand 10 words think only how we must be imposed upon. Besides all this, it is impossible to be a Moment alone. 50 Black Faces took Possession of our Stair Case the day we landed, and it is impossible to get rid of them unless we could blow them up.

"Then the cursed Examples of Parade and Extravagance they are holding up for ever to us.

‘Master must have this.—Master must do that.’ A Councillor never appears in the Street with a Train of less than 20 Fellows, nor walks from one Room to another in his House, unless preceded by 4 Silver Staves. I love Luxury, but it must be a comfortable, a solid Luxury. This is worse than the Hurry of an Inn at an Election. What Improvement India may make in my Affairs I know not, but it has already ruined my Temper. Farewell the tranquil Mind, I am in a rage from Morning till Night, and never laugh above once a week, upon the few occasions when we get together *en Famille*.”

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO A FRIEND IN AMERICA.

“CALCUTTA,

“20th December, 1774.

“DEAR SIR,

“The Members of the Council and their several Dependants have scarce had an hour of Rest or Quiet since their landing. Even the Recreations of this Country are little Riots. Thirty people at Breakfast, fifty at Dinner. Suppers at Midnight, Dances till Daylight. But we are reforming apace. To instance the Ceremonies of the Table. We now only toast Healths and Sentiments in Gills and half pints of Claret. Formerly instead of drinking a Glass of Wine with a Gentleman it was usual to throw a chicken at his Head,—while the ladies pelted with Sweetmeats and Pastry. This was thought Refinement in Wit and Breeding.

“The Expenses of this Settlement are beyond all

conception. Mr. F. pays £500 a year for a large but mean House or rather Barn—with bare Walls—and not a single Glass window. His Establishment of Servants, which is thought pitiful, consists of 60—I maintain 15, and yet am forced sometimes to clean my own Shoes. My greatest Comfort is to turn them all out and lock the Doors. These Brutes possess every bad quality except Drunkenness and Insolence, indeed they make full amends for the first by stupifying themselves with chewing Bang—and their want of the other is perfectly well supplied by a most provoking Gravity and Indifference. Thieves upon Principle, for they steal what they cannot either use or sell. In short I grow a perfect Cynic,—and have not laughed three times since we landed. So much for our History within Doors. Without it is worse. We are so jaded with Parade and pompous Entertainments that I have more than once feigned Sickness to avoid them. Many Causes have conspired towards this part of my practical Philosophy, not the least of which is the Reflections on finding a Country once the richest in the World upon the Brink of Ruin. Its Lands neglected, a universal Decay of Manufacturers and Trade, with most alarming Depopulation, and a want of Circulating Medium. Perhaps even this Generation may read of the Trade and Riches of India, as they do of Solomon's Cargo, Gold of Ophir and Ships of Tarshish; but feel as little of the Effects of one as of the other. But what avails a chapter of Lamentation to you, who perhaps are still upon the Banks of the Delaware where Money is found to be not absolutely essential to

Happiness, and where fourpenny Bits will go to Market as freely as Hard Dollars. When I left England I gave up everything in America except my Correspondence, and a Claim to the Affectionate Remembrance of my Friends; but I now begin to think it is far from impossible that I may pass the Evening of my Days there. The Harvest is over in India; and England will not be supportable with my share of the Gleanings."

Writing to R. Tilghman, Mackrabie says:—

"When virtue and justice fled from Europe, it was not in Bengal they found a refuge. Our friends whom the Legislature have in their wisdom sent here for the better regulating the affairs of the East India Company have employment for an age. Their hands, heads and hearts are full. . . .

"O—— laughs at my rigid virtue, and foretells the dissolution of it upon the first approach of warm temptation. I would laugh with him if the subject were not too serious; but with the noble example I have every hour before my eyes, I would remain intact. I am well enough affected towards the good things of this life, but I should deserve hanging could I be base enough to become rich by unworthy means. . . ."

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO HIS FAMILY.

"CALCUTTA,

"14 Janu: 1775.

"A. M. to his Friends at Fulham and In Duke Street, Greeting.

"I wrote to my dear and honoured Father by the

British King. You would by the same Conveyance receive a Copy of our Journal from the Time we left the Cape of Good Hope, to that of our Arrival at Calcutta. I have now left off Journalising altogether, and in so doing I act doubtless the part of a good Christian. For if 'sufficient unto the day is the Evil thereof,' we have no right to plague our honest Hearts and those of our Friends with a Recollection of Evils which are past. In fact, many of our days are marked with such a Superabundance of Vexation that, if we were not determined to kick our Cares behind us, and forget them with all our Might, we should scarce have resolution to encounter those of the time to come. In treating of this Subject, it may be proper, in order to avoid Confusion, to distinguish our Cares under their several heads. We have public Cares and Domestic ones, Cares general and particular Cares. The chief Weight of public Care falls upon Mr. F., but as his Spirit and Resolution to meet it's attacks, and his Abilities to counteract and overcome them, are beyond all Compare, he laughs at Difficulties and indeed gives Vigor to us all. He keeps four of us in constant employment, and is sometimes dictating to all at a Time.

"I do not know whether the Plagues inseparable from my Office of Sheriff should properly come under the head of public or particular Cares. By the way, there is something whimsical enough in this business. Could any one have supposed that it was among the Decrees of Fate, and moreover should have become one in a human Record, that, on the 20th Day of December 1774, A. M. Jun^r. should be sworn in

High Sheriff of Calcutta, and that Samuel Tolfrey the younger should be appointed his Deputy. Yet so it is, and a very active faithful Assistant I have hitherto found him. If you were to fall in the Way of India People, you would hear wonderful things concerning this same Office of Sheriff. You might be told as I have been, that it has yielded a profit, 30 and in one year 40,000 Rupees (equal to from 3 to near 4,000 sterling pounds). There is such a Tradition, but it is one of those which has lost nothing in handing down,—nor should I have quoted it but in order to add, that I am assured it did not produce above a fourth part of the sum last year, and that the Experience of 3 weeks has given Birth to no Idea upon the Subject, in me or in my Deputy, Except (after our Obligations to the Friends who honoured us with the Nomination) a hearty Desire to resign it whenever we can with Credit. The Plague and Trouble we meet with in the Execution of the Duties are inexpressible, and the Honours annexed to the Office do not much lighten the Burthen of it. For whether I am taking a survey of the Jail and the Felons committed to my Charge,—receiving Petitions from Prisoners—or executing Warrants to add to their Numbers, planning Modes of arrest with Bailiffs, or marching in all the Pomp of White Staves, Halberds & Maces, before my Lords the Judges, to Court, & lolling upon a velvet Cushion by their side, within it—I feel myself out of my Element, and wish the Law and the Execution of it,—together with all its Forms, Members, & Apurtenances—at the D——.”

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO HIS FAMILY.

" 24th February, 1775.

" MY DEAREST FATHER AND FRIENDS,

" I wrote to you by last Ship ; but of what date I do not pretend to recollect. I am now actually writing in the Country, at a small Lodge which Mr. F. has purchased in the Neighbourhood of Calcutta. He is so charmed with it, that he has not slept one Night in Town, during the week he has had possession of it. He talks already of quitting Calcutta, or of having only a small House by way of Office & Dressing Room. In fact it is a delicious spot. The House consists of a spacious Hall and four Chambers, surrounded by a Verandah or Colonnade, and stands in the midst of 20 Acres of Ground pleasant to the last Degree something between a Lawn and a Park. We talk of farming, and feeding Pigs & Poultry—and making Butter. The air, the Exercise, everything contributes to Health & Cheerfulness. Hither Mr. F. will retire from the Cares of the Council, and toil in his Garden among Gentoos and Mussulmen. He wanted a Retreat from Care and Vexation, and his Looks already shew that he has found it. We have formed some excellent Plans, and are determined to lead a thorough new Life. None but Friends are to be admitted here. Lady Impey yesterday, Lady Anne & Col. Monson to-day. If you could all be transported in an Instant to Bengal (Asia you know has ever been the Land of Inchantments)—we should become thoroughly indifferent about England.

" I promised to give you an account of our Manner of Living in Calcutta. It will be rather a splenetic

one, but I must not delay it since it is probable that a Month hence, we might be described as not only being surrounded by Devils, but as actually broiling in an Infernal Region of our own. I speak of Calcutta in April.

“You know our Family. Messrs. Livius and Collings are Inmates. Mr. F. still maintains Macleod and Black Tom. They both prove trusty and assure us they are as happy as Bengal can make them. Tom eats and sleeps and makes the most of the present Hour. Macleod is resolved to provide for a future Day. He therefore trades, and buys Bargains and employs his Leisure in the Study of Physic, and the Practise of Drinking Brandy. I shall claim the Privilege of a Letter writer and describe my own Establishment first. It consists of a Sircar, or Broker and Interpreter,—a Jemmadar who stands at my Door, receives Messages, announces Visitors, and also runs by the side of my Palanquin to clear the Way. This Varlet is a tall Man, with a most respectable pair of Whiskers, and moreover, wears a Dagger in his Sash decorated with gold Tassels. I am preceeded in all my Peregrinations by 2 Peons or running Footmen, and as many Hircarahs, or Messengers. These Gentry, being all furnished at the expense of the Company as an Appendage to my Office of Sheriff, I am only at the Expense of a Kistmungar, literally Servant of all Work, but as mine proved to be a Servant of no Work, I have just discharged him. 8 Bearers for my Palanquin compleat my Train. I would keep a Horse but positively I cannot afford it. Mr. F. keeps 5, and

according to the cursed Fashion of this idle Country, has 10 Fellows to look after them, besides a Coachman to keep the whole in Order. He has moreover 12 Palanquin Bearers for no reason that I can learn except his being a Councillor, 4 Peons, 4 Hircarahs, 2 Chubdars who carry Silver Staves, 2 jemmadars. These are without Doors. Within a head Sircar, or Banyan, a Broker, or Agent, who sees that he is cheated in due Form, and who has a Feeling in everything that Master buys, who has his Spies over everything that Master does, and whose Attention and Officiousness carries him into the Study, the Bedchamber, and makes him a Party in every matter transacted in the House. House keeping Comprador and his Mate go to Market, 2 Coolies bring Home what he buys, Consomar takes charge of it, Cook and 2 Mates dress it. Baker in the House. Butler and his Assistant take charge of Liquors, Habdar and his Mate cool them. 2 Sideboard Men wait at Table. House, 2 Matrannees to clean it, 2 Watchmen to guard it, a Durwan to keep the door. Taylor, Washerman & Ironing Man for each person, Mashargues, Torch-bearers, Mr. F. 4, M. 2, Li. 1, C. 1. We make a flaming funeral appearance together. Two Maullies or Gardeners, Cow and Poultry Feeder, Mr. F. 62 Pork Man, his Office &c., &c. Let me
 Mac. 20 see. One hundred and 10 Servants to
 Lis & }
 Colls. } 28 wait upon a Family of 4 People. Oh!
 110 Monstrous, and yet we are Economists.

“ Tell me if this Land does not want weeding. We rise either in Town or Country about 6. Mr. F. then rides for an hour. Breakfast before 8. Tw

mornings in the Week are public, we then sit down 30, frequently more. At 9 or 10 Mr. F. goes to Council—returns at 2, 3, 4, or 5 to dine. This happens 5 Days in the Week, seldom sit 2 hours, then to Bed to digest—rise at Sunset—and take an Airing in your Carriage if you have one, else walk as I do—return to Tea then dress to visit—little Card playing, late Suppers—in 10 Minutes after your Return Home the Servants desert, and leave you to your Meditations. Your Mansion becomes a Desart and may be burned. You may be sick—or robbed—or perish for want of Water. In order to prevent these Calamities, we each retain a Body servant, who is of no other Use, as the others will not wait with them, except in case of Sickness, when the Natives constantly desert and generally rob you. You are now pretty well acquainted with Bengal and its customs, as well nearly as myself. I have not been 6 Miles out of Calcutta since I entered it, and go as seldom as possible out of the House. The absurd Routine I have described makes no part of our Plan. We generally drive *en Famille*, seldom visit & still seldomer sup out. We find Comforts at Home. L. plays the Harpsichord, C. fiddles, and we all laugh.

“Farewell all.

“A. M.”

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO RICHARD TILGHMAN.

“CALCUTTA,

“26 February, 1775.

“MY DEAR TILGHMAN,

“The Dissensions which have prevailed here during the last four Months, with their several Causes,

will have fully appeared in the Political World, before this comes to your hands. You will meet with characters, Opinions and Facts which will amaze you. Our friends have been active and—if there's a Power above us—who delights in Virtue, Justice, and Benevolence, they must be successful. Madness may recall them. Every Principle of wise Policy will concur in fixing them here and enlarging their Power. In the latter Case F. must be eminent. With this Prospect I venture to give you the following Encouragement for undertaking a Voyage, which I wish no Friend to make in vain, or to repeat. You know the last Ship for India sails the end of March. Come directly to London. You will there be fully informed of the State of Affairs, and able to judge for yourself. The means of your getting out shall be provided, with every necessary Instruction for the Voyage. When you are here, you must run our Fortunes. Against these inducements put in your Scale, and weigh well,—the Nature of your present Engagements and farther Views in America. You are in a large Circle of Friends, in a favourable Climate, where indeed there is not a profusion of Money, but where Happiness is attainable without it. There are Chances against you *here*, not any that regard the Affections of your Friends or their Zeal for your Interest. Those can only cease with their Existence. But Men are not immortal,—at least in Asia. Weigh all this, decide, & Act. Francis approves and confirms all I have written. I can say no more. Love to everybody with you. Farewell.

“A. M.”

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO RICHARD TILGHMAN.

"CALCUTTA,

"15th March, 1775.

"MY DEAR TILGHMAN,

"I wrote to you the 26th of last Month. . . . The Thomas's, the Morris's, the Dennys, and your whole line of Rulers, from the first Penn with the Broad Brim, down to the present Day—cannot furnish out such a Governor as H. The Debates in your Colony Councils are the Squabbles of Boys about Tops and Marbles, compared to the Dissention which prevails here. . . .

"It were endless to attempt giving Particulars of the late Misgovernment of this once rich and flourishing Country. Fraud Oppression and Peculation appear daily in such a Variety of Shapes, and to an Extent that never disgraced the Annals of any other Empire. . . . It has hitherto been held mean-ness in Bengal to examine an account, and CEconomy has become infamous."

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO HIS FATHER.

"CALCUTTA,

"23rd March, 1775.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"It is a pity the weather grows so insufferably hot, as it prevents my seeing much of the Ceremonies of the Natives at their high Festivals. This is the Season of Jollity among both Gentoos and Musselmen. Mr. F.'s house is surrounded with Mosques & Pagodas, where they make Night and Day such a cursed Clatter with Drums, cimbals, Horns

and Pans, that you would think a Legion of Devils were keeping Jubilee,—Unite the Concerts at Bartholomew Fair with the Melody of a Copper Mill, add the Cawing of 1000 Crows, and the Screams of an Army of Jackals : suppose all this continued with unremitting Resolution for a week and you have some Idea of the Kind of Harmony which has lately tormented us. . . . The Moorsi Holiday closed with a Grand Procession of Pageants, attended by innumerable Flags. Elephants with Castles, Madmen Dancing and Fencing and wounding themselves with Sabres and Knives, some with Pincers pulling out their own Beards, and Lugging their Ears, some poking sticks into their Eyes, others entertaining themselves with hearty flogging with an Instrument called by Sailors the Cat, and the whole Company at proper Intervals thumping their Breasts with astonishing Zeal and Violence. . . .

“All this, my good Sir, absurd as it appears, is sound Policy. The Brahmins make a jest of it ; but they find their Interest, and so have the Princes of the Country thro’ all Ages, in strengthening this Passion for Ceremonial in the Vulgar, and their Idea of the Virtue and Sanctity of the water of the Ganges, their attachment to their Native Country and Horror of every other Climate. Without these Prejudices it would have been impossible to have maintained the Population, Cultivation, and Manufactures of this vast Empire, under so many Revolutions.

“They have all been wonderfully preserved, and nothing less than a British Government could effect their Ruin.”

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO THE REV. STEPHEN BAGGS.

"FORT WILLIAM, 1775.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"When you read and hear of the active part our Friend has taken in the Administration of Affairs, you may imagine he keeps his Dependants in constant Employment. The Ships of this Season carry home more Matter, and I believe, not less Bulk than any which have been despatched since the days of Aliverdy Cawn. . . .

"It has pleased Heaven to make me (for my Offences) High Sheriff of Calcutta. Bating the Honour, it is, under favour, the most cursed Office that ever was held by a Sinner. The only Comfort I enjoy in it is,—the Reflection that somebody who possessed it sometime ago, made Three thousand Pounds a year by it. I am almost broken-hearted—and literally out of Pocket. My Deputy insists that we shall have Statues erected to our Honours,—I pray Heaven I keep clear of hanging—myself.

"Tell me, my Friend, shall we ever meet altogether again? Yours is a good Life and cannot well fail. The Major's is not much worse, provided he will exchange Pall Mall & St. James's for Hertfordshire. The House of Godfrey is immortal.—I have a thousand Apprehensions for my Sister,—and a kind of Feeling for her children, which I may as well not attempt to describe. I wish the Husband and Father of that Family were as secure of Health and Long Life as he is of immortal Honour—my old Folks have settled their Accounts with both Worlds—They

are upon the Threshold, and less than a Miracle can never give me another Sight of them. I may perhaps, (if I escape all the unaccountable Dangers of this Climate) return to Europe at fifty, whether or no that is an Object, I shall not pretend to determine. I shall by that time have outlived every sense of Enjoyment—At least every Passion worth gratifying. I shall return too poor for England—and too old for America. I wish Dick Tilghman was here. Worse Pleaders make Fortunes. We want such Folks as you & him & a few other Friends—to laugh with, to unbend, to join in driving Care away—& above all to trust.

“I begin almost to doubt of my own Moral Character in this Cursed Country—though I am inclined to think that I am, (comparatively at least,) a strict Observer of some few Negative Virtues. . . . We are upon excellent terms with the Clergy here. They are not numerous, but thoroughly orthodox. One rivals Nimrod in hunting—a second supplies Bullocks for the Army—another is a perfect Connoisseur in Chinese Gardening. I endeavour to obtain some Light from them all, but the Fear of God is not the Kind of Wisdom most in Request in Bengal.

“Farewell dear Sir : I am very faithfully,

“Yours, A. M.”

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE TO MRS. FRANCIS.

“CALCUTTA,

“25th March, 1775.

“MY DEAREST SISTER,

“I at last sit quietly down for a few minutes but it is to tell you that I am nearly worn out. Next

to hearing from you, which is almost a vain Expectation, I promise myself sovereign Comfort in writing to you,—and a Letter without one Line of Politics is as refreshing as Ice Cream in Summer. . . . The Ruffles are in excellent Preservation, often looked at and admired. Mangoes shall be sent in great Quantities next Season, we were too late for the present. . . . How cruel it is that the Court of Directors will not indulge us with a Pacquet. It is near 12 months my dear Sister, since we saw or heard of you,—a little Eternity. . . . The Rage of sending young People to Bengal must subside. . . .

“A thousand loves and Blessings to the dear Girls and Boy. Farewell, Farewell.

“A. M.”

We now take up Mrs. Francis's Journal from November, 1774. On Saturday, November 12th, Mrs. Francis went to visit her friends at Twickenham.

MRS. FRANCIS'S JOURNAL.

“*Tuesday, Nov. 2nd.* A bad snowy day, did not go out, Mrs. Holden read Joseph Andrews, and Polly and I worked, and at Night played at Tredille.

“*Thursday, 24th.* Mrs. Holden read to us till one o'clock and then got in the Coach for a Ride, saw Mr. Briscoe, he told me abruptly Lord Clive was Dead, I was struck with surprise, called at the Coffee House for the Paper, there it was set down at full length, he dyed on Tuesday last of an Apoplectic Fit at his House in Berkeley Square, what must not his amiable Wife feel, I am so much concerned, so indeed are

Mrs. Holden and my dear Polly that we hardly know what we say, God's will be done, but his worthy family are much to be pitied, I wrote to Mrs. D'Oyly to beg her to send my Compts. &c. and to know how they all do, she will send me an answer.

" *Wednesday, 30th.* I received a very kind Letter from Mrs. D'Oyly in which she says poor Lady Clive bears up surprisingly under her great affliction.

" *Wednesday, Dec. 7th.* Received a letter from my Father who told me a ship was soon to sail for Bengal so I determined to come to Town to be prepared.

" *Dec. 9th.* Took leave of my Good Friends and came with Collins in a Post Chaise to Town.

" *Monday, Dec. 12th.* Mr. Godfrey came to see me, and Major Baggs, he is just from Bath, says our fine new Rooms are almost shut up there by a Quarrel with the lower ones, they are going to build a Ball Room to Guides Rooms so I fear I must not expect any advantage from there this year.

" *Tuesday, 13th.* Mr. Marsh called on me and is to introduce Capt. Bromfield of the *Salisbury*, by whom I am to send a Letter to you. Mr. Marsh begged I would write to you by way of Introduction.

" *Friday, 16th.* I had a Letter from good Lady Clive, in which she desires to see me and says she ever wishes to look on me in the light of a Friend and not as an Acquaintance.

" *Sunday, Dec. 18th.* In the evening I had a Chair and went to pay that melancholy visit to good Lady Clive, at first the Servant refused me, not knowing me for the old Porter is gone, the number of Servants

are much lessened, however after reading my Ticket the Servant admitted me and I went upstairs into the Front Drawing Room where I have spent so many happy hours. There was all the dismal Family, the dear Lady herself came up to me and took me by the hand and kissed me most affectionately. I then sat down by Mrs. Archdeacon Clive who I endeavoured to talk to, but my trembling was so great for a few minutes that I could not utter, however I thank God I got the better of it and made my proper Compts. to every one of the family. The Young Lord is come home and his Mother presented him to me, he seems a modest genteel Young Man very much like his poor Father. Capt. Clive was there and Mrs. George Clive, poor Mr. King as usual, Mrs. Strachey, Mr. and Mrs. D'Oyly, Mr. Walsh &c., the dear, good Lady Clive looks but poorly in her melancholy dress, but behaves as well as you or anyone would expect her to do, she seems quite composed and calm, but in spite of every thing her Tears will burst forth, Not in tumultuous Sorrow, but in quiet, settled grief. Her behaviour to me was more kind and affectionate than it ever was and she spoke of you so tenderly I can hardly write on the subject ; but she says she fears it won't be in her power to write to you herself, but she has got Miss Ducarel (who I must say seems a partner in her Afflictions) to write to you by her directions. The young Ladys look well and behave as properly as can be on this unhappy Occasion. I came home about nine o'clock.

" Tuesday, Dec. 20th. Last night I drank Tea with Miss Lownds and saw several of my Westminster

neighbours all of whom enquired very particularly after you.

"I must not omit before I close This Pacquet to give you some account of our Cat Tom, he is really in good health and condescends to come up in the Evening to carress me a little and I often think he smells about for you and seems to ask where you are and how you do, he is grown fat since his indisposition in the Summer, I then had an Apothecary's Opinion and he gave him Physic which entirely restored him to health, so much for Tom. I must now say something of Sally Bussy, I see her pretty often, sometimes to dine with me. . . . she is not very well, Mr. Adair has ordered her an Issue in her Leg and she is a little lame with it. She is in a Lodging and has let her House for Six months at fourscore Guineas, so she is now in pretty good spirits.

"*Jan. 5th, 1775.* The Girls have been below in the Parlour with their dancing Master, Mr. Villeneuve, who I have engaged to come to teach them both [Sally and Betsy, who had left school, aged 12 and 11 years]. He is to have 2 Guineas for eight lessons for each of them. So my money goes, but I hope it will be for their advantage.

"*Wednesday, 11th.* By invitation I and my three girls went in the afternoon to visit Mrs. Chitty, she was very kind to the Girls and is quite in Love with Sally because she is so like you, her dear, dear Boy as she always calls you and then she cries. She says she lives in hopes to see you, if not she says you must be told how much she loves you.

"I am now in a great hurry to send this Letter as

Mr. Strachey told me the Ships were to sail in a day or two—I hope my dear Mack and you are both well and quite happy, how much I long to hear of you both, but that cannot be for some months. I thank God I am pretty well and all my Girls well and good, we read, work, dance and play in turn and are very happy, the little ones grow much and I have determined to send Mary to school with Harriet after the holidays. Every body thinks me right, She is a fine child and it is time to send her out from the Servants—I don't mind the money for her advantage.

“*Tuesday, Feb. 14th*, is the day in the Week we have all our Masters because I have a fire lighted in the Parlour that the Girls may not be interrupted in case of Company. The drawing Master comes to Betsy at half an hour past nine in the morning, then we walk, at half past Twelve comes Mr. Ribouville and stays an hour, and at six in the Evening the dancing Master Mr. Villeneuve comes so we are always engaged in study that day of the Week.

“*Sunday, Feb. 19th*. I and my two Girls went to Church, afterwards walked up to the Top of Constitution Hill and back ; in the afternoon we all three drank Tea at Dr. Campbell's, they are both pretty well, but were not quite satisfied with their Son's Letter,—it was too short and made them uneasie to hear he had never been quite well since he had left England. By my Brother's Letter I thought every one in the Ship had enjoyed their health. I thank God you and my dear Mac have been perfectly well all the Voyage. At Dr. Campbells there were six gentlemen and their Conversation seemed all

Political, I did not much attend, if I had, could not have understood them.

“ *Monday, 20th.* In the afternoon I and my Misses walked to Mr. Ribouilles, it being dancing day and together with the five boys and Teacher made a good Cotillon, Clive would dance with Miss Francis and Harvey with Betsy, Philip seems as if he would dance well, I think he improves very much in every thing and the boys are all so happy and fond of each other, it would be great pleasure to you to see them. We staid till past eight and had a coach home.

“ *21st.* I have many Cards for Parties, but hardly ever go to any, my Girls are employment enough for me and they are too young to go into Publick Company. Mrs. Chandler thinks they may next year, but I think not.

“ I must close this—Mr. Ribouille has been here to-day and begs his Compts., he says your Girls come on well and that I am a good french Scholar. My good Father and Mother are both well, poor Patty but poorly. My dear Brother's Letters made my Father as happy as the return of the Prodigal Son—my Father rejoiced and made merry. My best love and affection always attend my dear Brother, I pray for him daily and his Success at the same time as for my dearest Husband, pray my dear Mack accept my truest Love together with the duty of your five nieces and nephew. Adieu my dearest Love, I cannot put into words what I feel when I think and speak of you. Your Letter is a Continual Feast and I have it almost by heart.

“ *22nd.* Finished my Journal and dispatched it, and begin another.

“Saturday, March 18th. In the afternoon all three of us went to Lady Clives, the children were charmed with each other, Lady Clive is always good to us all, Lord Chancellor’s four Daughters were there and a Fiddler was sent for and a good sort of a Dance made out, the Girls ate a bit of Tart and we all came home before Ten. . . .

“Thursday, March 30th. This is the day that gave me the sorest Heart 12 months ago, I ever felt. I pray God grant you may now be in good health and Happiness, neither of which I enjoy, as to health I am but poorly tho’ better, but I am weak, however I hope to mend, as to Happiness, I endeavour after content which is as much as I have any right to, and I fear more than I can yet attain to.”

In May Mrs. Francis went to Hampstead with her daughter Sally, to drink the waters. She continues the Journal from that place:—

“Sunday, May 14th. Drank the Waters and had a long Walk, Collins had a dream about hasty News, riding &c., which She was sure would turn out something great, and how do you think, but a most welcome Packet sent me by the Stage, how great was my Joy, I trembled, I could hardly open it, yet my impatience made me tear all the outside Covers to pieces, and when I saw from whom it came my veneration and affection for whom it came from, made me put the pieces together and proceed to the reading which gave me the greatest Joy when I found you was come so far safe and in good health. I pray you

may conclude this long Voyage to all your satisfactions. As to your all being heartily sick of your Confinement I don't wonder at it, but patience, My dear Philip will conquer everything. I am in some small degree sensible how very disagreeable so long a confinement in one Place must be to you in particular, and feel for you, yet as it has pleased God to bring you so far safe, we must not repine; Your society was pleasing, and tho' Calms, Contrary Winds and many other unpleasing things will sometimes interfere, yet I hope you did not lose sight of so great a Blessing as your Safety; forgive my moralizing, I feel everything in the strongest Sense that relates to you my dearest Philip.

"Mrs. Chitty and Harriet drank Tea with me on Sunday and she begged me to read only a few lines of your Letter to her, I could not refuse and my Vanity led me to read some parts of those tender expressions you use to me and my dear children; likewise some of the Copy of your former one in which you say my Brother paints and draws Pictures like a Dragon. At this she roared out and said it was exactly yourself in Every thing; She cryed here above an hour, and I showed her your Picture to appease her, she seemed much charmed, said she had ever loved you, and should while her heart was warm. I enjoyed all this so much I could not help joining with her in Tears. She is a worthy soul.

"*Monday, 22nd.* The poor Queen of Denmark is dead and a General Mourning ordered, on Wednesday my time for these Lodgings is out and we shall go

to Town to get our Mournings and prepare for the children's coming home.

" *Wednesday, 24th.* Miss Chitty called on me before they went to Town, her Mother but poorly, her nephew Mr. Andrews has done me a favour in procuring your favourite song for me, 'Let not Age &c.,' which is not Published, he has promised to get it from Mr. Giardani.

" *Thursday, 25th.* After Dinner I left Hampstead, not without a great desire to return there again but Lodgings are high priced and tho' I have seen a pretty little House in the Wells Walk, would just suit me £20 a year I would not venture on it without consulting Mr. and Mrs. Chandler lest they should not approve. . . .

" *Friday, 26th.* I have just received that Sweet Song, and played it over and over again, 'tis no wonder you was charmed, 'tis in your taste and most delightful. I can sing it very tolerably and even without the Harpsicord, but the Instrument is an addition to be sure, the words affect me, 'Joys that ne'er return again.' I hope mine will and pray most heartily for it.

" *Saturday, 27th.* Sally and I dined with Mrs. Chandler, She does not approve of my taking the house at Hampstead, she thinks it an unnecessary Expense, and he is of the same opinion, at least She says so, for when I asked him he did not make any answer, but she told me that was because his Opinion was the same as her's, so I have given it up, and if I should find Sally and I not so well after the Holydays we can but then take a Lodging for a month or so.

" *Friday, June 9th.* This is my Father's Birthday when he enters into his eightieth year. He, my Mother and Patty all came to Town to spend the Day with me, I wish you, my Brother, many happy returns of the Day. We were all very happy and cheerful. I played to my Father that favourite song of yours which pleased him very much ' Let not Age thy Bloom ensnare ' &c.

" *Saturday, 10th.* Mr. Whitelock wrote to me to tell me that a Ship from China brought accounts from an East Indiaman at St. Helens, you were all safe arrived at Bengal. I live in constant hopes of Letters. In the Evening Mr. Roberts called to tell me the same news . . . he says the Governor and you must love each other as you are both *amiable, learned* and *worthy*, there is a similitude in you that must make you fond of each other !

" *Monday, June 12th.* I have sent and been to Mr. Chandlers, but they are not at home. I seldom know anything of them, they are much engaged in more pleasant Places than an hour or two in Duke Street with me surrounded with children and Work, however sometimes *She* does vouchsafe me a Conversation on living within Bounds and Wonders how people can talk of not being able to do this or that, She thinks every one should cut their Coat according to their Cloth, all this you know must be pleasant for me to hear, but I must bear it and be silent. To do him Justice I believe he has not any thing to do with it, but she often gives him the honour—However—Mum . . . Mr. Adair advises me to take Sally to Brighton for general weakness. I am sure you won't grudge it.

“ BRIGHTON.

“ *Wednesday, 28th June.* I propose leaving Sally here at a Boarding School which bears a good character and I have been to speak to the Governess. I am to pay £25 a year for her as Parlour Boarder, £2. 2/- Entrance fee and one Guinea for Tea. The Governess is an Elderly Woman and a very worthy Person.—As to the Branches of Education they are to be paid for separately, but I shall never grudge it, let the Expense be what it will.

“ *Thursday, 29th.* Can I express my Joy! I received your Packet from Calcutta, was so transported I was almost Blind—could not see to read. Thanks be to God you and my dear Mack were both well. The death of poor Campbell affected me very much for his poor Parents sake, a Child is a Child be he good or bad and while there is Life there is Hope of amendment, but now all that ceases—it must have been very melancholy to have happened in the Ship, but the sickness of Col. Monson and Miss Clavering with their danger must have overcome other trouble for the time, poor Lady Impey too, I really feel for you all and was much relieved by shedding Tears, poor Miss Mellish, she suffered and was not so happy to recover as the rest. I trust you and my Brother were really as well as you say. I am made very happy by the affectionate manner in which you express yourself to me and your kind addition to my Allowance, my income was very confined before, but I always contented myself you would enlarge it as soon as was convenient to you. . . .

“ My friend Mrs. Chandler is always preaching

up economy and told me everybody must make what they had do and never complain. It is very easie to be an Economist in the midst of Plenty, however I have thoughts she might have administered some other Comforts as well as advice, but those were omitted. She seemed to think a Hackney Coach was not proper for me to go out in, but I could not afford another, then she advised my going out the Seldomer, but I am ordered to ride out for my health—I might have hoped for an Airing sometimes with her, but she was otherwise engaged I suppose. I shall endeavour this Winter to hire a Job Coach for a few months out of your Generosity and then I need not be ashamed to appear as your Wife.

“Sunday, July 23rd. I hear there are several Gentlemen returned from India rather in disgust at this new mode of things which is introduced by you. Mr. D'Oyly seems quite delighted with what you have done and says you have acted like yourself.

“Friday, 28th. I thank you for the Addition you have made to my presents. Ten pieces of Muslin or cloth as you call it are safe arrived in Duke Street with two pieces of handkerchiefs.

“TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

“Thursday, Aug. 10th. I forgot to mention having attempted to ride double on Horseback and really succeeded very well, rode about half an hour without fear. . . .

“Saturday, 12th. A grand Festival here, the Duke of Leeds gives a Grand Ball and Tea drinking, it being the Prince of Wales's Birthday. There were 400 people present, plenty of Everything. His Grace

met the Company on the Walks at six o'clock and soon after went into the Rooms and placed Lady Harborough at the Top of one Table, Lady Effingham at another, Lady Morton at another and so on. Every other Lady sat down as she liked, we had a Band of Music at Tea and the Ball was opened at one End by the Countess of Harborough and the Earl Fitzwilliams, at the other by Lady Bridget Douglas and Lord Polwarth. After a vast many minuets they danced Country Dances and I was soon tired, came home soon after Ten.

" *Monday, 18th.* Was made very happy by a paquet from you my dearest Philip. Indeed I was very thankful to hear you had purchased the pretty Villa, or Country House which according to what Mr. Adair says must be of the greatest consequence to your health. . . . I thank you for your kind Addition to my Salary, I think myself much obliged to you in permitting me to have a Coach, it will be a great comfort to me and of use to my health.

" Oh! that I could transport myself to your Sweet retreat and spend a few hours with you—how happy should I be!

" *Wednesday, 20th.* I have not received any of my Parcels yet but Mr. Troutbecks, as I wrote you. I am very sorry you have laid out so much money on such very thin Muslin and all alike, Ten Pieces of Book Muslin—my Brother could have advised you better. I make no doubt it has cost at least nine or ten pounds a piece and here would be worth much more, but striped or worked muslin, or fine thick Jaconet would be more useful to me, there is also

some very fine woven Muslin in little leaves or spots that is beautiful, I should be glad of some of that. I shall be glad to hear you are frequently at your Country House and am convinced I never could have lived at Bengal. I am now but a poor Creature what must I have done then?

" *Wednesday, Oct. 11th.* Mr. Chandler has made a Purchase, the House and Gardens, Furniture &c., of Lord Pomfret at Sunbury near Hampton Court and given £12,000 for it and 125 Acres of Land. They say it is a sweet Spot and they are so good as to say they will be glad to see me there and my young ones.

" LONDON.

" *Dec. 7th.* I have just dispatched my Packet by the *Greenwich*, with Letters from your three Daughters.

" *Tuesday, Dec. 19th.* Miss Holden came to stay some Days with me. We enjoyed that Day alone and talked of our dear, dear Friends in India.

" *Wednesday, 20th.* Had our Hair dressed and went to a Rout of Mrs. Pearce's in Milbank Street, played one Pool at Quadrille and lost 6d., was soon tired and came home.

" *Wednesday, Dec. 27th.* Mrs. Chandler called and asked me to dine and play cards on the Friday following, I begged to be excused play as their usual Stake is too high, 1/6 or 1/- per fish, I told her this did not suit my Pocket, She seemed rather to take it amiss. I asked her opinion about my keeping the Girls at home and having a Governess as I had heard of one that I believe will do, Mr. Ribouville had her recommended by a friend of his and at small Wages £18 a year. Understands French perfectly, English

and Needlework &c. She told me I was best Judge, so I said no more.

“*Friday, 29th.* Mr. Chandler called, approved at once of this Teacher, so I went to Mr. Ribouville about her.

“*Saturday, December 30th.* The Governess came to see me, a Modest, well looking young Woman about 23, not a fine Lady, but seems well behaved, I shall send after her Character. She undertakes the five Girls, Mr. Ribouville thinks she can do more for them in French than he can, they will always converse in it and this Young Person can teach them English grammatically.”

Mr. Francis during the whole of his Indian career wrote voluminously about public affairs in memoranda and business records, as well as letters to friends and politicians in England. On the subject of the war with the American Colonies he wrote to his friend Christopher D'Oyly :—

“CALCUTTA,
“*Jan. 22nd, 1776.*

“I thank you heartily, my Dear Friend, for your Letter of the 17th of April. . . . I fear it is not in my power to serve Colonel Fraser's Agents. . . . Purchasing Diamonds and remitting thro' the Company's Cash, are exactly the Objects of Contention to all Mankind here. I have never yet been able to buy a Diamond for myself, nor indeed have I leisure to attend to such Matters. Your Account of American Politics gives me no Sort of Comfort; except in the Reflection that my Situation removes me from any Share

in Measures, which I cannot approve, and perhaps could not have opposed.

“I know not what that Object is, which, either in Morals or Policy, can justify the Shedding of English Blood by the hands of Englishmen. Is it Revenue?—the present Armament will cost the Nation more than all the direct Taxes, that can be raised from America, will amount to in a Century. Is it Commerce? You have a Navy to guard the Seas: The Americans have none, nor ever can have any. If neither of these Objects be in question, it must only be the Form of Dominion, not the Substance;—and thousands may bleed—even the Empire may be shaken for a Name. There was a Time, when I could reason as logically and as passionately as any Body against the Americans; but since I have been obliged to study the Book of Wisdom, I have dismissed Logic out of my Library. The Fate of Nations must not be tried by Forms. On these I doubt the Americans themselves have relied too much and not taken Measures conformable to their profest Principles. Such Declarations as they have made are absurd, if they have no Plan previously concerted by a few able Heads, with Powers to carry them into Execution. The Dutch had Agents in every Court in Europe. The first Blood that is shed, if the Struggle should come to that miserable Extremity, ought to be a Libation to Peace. The Horror of such a Scene may perhaps bring all Parties to their Senses. To make any other Use of a Victory is Tyranny and Madness.

“ . . . There are many Points relative both to public and private Affairs, on which I should be glad to

enlarge ; but really I am so hurried and fatigued that I have neither time nor spirit to write long letters.

“ Mr. Strachey will communicate to you some Papers of Importance. Give them a serious perusal. The Plan I know is right on Principle . . . it is plain and simple. There must be no tricks or refinements in forming or restoring the constitution of an Empire.¹

“ Your account of my noble son makes the impression it ought to do on my mind. He will have advantages that I wanted ; I mean some original rank and introduction into Life. Yet unless they are made a right Use of, there is a Danger in possessing them. In general they promote Vanity and slacken Industry. A man had better walk bare foot than limp in Dog skin. Pray let my Wife read this Letter and also that to Strachey. I am afraid mine to herself will not be so copious, as she has a Right to expect. *Je fais l'impossible*, and those who love me best, must make the largest Allowances for me.

“ I would write to Lord Barrington and Mr. Ellis, but positively I am too weary to dress for great Company. My Family and friends will be glad to see me without Ceremony.

“ Adieu.

“ Yours Yours,

“ P. FRANCIS.

¹ The plan here referred to was a “Scheme for the Government of India,” very much like the plan conceived and carried into effect nearly a hundred years afterwards, when the dominion of the Company gave place to Imperial legislation. Francis had written a letter to Lord North only a few months after he began his work in Bengal, in which he gives a sketch of this “Plan of Settlement,” drawn out, as here stated, more elaborately afterwards.

"I wish it were possible to have this Plan communicated to Mr. Thomas Pitt.¹ I have been bred up with a Prejudice that he is as great a Man as any Man can be, who only speculates.

"I could give you fine Histories of the State of Parties here, and the Characters of the Chief Partizans. *Mais le jeu ne vaut pas la Chandelle.* I am weary on't. . . . I wish you would inquire and tell me in what dirty Corner of Westminster Hall these cursed Judges were picked up. I have no personal Quarrel with any of them, but assuredly they are driving hard to the Destruction of this Country. It was a pleasant Idea to give a Nation a Court of Judicature, before you gave them a Constitution. I see a Number of Streams but no Fountain. I see Laws without a Sovereign. Does any Man in England know, or think it worth his while to inquire, *who is King of Bengal?* I believe not. Yet, tho' a Matter of Indifference among you great Politicians at a Distance, it is really a Question of some little moment to us, who pretend to be a Government, and are now and then obliged to act as if we were so.

"I sent Mrs. D'Oyly a Pipe of Madeira by Captain Bromfield. My Blessing goes along with it. To Mr. Chandler, I send by this Ship Bills to the Amount of Seven Thousand five hundred and sixty Pounds ;—another Year makes me independant ; a third affluent, at least according to my Habits of Life and Value of Money."

¹ First Lord Camelford, nephew of Chatham. The former is mentioned in P. Francis's letters from Portugal.

PHILIP FRANCIS TO H. STRACHEY.¹

"CALCUTTA,

"*January 22nd, 1776.*

"If you have a mind to grow very old in a year or two, get a Seat in this Council. I am actually so grave and so grey, that I begin to have some doubts about my own Identity. It is not for my Interest that the Ladies of Berkeley Square should remember me. If however they have any benevolent thoughts to dispose of, they can nowhere find a better Subject for Compassion than myself.

"Nineteen Councillors for one Presidency! and all of one mind! How hard it is that we five should be too many to agree! Pray tell Captain Swinton that I received his Letter, and shall be happy to serve him, if the Case he speaks of should occur. But really it is a Jest for me to undertake Agencies for anybody. A Disposition to act goes but a little way against a physical Impossibility.

"Farewell,

"P. FRANCIS."

D. GODFREY TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

"LONDON,

"*Feb. 17th, 1776.*

"MY DEAR FRANCIS,

"I feel for you, I know your situation is hardly bearable, but I envy you too, nothing glorious was ever atcheived without labour and anxiety, but,

¹ Henry Strachey, afterwards Sir H. Strachey, a friend of Francis, had been Secretary to Lord Clive.

if it be possible, proceed and convince the World that great Parts and perfect Integrity may still unite in the same Person together with indefatigable Industry. I know not yet the result of your last despatches, all I know is that Hastings sent Letters after the *Anson* by a Vessel which overtook her and of course he has the advantage of being the last Pleader, but I flatter myself they will have no effect.

“Time is all taken up with the Americans, and the Business of the East is comparatively too trivial to be attended to. Since I wrote last they have proceeded with the same success; of the Transports we sent out to relieve Boston very few arrived there, a few were lost, some lost their passage, and many have been taken by the Americans, and those the most valuable. Lord Dunmore who was the Hero of the Administration and who in Consequence was the other day elected one of the 16 Peers of Scotland for having erected the King’s Standard in Virginia and collected a glorious Army, was the other day shamefully beat, without the loss of a single American—he lost 112 Men and he himself driven on board a Man of war. The Americans have likewise taken all Canada, Quebeck excepted, and that is besieged as well as Boston. A Party of the Guards are going to America, 12,000 Germans, the Army there will consist next summer of 40,000 Men. The Americans know it and they are not dismayed. They have acted hitherto by the Consent of all Parties with the greatest wisdom and the greatest Courage. They have 2 English Regiments taken at one Time Prisoners, and as many other English soldiers

prisoners as amount to 1,700. I feel great pleasure in mentioning to you these facts, for you were certainly one of those who depreciated them if you did not brand them with the name of Cowards. We have acted in many Instances with savage Barbarity, they constantly with humanity and moderation and lest you should think I have no foundation for what I say I will just mention a few Facts. We have burnt several of their harmless Towns accessible to ships of war, that is, where it could be done with impunity, a practice held in execration by all civilised nations and contrary to all the Laws of War, even against Rebels, we have declared their slaves free, at least L^d Dunmore has done it, and thereby encouraged them to Murder their Masters and commit every kind of violence, I expect shortly to hear that we have poisoned their Wells and springs. The American congress with a dignity becoming so respectable a body after enumerating all the savage excesses committed against them, exhort the Americans to remember that humanity is the constant attendant of true courage, that retaliation ought never to be indulged by private persons, but if the common safety of them all should require it, they will undertake the disagreeable office; and their exhortation has been religiously obeyed. The Duke of Marlborough has joined the Minority.

“ Since the above was written I have seen D'Oyly and Chandler. I mentioned to the former your request in case certain events should take place with respect to you, he told me you had mentioned the same thing to him, but nothing has yet been

done. The East Indies and everything relating to them are totally forgotten, therefore be patient, trust more to yourself than to any promises you may have received from 28, and if I am a Prophet, *vous vous en trouverez bien*, but above all, (it is D'Oyly's request as well as my own) don't be impatient, happy as I should be to see you, I cannot help wishing that you should not, in a fit of impetuosity come to England. It is now the 6th of April and I have received yours by the *Northumberland*. My good friend, I see you are dispirited, but bear up against the effects of climate I am convinced your lowness of Spirits arises from no other cause, but take care of your health. You say we shall meet never to be separated again. Why did you not end there? Why intimate that there was a possibility of your going to America. Indeed that would be a dreadful event but it never will be, so give up the Idea. If America is conquered by this Country which Heaven avert, it will not be worth living in, if it be not, this Country will still have charms to induce you to live in it, and possibly misfortune will have taught Government that Integrity and Abilities are qualities requisite in the Persons employed by the State. Therefore don't despair, I foresee we shall yet be happy. Do but come home, I don't want to see you either wiser or better, if you should happen to be either or both, there will be too much disparity between us. Let me advise you and that most earnestly to banish from your mind all anxiety particularly for the public whose Interests you espouse so warmly, act indeed, but the moment you have done acting cease to think of anything but Pleasure, I am sure it is to

be done, and I am sure you will find good Effects from the practice, remember that your whole Time does not belong in justice or in Equity to the Public, yourself, your Friends are entitled to a share, and that to promote health and lengthen life nothing contributes so much as chearful Thoughts."

In this letter Mr. Godfrey refers to Mr. Francis's former opinions on the right of the Mother Country to tax her Colonies. On this subject he had written strongly in 1766 to Mr. Allen, his old friend the English Chaplain at Lisbon.

The last letter Mackrabie wrote to his sister was in March, 1775. At the beginning of the year 1776 he took up a Journal, in which he had written nothing since December of the previous year.

ALEXANDER MACKRABIE'S JOURNAL.

"CALCUTTA,

"Jan. 1776.

"DEAR FRIENDS,

"I have sorely neglected my journal of late but I will try to recover and then seriously continue the thread of it.

"*Nov. 3rd, 1775.* A party at the Claverings with Sir E. Impey and lady; the whole house of Barwell—we only wanted the Governor to make it complete. The evening was stupid enough and the supper detestable. Great joints of roasted Goat with endless dishes of cold fish. With respect to conversation—we had 3 or 4 songs screeched to



SIR ELIJAH IMPEY,
CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF BENGAL.

unknown tunes ; the ladies regaled with cherry brandy, and we pelted one another with bread pills *à la mode de Bengal*.

“ Mr. Francis, by being absent from Town escaped the fatigue of the day [Christmas]. 'Tis the most absurd of all possible ceremonies : every Member of the Council, the Judges, the Board of Trade, Field Officers, Clergy, and Heads of Offices are pestered with the Repetitions ‘ A Merry Christmas ’ &c., &c., &c. It was a merry evening to me, for I won at cards, which I had not done of an age before.

“ *December 27th.* Messrs. Hay and Whitelock arrived here from Bombay, where they landed, about 3 months before from the *Talbot*. Mr. Hay is an inmate with us—and Mr. Francis had taken measures for the accommodation of Mr. Whitelock ; but the General lays claim to him. He has his entrée however established in this house at all times. I attended Mr. Hay next morning to the Governor, with whom we dined. Mr. Francis presented him to General Clavering, Col. Monson, Mr. Barwell, the Chief Justice and Lady Impey. 'Tis a vast advantage to a young man, being put upon so respectable a footing immediately ! Hay proves an agreeable addition to our Family. He is sensible, chearful and sweet-tempered and works special hard.

“ *Jany. 7th, 1776.* Mr. Francis has a large turtle presented him. We have just cut his head off, and shall eat him on Wednesday. The weather is cool, he will keep till then.

“ *Saturday, 13th.* The turtle proved but indifferent.

We had a good dinner besides and about 20 guests. Mr. Barwell invited us with 50 other people to a turtle yesterday, it was good, though too small for the Company, or rather the Company too large for it. Card Club at our House tonight.

" *February 3rd, 4th & 5th.* I might take a fresh sheet and a whole one to describe the comforts and various events of our Barrasut Expedition. It is quite a new scene, a delightful open country, where it is absolutely possible to forget the heats and cares of Calcutta. Oliver did everything that could be done in Bengal. He even made a good road for our carriages, which has never been attempted, at least in that part of the country before. Livius and I set out before day in our friend Collings' phaeton, and drove to Dum Dum, which in former times was a Retreat of Lord Clive's. There is a degree of singularity about the Place, which gives it a merit, at least with an odd man. It is monastic, the country about it is dreary; but the forest trees and lofty terraces upon the spot give it a noble air. It at least has two desirable qualities for this country, being both retired and cool. Here we got into another chaise. . . . We arrived at Barrasut before breakfast. Our friends soon joined us, after which we breakfasted and walked. The greatest curiosity we saw in this excursion was a kind of bats as large as crows, which fly about in the day time, making a great noise. Their heads and bodies were like those of Foxes, the rest like a common Bat, but upon a very large scale.

" When it became too hot for any farther Perambu-

lation, we returned to Business, that is, to *Cards*. Messrs. Oliver, Collings and several others now joined us who had been out with the Hounds. You scarcely expect an Account of the Rubbers ; at Two we sat down to Dinner—then to sleep, next to Tea—after that to *Business*—to supper—to Bed. The next morning, such of us who were not too much fatigued to leave our mattresses, rode or walked to an Octagon Summer House, built by the late Mr. Lambert who was the Husband of Lady Hope. This is a pretty Toy, erected upon an eminence, and distant about a mile from Barrasut, with walks, flowering shrubs and a garden. The ashes of that gentleman, (for his Body was burnt by his particular direction) are deposited under the Building. I was not without apprehension, during this outride, of coming to an untimely end, Tigers being very plenty in the neighbourhood, and jackalls so social, that they venture into your very chamber. This day passed in much the same manner as the former, and at the close of it and of our accounts, we found that the House of Francis and Company were winners several hundred pounds. Everything, my good friends, in this country, is upon an enlarged scale, and the superior skill and attention of Mr. F. will make him successful both in business and sport.

“ *Monday morning.* We all scampered to town as we could. An Indian march is curious enough to see, for, go where you will, every man carries his Bed, and Furniture, Provisions, Liquors, Kitchen Utensils, everything is sent upon the heads of Coolies. We were no trifling party, at least Twenty, besides servants.

To accommodate such a number tents were pitched, and our encampment made a gallant appearance, heightened by that of two elephants chained at the Line for Conveyance of Baggage.

“The only unfortunate event which befel me was an irreparable injury done to my cat, my Persian, the dearest of his kind. He was worried by a dog, and notwithstanding the care and attention Mr. Hay has been so obliging as to give him, and even the advice of a Physician, Pussy’s case, I fear, is desperate.

“*Tuesday, 6th.* I find it is possible to have enough of cards. I sicken at the sight of them and will neither play nor bet for a week, though I am a winner.

“*8th & 9th.* I have got a dismal cold. Tent sleeping will not do for me. Mr. Francis is perfectly well. Mr. Collings has his Indigestions and spleen; Mr. Hay is all Health and good Humour—and my Cat is dead. I wish three Inches of a Case Knife in the cursed dog’s throat, that was the cause of his death.—From this hour, I wage eternal War with the Canine Race.

“*Feb. 13th, Night.* We drove out again to the Gardens. I have been stalking all round and shewing the Boundaries to a Black Surveyor. How the plague these people measure land I cannot conceive. They neither use the compass nor take sights as our people do, and yet they get the contents of a Piece of ground with tolerable accuracy. It is by means of Squares, I believe.

“*Friday Night.* I am just returned from General Clavering’s. It was the concert and card party, but I

neither enjoyed the one nor sat down to the other. Poor Lady Anne who used to be the life and grace of these Meetings is dangerously ill—in fact despaired of. Mr. M. is gone to the country and I came away before supper.

“*Sunday, February 18th.* Lady Anne Monson is no more. After laying speechless during the whole day, she departed last night about ten. The Loss of such a Woman is generally felt by the whole Settlement ; but we, who had the Honour and the Pleasure of a more immediate acquaintance are deprived of a comfort which we shall long regret. Poor Colonel Monson is inexpressibly distressed ! Mr. Francis paid him a visit of a few minutes, which were mutually passed in Tears. We pay the last voluntary tribute of Respect to her Remains this Evening.

“*Night.* Everybody in Town was at the Funeral. Mr. Wilton Chief Mourner, at the Colonel’s Request. The Pall was borne by the Governor, the Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Chambers, Mr. Francis, Mr. Farrer the Councillor, a particular friend of the family, at whose house Colonel Monson now is, and a Mr. Thompson who is of the Colonel’s family. Six ladies bore it from the Gate of the Burying Ground to the grave. No Person was ever more sincerely or more universally regretted. I have nothing to say of ourselves the whole of that day. We were at the Gardens with Mr. Grant and Mr. Ducarel—till evening.

“*Monday, February 19th, Evening.* We dined with Judge Chambers. The Lady Visitors were Mrs. Williamson, Mrs. Marriott, and Miss Touchet, and about 20 men besides us. The Judge gave us a

Turtle, and intended a magnificent dinner but his cook got drunk and set fire to the building in which it was dressing and by that means near twenty Dishes were lost. He has excellent Wine, a spacious House, a beautiful Wife and a lovely child, Happy man!

"21st, *Wednesday*. We have at last engaged a Capital House—the best in Town—but such a Rent. £100 p. month, enormous! Neighbour Collings and I must contribute something towards it. . . .

"Collings is at this instant scolding a Sircar who means nothing worse than to cheat him of a hundred and fifty pound by mere confusion of figures. 'O ho! what! you have found it out, you admit it at last, do you, Mr. Banyan?' 'Yes, yes, very right what Master say. My way, bad way. Master Account right.' They are the most indefatigable, most incorrigible thieves.

"*March 10th, 1776*. At the Garden. Macleod tells me that they have killed in the Garden a Cobra Capella snake of five foot long—for feet I suppose we may read inches. Good-night, dear friends. All is quiet and hush—so I'll go to bed.

"17th. I can say nothing of Mr. Francis to give you greater satisfaction, than that he is in high Health and Spirits. He has received from Mr. Bristow (you know he is resident for the Company at the Court of the Nabob of Oude) a very fine Horse,—large, strong, stately, a beautiful Bay, and as gentle as a Lamb. But none of you, my dear friends, can feel as we do the joy of possessing such an animal, or if you did according to the standard of Pleasure in

Europe, 'tis nothing in comparison of this country, where good and quiet horses are so much more necessary, and so much more difficult to procure.

"*Friday, 22nd.* I had almost forgot. We had a play last night. 'The Busy Body'—(middling) 'the Recruiting Sergeant,' a musical thing (had it been three fourths shorter I should not have complained)—with the 'Mayor of Garrett' (well plaid and much applauded).

"*Saturday, 23rd.* We supped last night at Mr. Aldersey's. He is President of the Board of Trade. There were the Governor and Council, Judges, Board of Trade and 30 more &c., &c., tolerable enough for a large party. Mrs. Hyde sang. The whole house of Aldersey are musical and made up a little concert. . . . I give you joy. We are to have Peace with the Marattas. They give up Salsette and other advantages to the Company. We had before every Prospect of a general War with them. What woeful accounts of the State of America! 'Tis a shocking contest! English against English.

"*Monday, March 25th.* The House! There is a drawing-room on the upper storey above fifty feet long—a dining room below as large, besides two spacious Halls, and a suite of three rooms upon each floor to the East and West. That is fourteen rooms in all, with a principal staircase and 2 back stairs. The apartments are proportionately high, 25 feet I believe. . . . 'Tis by far the largest, loftiest and most superb house in the Place. Livius is here with me and has got the blue Devils. Collings is also somewhat nervous, otherwise we are all in perfect

health. Farewell. Farewell. God Almighty bless
and preserve you all, prays yours, "A. M."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO JOHN BOURKE.¹

"CALCUTTA,

"March 20, 1776.

"Here I live, Master of the finest House in Bengal, with a hundred Servants, a country house and spacious gardens, horses and carriages . . . yet so perverse is my nature that the devil take me if I would not exchange the best Dinner and the best Company I ever saw in Bengal for a Beefsteak and Claret at the Horn and let me choose my company.—Be so good as live till I return and tell Mr. Burke that wherever Fortune may think fit to place me, I shall think it an honour and a happiness to be permitted to cultivate his Friendship. I will not return without an Independence. You know the spirit that is in me. Oh! Bourke, I wish you had a Horse which has been lately sent me from Agra, positively the noblest creature of his kind. He is supposed to be cheap at 2,000 rupees, and now I shall prance like a General Officer and ride over the Vulgar. *Périsse la canaille* is the motto of the English Government in India.

"Yours, P. F."

On the American War D. Godfrey writes to Philip Francis:—

"DEAR FRANCIS,

"May 21st, 1776.

" . . . The American business takes up the attention of everybody, . . . The last news from that

¹ John Bourke was a friend of Edmund Burke as well as of Philip Francis.

Country is that the cowardly Provincials have driven the Kings Army out of Boston in the most Tempestuous Time of the Year, with about ten Days provision on board, they left behind the greatest part of the Artillery and we have no news of them. The Americans have behaved in the same cowardly manner at Sea, they take our Transports, they attack our Ships of war, it is said they have taken one, they trade with all Europe, and they have even had the impertinence to send a Fleet of eight Ships mounting from 36 to 26 Guns to intercept our homeward bound E. I. Ships. I hope Reed will not meet with them, for cowardly as they are, he I am afraid will not be outdone. The Ministry publish here with an air of Triumph that General Howe (he commanded at Boston) has made a most masterly manœuvre, I know well that he had numbers of his people killed, the Town was battered 14 Days, and it was in consequence of a Treaty made with the Provincials that they did not molest him in his embarkation, the condition on his part was that the Town should not be burned, he now has no Place to go to but Halifax, and there they have nothing to eat. I forgot to mention to you that the Provincials were repulsed in attempting to take Quebeck by Storm with the loss of 300 men. This happened in consequence of General Montgomery who commanded the attacks being killed in the first onset, the Town however is still besieged, and will probably be taken. Lord North pronounced the eulogium of General Montgomery in the House of Commons for in answer to some one in the minority, he said speaking of him, that tho' he could not but

admit that he was able, brave, generous, humane, yet he was only an able, brave, generous, humane Rebel, and these are the men, a nation of whom, we wisely are contending with. Take care that you don't visit America before you wish it, it is indeed possible that they may take some of our ships, I think it highly probable. Twelve thousand Germans sailed for America last week, four or five other thousands are yet to go as soon as Ships can be provided for them, in all probability they will reach that country time enough to go into winter Quarters, in my opinion all who do not desert or die must be starved, for they certainly will get nothing there to eat. The Parliament has voted away the People's money gloriously, three millions have been wanted and additional taxes are the consequence. Pray when you are a great man in this country remember that I now bespeak a pretty little sinecure to make amends for the money now taken from me without my consent, to support measures which I from my heart execrate. I am now at Hedley the name of the country place I mentioned to you above, the bargain is at an end, and I must now look out elsewhere. I have it only for one Year and I am not sorry for it. There is in this neighbourhood the most beautiful of beautiful places, and it is either to be let or sold, and I intend if it be not out of the reach of my Pocket to put in for it. One Hundred acres of grass enclosed with park pales is the whole, but then there is a River, the prettiest I ever saw, woods enchanting, the Garden is the best in the world for the size, and on the whole I would with alacrity exchange my future

sinecure for it and give to boot six or seven thousand Pounds, pray that I may have purchased it for I am clear it will exactly suit your Taste, I know you like fish catching, I am told they are in great abundance. Chandler has bought Lord Pomfrets at Sunning Hill for 11 Thousand Guineas. . . . Your family are all well and Jolly. . . . Lord Dunmore has forged £50,000 of the paper money of America and he claims great merit from the glorious exploit. Adieu. If you were within ten days riding post I would pay you a visit. Baggs the Major is gone to Paris. Baggs the Parson¹ is in London.

"I shall carry this Letter to London to-morrow if anything should occur before the Packet sails I will send you a postscript apart. Take care of your health and believe me,

"Yours affectionately,

"D. GODFREY.

"My Brother desires his love to you."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO GEN. FRASER.

"CALCUTTA,

"21st August, 1776.

"Mr. Mackenzie delivered me your Letter of the 12th of January, for which I return you my thanks. I have also received another from you by Mr. Fraser, whom I shall be glad to serve if an opportunity offers; but the military is not in my Department, and I interfere in it as little as I can. . . . The

¹ The sister of Dr. Francis, Mary, married Isham Baggs, Esq., of Dublin. Their sons were Major Philip Baggs and the Rev. Stephen Baggs.

territorial Acquisitions, in their present Course, will, I think, be a Burthen to the governing Power within a much shorter Time, than People at home are aware of. As to myself, I shall only say, that my endeavours, to acquit myself honorably of the Trust reposed in me, have been more laborious than is likely to be credited by men, who have had no Experience of the Nature of this d—— Climate, and do not know how little it is suited to any Exertion of the Faculties either of Body or Mind. . . . When proper Opportunities offer, I beg of you to represent me as I am,—much more ambitious of the Esteem of those Persons whose Opinions I ought to respect, than solicitous about their Favour.

“ In this last Article I do not include Mrs. Fraser or the Margate Coterie. I have not Resolution enough to relinquish willingly any Part of the regard, with which they may think fit to honour me ; tho’ Esteem perhaps requires more Observation and Reflection, than may reasonably be imposed upon a Lady. If I cannot have both, I will endeavour to be content with their favour.

“ I have the honor to be etc. . . .

“ P. FRANCIS.

“ P.S. On the 15th instant, a Ship arrived here from Suez with Letters from England so low as the 20th of May. We have read the Newspaper containing an Account of the Ballot on the 17th of that Month. Such a Passage is almost miraculous.”

The following letter to Mr. Francis’s son Philip was written in copy-book hand. The boy was

eight years old at the time, and was at school with Mr. Ribouville, who is often mentioned in Mrs. Francis's Journal.

"CALCUTTA,
"16th Sept., 1776.

"MY DEAREST PHILIP,

"If I had any Time to bestow upon my Pleasures, I should certainly employ a considerable Part of it in answering the Letters you have been so good as to write to me. I am greatly in your Debt, because I look upon your Improvement in your Education, as an Obligation conferred upon myself. By the Time I return to England, you will be old enough to be my Friend and Companion; and you shall be so, provided I find that your present School Fellows love you, and that you are honest and good natured, and not overbearing or insolent.—I am very well pleased with your writing, and obliged to Mr. Ribouville for paying so much Attention to it. I desire when you have the honour of seeing Lady Bathurst, you will deliver my humble Thanks to her Ladyship for the Notice she has been so good as to take of you. You must do the same to Lady Clive. The Favour of these Ladies will always do you Credit; but as to the dancing School and Misses, I hope you have better Things to attend to.—Desire your Friend Mr. Godfrey to have you taught the Soldier's Exercise. In short you must be a Man in every Thing, if you intend to keep me Company.

"Farewell my dearest Philip, you are never out of my Thoughts.

"P. FRANCIS."

JOHN BOURKE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

"MY DEAR FRANCIS,

"LONDON,
"29 October, 1776.

"I thank you much for the favour of your Letter of the 20th March by the *Talbot*. . . .

"I mourn as you do (I wish I could mourn with you, as I am of opinion that Sorrow, like labour, when divided becomes brighter) at the Effusion of English blood, by English hands; at the waste of treasure and interruption of Commerce, and at the feuds and Animosities that tear asunder the Sacred bands of fellowship, friendship and brotherly affection, in an unnatural, cruel and Sanguinary Contention. Alas! Alas! my friend! America is not, I fear never will be again, what she has been to us, a fatal perseverance in ill advised measures has made a breach between two parts of the Empire, that the soundest policy will never, I fear, be able to repair. In consequence of an Act prohibiting all Intercourse with the Americans, and declaring all their Effects taken lawful prizes to the Captors, they have, in General Congress, composed of Delegates from the Several Colonies, declared themselves independent of the British Crown and Parliament, in what manner, and under what Circumstances they can recede from this act, which involves them, if subdued, in all the Guilt and all the punishment of rebellious and revolted Subjects, I cannot foresee, but it requires little penetration to see that, unless they do recede, they are lost to us as fellow Subjects, though they may become our Allies.

"That beef-stake & bottle of Claret at the Horn,

for which you would exchange the Luxuries of the East, I am most anxious to enjoy with you. The troubles in America have sent us a man, one *Tilghman*, who would make the party not less agreeable, to him I would add the Godfreys, with whom, & Tilghman I dined a few days since, when your health & happiness were wished in a Bumper. If Tilghman should not write to you by this Opportunity, do not be surprised. He is with the Godfreys in the country & does not, I fancy, know that any such offers. I was acquainted with it but this morning, the shortness of the Notice must be my Apology for not sending you any Pamphlets.

“The Parliament meets the day after tomorrow. never was there greater curiosity for a King’s speech. Our Army & Navy have taken *Long Island*, in the vicinity of New York. Accounts have been received that the City had Surrendered, on the 17 Sept., but as they are not come authenticated to Government, the Speech must come out unadorned by this sprig of Laurel. Our news Papers have armed the Kingdoms of Spain & Portugal against each other, & that of France against us. Stocks fall though an Ambassador is just arrived from Paris. Extraordinary bounties are offered to Seamen, & some ships of the line getting ready for equipment.—All this, except the arrival of the Ambassador, looks war, yet it is said we are to be informed that the dispositions of the European Powers are pacific—this moment I hear, there was a hot Press¹ in the River last night. *Bella, horrida*

¹ For sailors.

bella. Our court it is said has required an Explanation of the Encouragement given to the Americans in their Ports; & this is the cause of difference. I fear you will have other Enemies to contend with, besides Injustice, Rapine & the Marattas.

“I should not forget Intelligence from Bèngal which I heard last night. Barwell has lost at play, Sixty lacks [*sic*] of Rupees. Leslie won Ten, Le Maistre 20, & Francis the Remainder: some say we may read thousand Pounds Ster. for Lacs. Let me give Francis a piece of advice, though it may probably arrive 18 months too late. *if he has won, let him keep what he has got, & avoid high play.*

“George Shee,¹ that Nephew of mine whom you mention, must, if he is alive, be with you before now, as he has written to me that, in consequence of my Instruction, he should avail himself of the Company's permission & go to Bengal.

“I wanted to have him, at all events, under your patronage: a few words respecting him you will indulge me with. I declare to God, I never knew so deserving a young man. I do not know a virtue which he wants; nor a vice of which I can accuse him, he is my *albus Gallus*. On his prosperity the Solace necessary to my old Age may depend. The Death of a brother in Jamaica, & the loss of business consequent of it has altered my Situation. *non sum qualis eram.*

“It is but fitting you should know, that your character for acts of benevolence & friendship stands

¹ George Shee (afterwards Sir George Shee) became a great friend of Francis, and for some time acted as his Private Secretary.

very high here ; your Heathys Collins, &c. &c. bear honourable & grateful Testimony of your disposition. Tell me what I can send you from home. many are more capable, none can be more willing to oblige you. God bless you, who are doing good to your Generation, & preserve you long amongst them. May the Same Power forgive & take to himself the authors of the Complication of distresses under which this Country labours. I am,

“ My dear Francis,

“ Your truly affect^{ed} friend

“ J^N^O. BOURKE.

“ Two Armies composed of Natives, Hessians, Wolfenbattlers & Brunswickers, & consisting of 50,000 men at least, with the greatest train of Artillery ever sent out of England & 100 Sail of commissioned ships besides Transports victualers &c now employed in the Reduction of America. Our trade left exposed to the depredations of little privateers & row boats. near Seventy ships already taken ; some under our noses, off Ushant, to the Loss to Proprietors & the Revenue of £800,000 at least.

“ Our Islands deprived of the Support they draw from America, threatened with Famine & insurrection.

“ The charges of Insurance increased 5 fold

“ Ireland dismantled of Troops &——

“ England (I tremble while I write) upon the Eve of a *Foreign War*.

“ One of these German Princes from whom we have hired Subsidiary troops, I am told wrote to his Agent in Paris, in the following words,

“ *Envoyez moi la meilleure Danseuse et la meilleure chanteuse qu'il y ait à Paris. ce sont Messieurs les Anglois qui payeront tout ça.*”

“ I take the Liberty to enclose a Letter for George Shee.”

Concerning Francis's winnings at whist, alluded to in J. Bourke's letter dated Oct. 29th, 1776, Francis had written to his friend Mr. Chandler in March of the same year.

“ An extraordinary stroke of fortune has made me independent. Two years more will probably raise me to affluent circumstances.”

Writing to Mr. D. Godfrey, he explains what the extraordinary stroke of fortune had been :—

“ You must know, my Friend, that on one blessed day of the present year of our Lord (1776) I had won about £20,000 at Whist. It is reduced to about £12,000, and I now never play but for trifles, and that only once a week.”

To Mr. D'Oyly on the same subject Francis says, feeling, perhaps, that such high play needed an excuse: “ It was an incidental burst, which lasted only a few weeks”; and further he says that he had given way to the fascination of gambling in order to get rid of a fit of extreme depression.

A. Mackrabie was taken ill in August, 1776, his illness being the effect of the climate of India. It was hoped that if he left Calcutta and took a voyage his health would be restored, but the remedy was tried too late and he succumbed. Instead of continuing the

voyage, he had to be landed on the coast, in the district of Orissa, which had then the reputation of being a healthy spot, and there he lingered for some months. He died in November, 1776. We have no record of his failing days, nor any memorandum of leave-takings that he may have sent to those in England he loved so well. The last words in his Journal were: "God Almighty bless and preserve you all prays yours A. M."

When we turn from the brother's to the sister's Journal, we find Mrs. Francis writing:—

"*Jan. 1st, 1776.* My six children and I drank a happy New Year to us and all the world, but most particularly remembered our dearest friends in India. . . . I played on the Harpsichord, and the children danced and we were all very happy."

During the course of this year Mrs. Francis lost her cousin Patty, who has been mentioned as living with the parents at Fulham. She died on November 26th, 1776. Mrs. Francis, in recording the event, says: "How sorry my brother will be." He died, as we have seen, during the same month. On December 12th, 1776, Mrs. Francis writes in her Journal:—

"Went to Fulham and found my Father not near so well, [he had been ailing for some time] was in great pain; he desired me to pack up his Journal which I brought to Town with me—poor man, it is left off in the middle of a word."

Mr. Mackrabie, however, lingered on until the

spring of 1777. On February 13th of that year we find this entry in Mrs. Francis's Journal:—

“My dear Mack's birthday, I went to Fulham to dine and took my two girls to celebrate this Festival with our good old Folks, my Father was just got up and sat in Blankets in the great chair and was but poorly, my mother very glad to see us. We drank the health of the day [the brother had already been dead three months], my poor father I fear will not survive it long.”

These fears were just, for we find March 20th written down a black-letter day:—

“This day has a bad beginning indeed, as soon as I had breakfasted came a messenger from Fulham, my poor Father, alas! he is no more—he was taken extremely ill on Wednesday and at seven in the evening he departed; after a hard struggle, he was quiet and composed, he was quite sensible and asked for my mother, but when she went to him had not a word to say, but why did she cry? He asked if I was there, I had not the satisfaction to be present, oh! I could have wished it, let me have suffered ever so much—he talked much of our dear Mack. We have lost a worthy good friend; you may believe, we were all here much affected with such a loss. I sent Collins for my mother—she, poor woman is to be pitied, she will remain with me till I have fixed upon a house and then she will take an apartment near.”

Mrs. Francis's fears about her brother's health had been aroused by passages in her husband's letter to

her, but in the June of 1777 on the 2nd she says in her Journal :—

“After dinner I received a most severe shock when I hoped to have been made happy, a letter, of yours [her husband’s] had some words interlined about my dear brother that have entirely put a stop to all hopes and I fear the worst in every shape. You seem timid in writing and I think must dread to tell me the melancholy truth. I went in the afternoon to my mother and endeavoured to prepare her for the shock. She was much affected and suspects the worst.

“*June 12th.* Spent a pleasant day at Fulham as Mr. Mitchell had wrote me a letter in which he says he has not heard any particular accounts of my dear brother’s health and gives me great reason to hope he is still alive. I will make myself happy with hopes.”

These hopes lasted a few weeks, and in July the entry in the Journal is :—

“I must own your letter dated Jan. 9th was heart-breaking. When I had been flattering myself that my poor Brother was on the Recovery—you say—‘you shall administer to his effects.’ You never told me he was dead. When did it happen and where. . . .

“In the packet of Letters, you sent one from my dearest Brother to my Father—this affects me greatly indeed. I shall keep it for his sake—also a Duplicate of a Letter sent to me from him and a little drawing of a Head called Mr. Barwell. He says in his letter to my Father he thinks he is

getting better. Oh! what a disappointment to all of us and a severe loss to you. As to my mother I have not told her, she is not able to bear such strokes. I expect her death every day—think how hard these things are upon me, indeed with so many frights and griefs I am seldom well.”

On August 28th, 1777, Mrs. Francis writes:—

“Our doubts and fears are over, my dear mother expired this morning almost without a groan. She has not taken any notice of us for some days past. I regret much to part with her, but God’s will must be done. I feel it very hard to have lost four such near and dear friends in ten months. Father, Mother, Brother and cousin.

“*Sept. 2nd.* A dull day, the day of my mother’s funeral. She always desired to be laid by my poor Father at Fulham [Mrs. Mackrabie had come to live near her daughter in London before her death]. Collins went early in the morning in order to attend it. My mother’s maid with her husband and nurse were the four mourners. Many of her friends and neighbours shed tears to see her body brought back so soon and deposited beside my poor father. My heart is full; yet it is proper to bear all with patience.”

The loss of his friend and secretary Alexander Mackrabie caused great sorrow to Mr. Francis. In writing to Mr. Chandler he said:—

“Your own feelings will give you the best idea of the affliction that has fallen upon me. But who will communicate the fatal intelligence to his unhappy Sister? I sent a letter by the way of Suez lately

to Mr. Godfrey which I hope will have prepared her mind for the worst news; if not I must solicit the kind offices of Mrs. Chandler to break it to her, in what terms I know not."

Alexander Mackrabie was loved by all who knew him, and he was himself an enthusiastic friend. It has been said of his feelings towards his chief that not only did he love his brother-in-law as a friend, but worshipped him almost as an idol. During his illness, when he wrote to Francis he called him his "best and dearest friend." "Sick or well, I am yours with the truest affection."

Richard Tilghman, Francis's American cousin and Mackrabie's friend, came to India shortly after the death of the latter to try his fortune as a barrister. He also attached himself to Francis as secretary and right hand man; but from this time we miss the light hand of Mackrabie in describing the life and surroundings of Francis in India.

RICHARD TILGHMAN TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

"LONDON,

"Jan. 24th, 1777.

"MY DEAR FRANCIS,

"By the last fleet I writ to Mr. Secretary Mackrabie, and now I have the honour to address myself to the Tyrant of Indostan. After a thousand delays I have obtained the permission of the Direction to proceed to Bengal, not simply, but *sub modo*; that is to say upon condition of my going to Dublin and being called to the Irish bar. . . . This will put me to some inconvenience: however I can return to

England in time to get out in the last ship. Believe me I shall not be grieved when the time of my departure from this country arrives. I shall feel none of that reluctance which hung about me when I went last to America. Alas! why should I? London is not what it was to me, Fitzpatrick is dead; you are gone; and J[ohn] B[ourke] is as heavy as old age. I have never ventured to put my foot in the Crown Coffee House, indeed I never see it without being filled with melancholy. Farewell! Remember me to Mack¹—you and he are my all in India. I am most impatient to be with you.

“Yours most faithfully,

“R. TILGHMAN.”

In the spring of the year 1777 Francis began to keep a Journal, from which some entries have been selected :—

A LEAF FROM PHILIP FRANCIS'S JOURNAL, 1777.

“*May 9th*, 1777. Set out for Kishnagur with Ducarel and Bristow; slept at Pulta at Mr. Prinsep's.

“*11th*. Proceeded in the evening. Budgerow.

“*12th*. Budgerow. Infernally hot.

“*13th*. Landed in the afternoon at Nuddea; met by the Rajah's eldest son, with presents of fruit &c.

“In Palanquins to Kishnagur.

“*14th*. Well entertained by Mr. Shore.

“*15th*. Visit from the old Rajah, which I returned, and saw an immense palace in ruins, and the prince of the country, a venerable old man, lodged in one

¹ The news of Mackrabie's death had not yet reached England.

corner of it, in a state of beggary and misery not to be believed.

"16th. Set out on horseback on our return by the way of Sooksagur. Arrive at Croftes's at two o'clock in the morning excessively tired.

"17th. Proceed in the Budgerow to Hughley and forced to sleep in it.

"18th. Breakfast and dine at Motte's with Lady Impey. Sup at Chinsura, at Mr. Radamacker's, with all the Dutch Factory; plenty of victuals and civility but as dull as Rotterdam: returned late by myself to Pulta where I slept.

"19th. Return to breakfast at Calcutta. Council.

"June 6th. Rev[enue] Board. A curious but shocking account of Capt. Browne's Expedition against the Hill People in his district and the dreadful devastations committed by his troops."

JOHN BOURKE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

"LONDON,
"27 June, 1777.

"MY DEAR FRANCIS,

"I wrote you a few days ago by the way of Madrass. poor Will Burke who went over land, to carry the Company's dispatches to Lord Pigot, took charge of my letter, & will send it by the first conveyance to Calcutta.

"I have some information that the Court of Directors have written to Mr. Clavering in terms of the strongest Solicitation to continue in his Employment. Should he not comply with their Request,

& that Mr. Hastings should likewise return, the Office of President will, I think, devolve on you; as the vacancies in Council will be filled by men disposed to act with you, your business will be easy, & you cannot fail of enjoying what I most Sincerely wish you—peace and tranquility of mind.

“The Session of Parliament is ended. Five million of new money has been raised for the purpose of the American war, & the prospect of finishing that war seems as remote as ever. The French are the only gainers by the Contest, except a few Individuals, such as Contractors, Paymasters, & Generals. The American Ships find an easy entrance into the Ports of France, where they dispose of their Commodities, and purchase military stores. In the West Indies the Game is played in a different manner. From the Islands of Guadeloupe & Martinoe many vessells have been fitted out, having but one American on board, with a Commission from the Congress, those vessels take clearances for the Spanish main, or other ports, as protection, in case they are stopped by our Cruizers. the Cruizers no longer in Sight, they assume the Characters of Privateers under their American Captain, make prizes of defenceless ships, & carry them into French ports, & sell them publickly. These facts have been stated to the W. Ind. Merchants; they have laid them before the Ministers; the ministers have probably referred them to our Ambassador, & the Ambassador has probably demonstrated at the French court. Still the evil is unremedied, I fear the English language has lost its energy at foreign Courts. We are wasting our



THE HON. EDMUND BURKE.

blood and treasure in endeavouring to destroy the object that gave it vigour.

“ J. B.

“ Baggs, the Major, has fought a Duel in France, with the *notified* FitzGerald, they were both wounded. Baggs has got reputation.”

The “ Poor Will Burke ” mentioned in John’s letter of June 27th was a brother of Edmund Burke. Mr. Francis’s notice of him had been solicited in a letter from John to Mr. Francis dated April 29th, 1777.

“ Such is the prejudice against his name and principles,” writes John of William, “ that although he was 10 years in Parliament and under secretary to Gen. Conway, with a fair character for morals and ability, he had not interest sufficient to obtain any station in the Company’s Service. . . . His wish was to go to Bengal in some situation such as would place him within reach of your assistance, this was likewise Edmund’s wish, but they had not interest enough to obtain it.”

Edmund Burke wrote to Mr. Francis about his brother, June 9th, 1777.

“ This wide Empire,” he says, “ will frequently disperse those who are dear to one another ; but if this dispersion of their persons does not loosen their regards it every now and then gives such opportunities of unexpected meeting as almost compensate the pain of separation. . . . These thoughts occur to me in parting with a friend whom I have tenderly loved, highly valued, and continually lived with, in an union not to be expressed, quite since our boyish years. . . .

If he should visit your Kingdom I trust that he will find a friend there whose manner of serving him will not be in the style of those who acquit themselves of a burthen. His first views are at Madras, but all India is now closely connected and your influence and power is such that you may serve him very materially even there. I will not wrong your friendship by pressing this matter any further, but it is indeed near to my heart.

“ I am with the most sincere esteem and affection
your most faithful and obedient, humble servant

“ E. BURKE.

“ *June 9. 1777.*”

FROM PHILIP FRANCIS'S JOURNAL.

“ *June 30th.* On Monday Gen. Clavering invests himself with the Order of the Bath and we attend Council. A lucky Star it is, and appears to us at a most seasonable juncture. The Governor orders a salute and recommends circulars to notify the honour done to Clavering. I thought this a pitiful condescension.

“ *July 5th.* Sup with Hastings at Impey's, long faces.

“ *9th.* News of Mrs. Imhoff's divorce and hopes of her marriage with Hastings.

“ *July 26th.* Nothing. Sup at Impey's. Her ladyship swears stoutly that Madame Imhoff shall pay her the first visit—an idea which I don't fail to encourage.

“ *July 29th.* I find by private letters dated Feb. 5th that I stand as high at home as I could wish.

"Mrs Imhoff sups at Lady Impey's by way of submission.

"*Aug. 19th.* Clavering very ill and I think in great danger.

"*21st.* Sup at the Governor's. Mrs. Hastings very handsomely acknowledges my constant attentions to her.

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"The lady herself is really an accomplished woman. She behaves with perfect propriety in her new station and deserves every mark of respect.

Aug. 30th. Sir John Clavering, after a delirium of many hours, expired at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2 p.m., and was buried at 8 in the most private manner. The Governor ordered minute guns. I waited on the ladies and pressed them to remove to my house, but they declined it. I attended the Funeral on foot to the grave.

"*Nov. 11th.* Tilghman arrives this morning."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO MRS. FRANCIS.

"Mrs. Wheler¹ the latest arrival from Europe introduced a novelty at Calcutta—viz., she appeared in public for the first time at our ball the night before last in wonderful splendour. At sight of her hoop all our beauties stared with envy and admiration. I never saw the like in all my life."

Here follow some extracts from Mrs. Francis's Journal during the years 1776 and 1777. Allusions to

¹ Wife of Mr. Wheler, a member of the Council, lately sent from England; he had been Chairman of the Board of Directors.

her brother occur now and then, as she did not hear of his death until the middle of the latter year.

MRS. FRANCIS'S JOURNAL.

"All our dear children are well, except Sally [Sally was frequently ailing], she and I are going to try the cold Bath and the Islington Spa Water,—Betsy is well and not near so fat, Harriet looks pale and thin, but is in general much admired, Philip is very good, only too volatile, Mary improves and little Kitty is still the same agreeable little creature: upon the whole without partiality they are a charming set of children. Collins grows fat and looks better than ever, she begs her duty to you and my dear Mack: your old friend Tom is in perfect health and of late has not committed any robberies. Of myself what shall I say, I am still the same poor weakly creature, I do all I can to obtain health and must be contented with the consequences."

Several presents from her husband are acknowledged:—

"Thank you a thousand times for your present of a purse of Morahs [mohurs], I rather wanted a little extraordinary sum of money and as to goods I find they are attended with so much difficulty to get them that they seldom answer.

"Mr. David Godfrey has paid me my money for the Gold you sent me, but the morahs did not come to so much as you expected. I kept three out, One I gave to Miss Holden and two I kept. Mr. Godfrey got for the 47, £68. 19/ nothing could have been so acceptable a present to me as this."

Again :—

“Mr. Lowder sent the shawls, I cannot be enough grateful to you for mine which is truly pretty, but the other I can't say I so much admire, the pattern is so large, I thought Mrs. Chandler would not like it, so, I hope you won't be angry, but I kept that shawl and shall give her a beautiful one, the fellow to Mrs. Holden's, I feared she might suspect your taste and anything that lessens you must always make me miserable, you know her excessive delicacy and I wished that she might view it with pleasure. I have given good Mother Chitty the dark square one and she is happy and thankful for it. The muslins are beautiful, particularly the striped and sprigged. The striped sell for £1. 1/ a yard here—as for the sprigged I never saw any such to sell.”

Mrs. Francis does not always praise the muslin sent :—

“I have got my parcel, but why my dearest man must you still send me plain thin book muslin, tis of no use and a great expense to you. If the muslin was Jaconet it would have done better—however my dearest many thanks to you.”

Once we find mention of a present Mrs. F. sent to India :—

“*Sept. 5th, 1776.* I went out and bought you five pairs of laced ruffles and beg you will give my love to my dear brother and beg him to accept one pair of them as a present from me, I hope you will like

them all. I shall be proud if my dearest Philip will accept these ruffles as my present and would be thankful if any thing I can do would but give you some proof of my gratitude ; believe me it is most sincere, though I don't know to how express it."

Again, on the receipt of some gift from her husband she writes :—

" *Oct. 1st.* Your letter has increased my former obligation and gratitude to you for so unlimited a credit, but do, my dearest Love believe me though I am perfectly sensible of your great generosity yet your Love weighs more with me and seems of more real value than all this world can bestow upon me.

" *Oct. 10th, 1776.* I went to drink tea with Mrs. Chandler, they are come to town for a day or two to order their house to be painted. Our chief talk was about you and the great victories we have obtained over the Americans in having taken Long Island and killed three thousand of the Provincials and only lost and wounded of our own People but 300. This is the present Talk.

"In the evening both Sunday and Monday I entertained myself with reading your dear Letters which I received the year before we married, how happy they made me and yet how unhappy, I could not sleep for them. Went to call on Mrs. Chandler. She was just setting off for Sunbury that fine house of Lord Pomfret's they have purchased for twelve thousand odd pounds.

"I am just going to have a handsome suit of green cloathes made for Philip, I can assure you I

keep him very genteel; he has two suits a year beside Waistcoat and Breeches.

"*Nov. 27th, 1776.* Mr. Sabine Gascoyne called [lately come from India]. He seems grateful to you for your kindness and says every body is in love with my brother. He talks much of your good spirits which I was thankful to hear of and all your greatness. Every word he told me was 'valuable and I only thought his visit too short.

"*Saturday, Dec. 7th.* Mr. Shepherd, Purser to the *Talbot* East Indiaman, brought me the little canvas Parcel enclosing 200 Morahs. I found the money all right and very fine gold. Your 500 sequins sold for £233, some odd shillings.

"I received the little hoop Diamond Ring and four pearls which I thank you for. The ring is too small and I intend to have it set in a Heart to fasten my handkerchief—I shall have the pleasure to see it oftener as I seldom wear rings and have one of the same sort before."

Mrs. Francis was anxious to find a larger house for herself and her family than the one in Duke Street, in which she had remained after her husband left her to go to India; she had a larger party at home since the two elder girls had left school. "I must have a tolerable large house for so many of us," she writes in her Journal early in the year 1777.

"*Friday, Jan. 24th, 1777.* I went to look at a house with Mr. and Mrs. Chandler. Mr. Chandler likes the house very well we have seen, but we all think too high a Rent £200 a year.

“ Whilst I was away Mr. Adair [doctor] came and said it was proper to bleed Sally and Harriet which he did, when I came home I was much frightened, but hope it will be of use. Harriet after the Bleeding fainted away several times and was very weak and low, but the pain in her side was much relieved, she had but a poor night and is very indifferent.

“ *Feb. 2nd.* Mr. Chandler called, told me that he and Mr. D'Oyly thought the Rent which I persuaded the Landlord to take £180 was too much for me to give. I wrote Mr. C. a list of all my necessary expenses by the year, allowing for this high Rent which together I could discharge for £1,200 a year, he thought it too much, so did I, but I can't do it for much less. However in compliance to my two Friends I have given up the House, though I confess I much wished to have it.

“ *Tuesday, 4th.* I think myself much better. I have changed my medicines and now only apply to nervous Herbs, I hope they will be of service, my spirits are better and I sleep better, my thoughts are continually with you.

“ *March 6th.* I went to Mr. Chandler's and he showed me your Letter which afforded me much Pleasure and some Vanity, at the kind and affectionate manner you express yourself to me and your dear Children, I pray God to preserve us all to have the Happiness of meeting together and grant our satisfaction may be compleat by permitting us to live and enjoy each other many many years.

“ *March 13th.* I am not yet fixed in a House, for

Mr. Chandler will not consent to my paying so great a Rent as £200 a year and I cannot meet with a tolerable place to hold us for less.

“*Saturday, 15th.* I set off again House hunting but cannot get any thing but at a great Rent, £130 a year is the lowest price and then a very small house, hardly room to put us in. What can I do? I don't know how to act to please everybody.

“I and my two girls drank tea with Mr. and Mrs. Chandler—nothing very gay. They don't seem to consent to my having that sweet house in Harley Street—it is too much money—I have given Philip a Ticket, cost me half a guinea, for his dancing Master's Ball.

“*Monday, 17th.* I am still uneasie about this House and have at last determined to do, what I hope you my dearest Philip will approve, if so I am happy and will not mind what anybody says, but if you do not I am then truly miserable at having acted a part entirely by myself. I went this morning and have at last adventured to take the House in Harley Street I so very much longed for. It is a very good one and every way pleasant and agreeable, in a fine situation. At first Mr. and Mrs. Chandler were both so pleased with the House that if Mr. D'Oyly had agreed Mr. Chandler would have bought it for £3000, £19 a year Ground Rent and after that Mr. Chandler desired me to offer the Landlord who is a very genteel man £180 a year Rent, which, after much ado, he accepted, then Mr. Chandler was off and she said it would do very well for them two, but I suppose she thought it too good for me,

however I did not choose to lose it and have taken it, Mr. Chandler does not yet know it, I am almost afraid to tell him, so much for this, and may God Almighty bless you and may I with our dear Children, live to meet and enjoy each other in this great and charming House. I will lay out as little as possible in furnishing it.

“LONDON.

“*March 18th.* Mr. and Mrs. Chandler came in. I told them I had at last taken my favourite house in Harley Street and hoped they would forgive my doing so as I could not obtain their approbation. They looked grave and sayd very well, but nothing more.

“Went to my new House and am still more pleased, fixed on Papers &c. In the evening was made very happy by a letter from you. You really make me vain with the kind things you write me, and I almost fear I shall be obliged to take too much advantage of your generosity in fitting up this House, but I will be as saving as possible. My Mother has taken an Apartment in great Marylebone Street very near our House in Harley Street.

“*Monday, April 14th, 1777.* Polly Holden is staying with me. We took our Morning Ride, and went to my New House, like it better and better staid at Home all the Evening and alone, but we are always entertained for one of my Misses read whilst the rest work.

“*Wednesday, 23rd.* Miss Holden, Mr. Godfrey, his brother and new wife with three of her Sisters and our two girls, Sally and Betsy and I, all went in the evening to Ranelagh, my girls' surprise was very

great indeed at entering the Room full of fine company, Lights &c. Every thing pleased and they were very happy, so was I to see them so, we came home early.

“ *Thursday, 24th.* It happened very unluckily that Miss Gemmel had secured places for the New Play ‘Know your own Mind’ a very clever Comedy and much approved, for that day, and we were obliged to go though tired with our former Day’s Amusements, but the Girls’ Pleasure was so extreme at the Play, and after many good Observations we had a Pantomime which much surprised and pleased, the House was full and very hot and I much tired, not having been at a Play for four years before, but I thought it right to attend my Girls. Mr. Robert Gemmel a good humoured worthy Man insisted on paying for the two Girls, being the first Play they saw, and with much ado, I consented.

“ *Saturday, April 26th.* Received your Letter dated Sep. 21, 1776 full of grief for poor Col. Monson’s Death. Your sick list seems to be pretty full—no more accounts of our dear Mack. . . . I told Miss Gemmel the kind things you said of her and she is much flattered by them and hopes to increase in your good opinion and Friendship. I observe your advice about Humility and will endeavour to follow it.

“ Mr. Chandler is much pleased with his Sword, and I am all thankfulness for my Necklace ; but it is too good. I could wish you to keep your money and not lay it out on those fine things, I have no use for them, I am miserable for my Brother’s return and I trust in good Health.

" *May 19th.* I fear I have given Mr. D'Oyly some great offence, though I am not sensible in what manner. What would I give to have my dearest Master and Husband with me to direct my ways, We talked for two hours, I sighed and cried, One minute I am told I don't dress my Children well enough and another that I spend too much money; what can I do? Mr. D'Oyly and Mr. Chandler have I believe both wrote to you to know if I am absolutely to be fixed to £800 a year, though you have wrote to me and these gentlemen, for me to have unlimited Credit, this they cannot understand, nor do I. *They* will not, with quietness give me any more and this will not do. I will now write you a List of my Expences.

House Rent & Taxes	£202. 8.
House keeping at £4. 4/ a week	222. [sic.]
Philip School & Clothes	77.
Servants Wages 5 in number	50.
Man's Livery	12. 12.
Girls Clothes	90.
Coals & Wine	50.
Apothecary	30.
Coach & Horses	110
Girls school and Masters	120
Extraordinaries for the House	50
Your Pensioner.	6
My own clothes and Pocket	63
£1082. 12. [sic.]	

" This is the least I can do with, I hope you won't think it too much; but if you do it is proper I should submit so must then let my House, lay down my coach and retire into the country.

“ Mr. Chandler has been rather harsh, though I believe well meant. I gave up buying a gown which was to cost £10, though I have not had one before since you went. . . . I wished him and Mr. D'Oyly to examine my accounts, which they both declined. What can I do? I meet with some difficulties, but must swallow them. Both their ladies are very advising, without knowing anything of the matter: but they live in plenty and may do what they please without being called to account: they know nothing of children or their expenses.

“ *Monday, June 16th.* Moved to Harley Street. I and my girls dined at my Mother's.¹ The servants came in the evening after numberless Loads of Goods. We slept in our new House and found every thing comfortable, but I got a cold and cough.

“ *Friday, 20th.* But very poorly, great weakness of Nerves and Spirits, but I write to finish this Packet as I am going out of Town in a few days. . . . I am much fatigued with moving and as my staircase is to be painted in the latter end of the Summer I thought it best to go as soon as possible and have met with a pretty House, large enough to hold us all, with my poor Mother who I could not leave. It is at Walton, just by the Duke's Park Gate at Oatlands, and is completely furnished. I am to have it with Gardens, coach-house, stables &c. for 9 months for £40 and I think it very Cheap, though a large sum of money, some place I must have had in the country, my Health is at times so poorly. . . .

¹ Mrs. Mackrabie, as has been mentioned, died in the autumn of this year.

“WALTON.

“*June 21st.* This place is very delightful. We have new milk and fresh Butter twice a Week and a very pretty Garden well stocked with Flowers and Herbage and much Fruit in expectation.

“*July 25th.* I received a Duplicate Letter of that dated Nov. 28. . . . Your goodness is great indeed about my poor Father and Mother. As to the first, he is long since no more and as to my poor Mother she is too near the conclusion of her Fate to acquaint her with your Generosity and I dare not tell her of the great loss we have all sustained, but I am equally obliged to you for your great goodness.

“*Aug. 16th.* Went with my two Girls to dine at Mr. Holden's and had the pleasure to see Captn. Carr who delivered to me the small Parcel from you which contained the beautiful Pearl Necklace. I thank you most heartily for so fine a Present, yet as I had no letter, not so much as a Word I confess I was much disappointed. . . . I took the necklace to Mrs. Chandler and begged her to keep it with her jewels. . . . I am frightened when I think of wearing so much money.

“*Tuesday, Aug. 26th.* There are great accounts of a victory attained by our Army in America and I am sorry to say your cousin poor Col. Francis is among the list of killed. I know you will regret his death as I do.

“*Aug. 27th.* I took a ride on one of my Coach Horses behind the Coachman, as I grudge paying for a hired one. I like it very well and am advised

to do it for my health and spirits, I want them very much."

Mrs. Francis writes sometimes from Walton and sometimes from Harley Street.

"HARLEY STREET.

"I gave Sally Bussy an airing with me—she was much pleased with it. She is always good natured and happy and talks of you and your youth with extacy.

"*Monday, Oct. 20th.* I have a cold and stay at home. My two Girls are gone to dine at Mr. Chandlers and go with them to Sunbury Assembly. . . .

"*Oct. 21st.* Polly Holden called and with her Mr. Prime. They all seem to enjoy the old Knight's money, Mr. Prime keeps a coach, Chariot and Phaeton with four horses and servants innumerable. . . .

"My two Girls are come home delighted with their Ball and the kind Hospitality of their good Friends."

Sally and Betsy were then aged fourteen and eleven.

The following letter from Mr. Francis to his wife was received by her on November 7th, 1777:—

PHILIP FRANCIS TO HIS WIFE.

"CALCUTTA,

"March 5, 1777.

"MY DEAREST WIFE,

"My last was by the *London*, which sailed about a fortnight ago. Since that we have been

tolerably quiet and expect to continue so till the arrival of advices from England.

“As for myself I am truly anxious about nothing but the welfare of my family and friends. Political events cannot reach or affect me. By this or the next ship I shall make an additional remittance to Mr. Chandler of £3,200. Besides that I am really an Economist—Fortune has taken extraordinary care of me, and I am much her humble Servant. She was certainly in my debt if it be considered how many years you and I lived upon little or nothing. If there were peace in America all would be well. By Capt. Carr I sent you a pearl Necklace, I should probably have done much better in sending you the money it cost, and so left you to please yourself. To make up for that mistake you will find yourself authorized by the enclosed letter to Mr. Godfrey to employ £500 in diamond earrings or any other Jewelry you may think fit.”

MRS. FRANCIS'S JOURNAL CONTINUED.

“*Friday, Nov. 7th, 1777.* Your letter dated March 5th I received safe by the *Cumberland*, at the same time as the other. I am glad to find all was quiet when this came away and hope it has continued so. You know I am no Politician. Your remittances came safe and you will believe were welcome.

“We are both infinitely indebted to Fortune and I am grateful to her. As to our former difficulties in making both ends meet I am always happy when I think of those days for they were full of pleasure and satisfaction in acting as we should and every

thing turned out well, but notwithstanding your success, our absence from each other and in that the loss of all that is dear, is in a great degree truly affecting, but I must always endeavour to bear it as well as I can.

“*Nov. 9th.* A very indifferent day. Lord Mayor’s Day and that is always wet.

“How happy do your Letters make me, indeed my dearest Philip, if it was possible I love you more than ever. . . . I shall like to wear your beautiful Present of Muslin if it is not too fine; the necklace I have not yet had absolutely valued, but I have been told some Pearls were worth about £250, the five Rows—I think it worth more. I have not yet bespoke the Earrings . . . you are too good to me. . . .

“What you mention of your remaining two years longer in this distant Climate has hurt me very much, I am cast down and disappointed, but I must bear it and pray at all times for your success.

“*Wednesday, 26th.* Mr. and Mrs. Chandler drank Tea with us, they are charmed with my house, but think some of my Furniture not good enough, I told them I could not afford any better and as to Glasses I must go without.

“Your children, I thank God, are all well. The two eldest sit by me and are two fine young women, Harriet and Mary at school are both well and happy and Kitty a sweet little saucy Girl. All my old servants are with me and Tom the cat is in perfect health and mews his duty.”

On the subject of Mrs. Francis's expenditure Mr. D'Oyly wrote to Francis :—

"April 20th, 1777.

"Mr. Chandler and I take as good care of your money matters as we can; but if you choose that your Family should not spend more than £800 a year, you should not specify that sum in our Letters, and in theirs call upon them to spend whatever they please, and rather charge them to live liberally and expensively in that way. This you cannot but see must breed a little uneasiness when we try to keep Expenses within what you point out to us, and indeed I suppose they will now reach £1,200 a year, instead of £800.

Francis wrote to Mr. Chandler from India, referring to the Harley Street House as follows :—

"... Between ourselves, I intirely agree with Mr. D'Oyly and yourself in all your ideas concerning the House in Harley Street, and the Establishment attending it. But why should I tell her so, when the thing is done, and when I know that a serious word from me would break her Heart. Mine will not suffer me to think of it. I approve then intirely of her having £1,200 a year from the commencement of her new establishment and £200 for equipment. In the present state of things, a thousand pounds more or less is of no consequence to me. I myself pay very near £1,500 a year for bare walls; but it is a palace, and the first situation. By managing my money at interest, and living in general with great Economy I

can remit £6,500 a year at least, and I will not stir before I am Independent.

“ I will write to Mr. Godfrey about Philip, confining myself to Politics with Mr. D'Oyly.

“ My most cordial good wishes and thanks wait on Mrs. Chandler.

“ I am, yours, P. F.”

In his Journal of 1778 Francis writes :—

“ *Jan. 3rd, 1778.* Formal Supper at Impey's for Mrs. Wheler, Mrs. Hastings sends a silly excuse, an intended slight to Lady Impey.

“ *26th.* At night a long conversation with Wheler, open, friendly and confidential in the highest degree. I begin to love this man.

“ *30th.* Ball at my house.

“ *Feb. 2nd.* Masquerade at the Play House.”

About this time D. Godfrey is writing from England :—

D. GODFREY TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

“ LONDON.

“ *3rd Jan., 1778.*

“ DEAR FRANCIS,

“ D'Oyly and Chandler are both well and I suppose write you. The former you know is Secretary to L^d George Germain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and the lamentable account of our Ill success has made him very low spirited. The Public news is pretty near all contained in the Newspapers I send

you with this. . . . The Savage barbarity with which this war has been carried on, points out clearly the Pious Author. What think you of General Burgoine paying 10 Dollars per Scalp to the Indians in his suite, men, women, and children were included in the Proscription, has not the war met the fate it deserved? After all this we still call the Americans cowards, and all the Tories, Jacobites, Scotch and the Court believe it. What we are now to do God knows. It seems we can get no more men from Germany, and we have none in England or Ireland. Some Scotch Lords have offered to raise Regiments at their own Expense. Manchester and Liverpool have offered to raise a Regim^t. each (they each raised one in '45 for the Pretender) which offers have been graciously accepted, I suppose they will be ready to embark for America when General Howe arrives in England.

“ D. GODFREY.

“ Your cousin Col. Francis was killed fighting for the liberties of his country. The last news is that Mud Island is taken.”

JOHN BOURKE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

“ LONDON,

“ 14th Jan. 1778.

“ MY DEAR FRANCIS,

“ I wrote you some time since by the Packet, the most material occurrence that has happened and surely it is, considering all circumstances, one of the most extraordinary that could have happened, is the Surrender of General Burgoyne and his *whole Army*, as Prisoners of War, to General Gates and his

American Ragamuffins. The terms of the Capitulation and the untoward incidents which produced this disgraceful submission you will see in Gen. B.'s letter, as published in the Gazette. Parliament meets, after a pretty long Adjournment, in the very heart of the Winter, on the 20th Instant. Burgoyne is not yet arrived, but is daily expected. People are very impatient to know what will be his conduct ; whether he will endeavour to account for his misfortune by a confession of some Error in the execution or to vindicate himself, by showing the impracticability of a plan he was ordered to execute, and thereby throwing the Reproach of the Miscarriage upon the Authors and Advisers of so romantic an Enterprise.

“ By this Discomfiture in the Northern Provinces, you will see that the Inhabitants of that Part are left at Leisure, for the present, free from the Horrors of War, to cultivate their Lands, and prepare themselves to repel any Attacks which may be made against them hereafter. The Case is otherwise in the Southern provinces, which are now the Seat of War. Gen. Howe is in Possession of Philadelphia, and was, by the last Accounts, preparing to attack Washington, whose Army was distant from him but a few Miles. Upon the Event of an Action if Washington inclines to hazard it, will depend the fate of the middle Colonies. Should the King's forces be so far victorious as to defeat and scatter the American Army ; all the Countries on both sides of the Delaware *must* submit ; Gen. Howe will remain undisturbed, in good Winter Quarters, plentifully supplied, and ready with troops restored from the fatigues of an harassing

Campaign, to begin his further Operations early in the Spring. If on the Contrary, from the lateness of the Season, or the uncertain fate of War, Washington's troops should remain, it is to be apprehended that they may make the Situation of our Army so disagreeable as to justify Howe in making from Phila^a. a retreat as precipitate as he made from Boston.

“ This is a little Sketch of the Situation of things in America, from which you will not conceive any sanguine hope of the great *Desideratum*—a reconciliation with the Colonies. Unfortunately, we have not taken one Step, as yet, that tended to regaining their Affections, or establishing a Confidence. We are told now, indeed, that the Ministry intend to propose a Repeal of all the Acts complained of. This measure, at an earlier period, would have had an happy effect, it comes too late to a people, irritated, I fear, to a degree of irreconcilable Aversion, & forced into a declaration of Independence, which *virtually* repeals all Acts respecting them, from the Act of Navigation, to the last prohibitory Act. I say it with a sigh. We are no more One People. Those whom we called by every Name that is endearing, Friends, Relations, Countrymen, are, by a fatality in our Councils, severed from us, and driven to seek protection & Alliance in the Arms of our natural Enemies. In order to *temper* this *delusive Concession*, this *ostensible mitigation*, with *proper Severity*; & to preserve the Dignity, the fatal Dignity of this Country, it is said that the proposed Repeal is to be accompanied with an Act, declaring the Supremacy of this Country over N. Amer.—alas, alas! I think

there exists an Act which declares the Kingdom of France an Apendage upon the Crown of England.

“Parliament met two days ago; but the Business of America is deferred until the 2nd of next month, when the State of the Nation will be laid before them.

“Gen. Howe went out from Philad^a. to endeavour to draw Washington from his camp, to an engagement. After 3 days spent in skirmishing between the outposts, he returned and has put his Army into Winter Quarters. Thus has ended this campaign.

“Affectionately yours,

“JOHN BOURKE.”

JOHN BOURKE TO PHILIP FRANCIS.

“LONDON,

“17 May, 1778.

“I yesterday rec'd your Letter of the 21st of Nov^r last. . . .

“You will have heard that Will Burke had quitted India. He arrived among us, to our great Joy, a few days ago. What he has done I cannot inform you; nor can you want, on this head, any information from me. Neither he or his friends can ever forget your kindness.

“I cannot but admire the Serenity of Temper which you show, in Place, without power, thwarted, opposed and proscribed, as you justly observe, like an English Patriot. *I marvel much where the Gentleman found this Calmness*, but certain it is that you are not more applauded for your Abilities and Judgment than for your Moderation and Acquiescence,

by which you have prevented an entire distraction in the Councils, and averted the Ruin of the Company's Affairs. . . . Lord Chatham's dead, that *clarum & venerabile Nomen Gentibus* is no more. Those who rejected his Councils when living, now are ready to give his Remains all funeral honours, at the Public expense and *help to bury whom they helped to starve.*

“ J. B.”

On February 4th, 1778, P. Francis had written to D. Godfrey :—

“ I am now, I think in the road to the Government of Bengal which I believe is the first situation in the World, attainable by a subject. I will not baulk my future ; if that hope be disappointed I shall assuredly not stay here beyond the expiration of the present commission ; if it succeeds you will probably not see me in less than four years from this time.

“ But we shall still be young my Friend, with the means and powers of enjoyment.”

In his Journal for December 11th of the same year is the following entry :—

“ Major Baggs arrived in the evening—advice from England, vouched by him in the highest degree flattering to me, and full of hopes.

“ But alas ! I have been trained in the School of disappointment.”

And disappointed Francis was fated to be in his ambition to rule in India. The estimation in

which he was held by those in power at home, of which he had received assurance, produced no action in his favour: his position remained the same, and Hastings was not recalled. The years dragged on.

On March 2nd, 1780, Francis wrote to his friend D. Godfrey:—

“CALCUTTA,
“2nd March, 1780.

“MY DEAR GODFREY,

“I will have nothing to do with the Purchase of Boroughs. It is a business I neither like nor understand; besides which, I think the time is approaching when even that sort of commodity will not be saleable. Before I return, I fear there will be a shorter method of conducting public affairs. Look to it. The British Empire in India is tottering—another year, on the present system, will bring it to the ground. But what is the loss or Ruin of foreign Acquisitions, when England itself is threatened with Invasion, Conquest, and Dissolution! . . . The dreadful aspect of our affairs in this country has forced me to yield to a temporary Pacification with Mr. Hastings, on Public Ground, and no other. Since it has pleased the Demon, who presides over England to continue and confirm Mr. Hastings and Mr. Barwell in possession of Absolute Power over this Part of the Empire, nothing was left for me but to try, if possible, to save it from instant destruction, or at least to delay that ultimate ruin, of which the Foundation is laid, and which perhaps no measures possible for me now to take can prevent. This, I

most solemnly avow to you, is the sole motive of my conduct, unmixed with any personal Interest, direct or indirect, for myself or anybody else, or any view to it immediate or remote. Even in this Infernal Region, my character is so well established, and my Principles so well known, that, on this occasion Justice is universally done to my conduct. In England, it is possible that other motives may be imputed to me; I know what the spirit of Party is capable of, and how securely it acts against men so far removed from the public judgment of the nation as I am. I know the Power it possesses, at this distance from Detection, of colouring or creating facts to answer any malignant purpose; but I stand on a Rock, and bid Defiance to the storm. . . .

“Yours, ever yours,

“P. FRANCIS.”

These strained relations with the Governor-General led up to the final rupture between him and Francis, when their long antagonism culminated in a personal quarrel. For the history of this event we refer to Francis's Journal of August, 1780:—

PHILIP FRANCIS'S JOURNAL.

“*Aug. 15th, 1780.* Rev[enue] Board. When it [the Council] was over I took him [Hastings] into a private room and read to him the following words. ‘Mr. Hastings, I am preparing a formal answer to the paper you sent to me last night. As soon as it can be finished I shall lay it before you; but you must be

sensible, sir, that no answer I can give to the Matter of that Paper can be adequate to the Dishonour done me by the Terms you have made use of. You have left me no alternative but to demand personal satisfaction of you for the affronts you have offered me.'

"As soon as I had read the preceding words to Mr. Hastings, he said he expected the demand, and was ready to answer it. We then agreed to meet on the morning of Thursday the 17th. I told him that I should desire Colonel Watson our chief Ingenier to attend me.

"Mention the affair to Watson, who happened to dine with me to-day—he agrees to provide Pistols, in order to prevent suspicion.

"16th. Employed in settling my affairs, burning Papers &c., in case of the worst. Dull work. This evening Mr. Hastings orders his minute to be recorded.

"17th. Arrive at the Ground near Belvedere, near an hour before Mr. H., who comes about 6 with Col. Pearce, Watson marks out a distance of 14 common paces. The same he said, at which Mr. Fox and Mr. Adam stood. My pistol missing fire, I changed it. We then fired together, and I was wounded and fell. I thought my backbone was broke, of course that I could not survive it. After the first confusion had subsided, and after I had suffered great inconvenience from being carried to the wrong place, I was at last conveyed to Major Tolley's House on a bed. The surgeons arrived in about an hour and a half from the time I was wounded, and cut out

the Ball and bled me twice in the course of the Day. Mr. Hastings sends to know when he may visit me.

"18th. These two days the pain I suffered was very considerable.

"19th. Desire Col. Watson to tell Mr. Hastings as civilly as possible that I am forced to decline his visit.

"Aug. 24th. Return to Calcutta.

"Sept. 11th. I pay Sir E. Coote a visit. He says he would have prevented this unfortunate accident if he had been here. I told him he might have done so perhaps if he had been here six months ago, but that at the time it happened it was impossible. Attend Council. Great civility between H. and me.

"Sept. 24th. Visit Mr. Wheler in the evening at the Gardens. Find his house full of the Government people and perceive plainly from his own discourse that H. and he are not in a state of mortal enmity. . . . They are often closeted together and he tells me that H. has consulted him on several points.

"Oct. 9th. At night communicate my letter to the Court of Directors to Mr. Wheler, who approves of it, and of the conduct I mean to pursue. I tell him that no body has a claim on me but himself; that if he claims of me to stay, I will give it due and serious consideration. But that I can only stay on the Principle of our agreeing first to attack Hastings Horse and foot, throwing away the Scabbard and neither to give, or take quarter. He sees the objections to such a Plan, and shews no disposition to

undertake it ; at the same time, he admits that it is not possible for me, or useful in any sense, to stay upon any other. The offer I make him leaves it with him to determine me and obviates all cause of complaint on his part. In his Heart I am sure, there is nothing he wishes for more than my Departure. It relieves him at once from Contest, and a thousand difficulties.

“ *Oct. 18th.* News from Vizagapatam of a mutiny of the Sepoys there, on being ordered to embark for Madras, they fired on their Officers and killed four or five, plundered the factory and marched off after committing many acts of barbarity. This is a most alarming event, and without example. It shews us on what a precarious footing we stand.”

Philip Francis's life in India had, upon the whole, been a disappointing one ; even as early as in the year 1775, only two years after his arrival, he wrote to Mr. D'Oyly : “ I am unable to express to you how weary I am of my situation.” And again : “ I shall quit Bengal with no other regret than that it was not in my Power while I was sure of the means to save so many wretched people from destruction.” He was never able to carry out the policy which he approved, and his personal ambitions remained unfulfilled.

His biographer speaks much of his extraordinary industry, and draws attention to the fact of his having spent all his time in or near Calcutta. Health resorts were not developed then as they are now, so that the health of officials was very severely tried. Francis

kept his health, though, as we have seen, he was subject to painful fits of depression of spirits.

Francis, having finally decided to give up his post and return to England, writes to Col. Ironside at Chandernagore :—

“ November 5th, 1780.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I conclude you will have heard of my Resolution to return to England in the course of this Season. It was formed long ago and communicated to my Friends in all my letters by the last ships. Nothing could alter it, but an event, which I had reason enough to expect, but which I will now wait for no longer. The Affair is over, and I believe, in every sense. The mischiefs which surround us, might have been prevented ; but most seriously I doubt whether they admit of a Remedy. *De Republica actum est.* Harwood, Tilghman and I have engaged a Dutch ship to carry us to Amsterdam, from whence we must find our way Home as well as we can. I flatter myself that Mrs. Ironside and you will have it in your thoughts to follow us, as soon as circumstances will permit. I wish to forget Bengal and all that belongs to it, but I leave some People behind me whom I must always remember with Regard. The Departure of the Ship is fixed for the 22nd of this month. I must therefore leave Calcutta about the 19th but I shall write to you again. Colonel Upton goes Home in the *Walpole*.

“ I am,

“ Dear Sir, Your most obt.

“ & faithful humbl. Servt.

“ P. F.”

PHILIP FRANCIS'S JOURNAL.

"Nov. 7th, 1780. Discover at last that it is impossible to go in a Dutch ship, so resolve to take my passage in the *Fox* Capt. Blackburne."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO D. GODFREY.

"CALCUTTA,

"17 Nov., 1780.

"MY DEAR GODFREY,

"If this letter should reach you before I do, be so good as to take the trouble of concluding that I am not far off. After all, Mr. Tilghman and I have taken our passage on board the *Fox* Indiaman, and expect to leave Calcutta in the course of ten Days, and to sail about the beginning of next month. Barring accidents or unforeseen Delays, we ought to be in England early in June; with tolerable luck a month sooner. Keep a good look out, and beware how you stir out of Town. I have not tasted Burgundy these 7 years. If you have any worth drinking in the best Company, you will naturally keep it for *us*. I have got six Pieces of long cloth for you;—pray Heaven it be not seized. Our Captain's name is Blackburne. Perhaps you may know the Wight. Give notice hereof to D'Oyly, Bourke etc. . . .

"Adieu,

"P. F."

PHILIP FRANCIS TO MRS. FRANCIS.

"CALCUTTA,

"17 Nov., 1780.

"MY DEAREST MRS. FRANCIS,

"I think it not unlikely that I may have the Happiness of seeing you before you receive this

letter, or very soon after. Compose your spirits accordingly. Mr. Broughton, who goes to Europe in the Dutch Ship, by which I now write, will pay you a visit, and tell you more, if I should not be arrived before him. This House is all in a flutter, as we are preparing to leave it in the course of ten days. I hope for ever. Yours for the same Period,

“ P. FRANCIS.”

The luck of a speedy passage home was not vouchsafed to the travellers. Their ship arrived at St. Helena in March, but had to remain there four months, until a convoy arrived to take it in charge. During this waiting-time Francis wrote to a friend in Calcutta :—

“ ST. HELENA,

“ *July 26th, 1781.*

“ I leave it to yourself to judge, for indeed I am not very well able to express, how tedious and weary this long Confinement at such a time, and in such a place too must have been to me. Many who pretend to more patience are, I believe, as weary of it as I am.”

Francis afterwards christened the Patron Saint of St. Helena “ Ennui.” At last he was able to write in his Journal :—

“ *Oct. 18th, 1781.* Got aboard a Cutter at last, with Mr. Tilghman at midnight, about 10 miles west of Dungeness, Wind fair and very fresh.

“ *19th.* At four o'clock in the morning, landed at Dover, the same day, on which I landed at Calcutta

in 1774. Went to bed for a few hours . . . arrived in Harley Street at 10 at night."

Here we turn back to Mrs. Francis's Journal during the years between January, 1778, and October, 1781. Her record here and there touches the other record that was being written in India at the same time :—

" HARLEY STREET.

"*Jan. 12th, 1778.* The Doctor prescribes salt water bathing for Sally in May next.

.

"*Thursday, 15th.* At last Capt. Waghorne has sent me the two pieces of Silver Muslin and I payd duty for them £4. 4. They are most extremely beautiful, the pattern most elegant and muslin very fine, Indeed to say what I think ought to be sayd in return for it to you, would be a volume, but your constant generosity makes me overcome with obligation and I don't know what to say.

.

"*Saturday, Jan. 24th.* This morning I called on Mrs. Chandler and she went with me to see some Diamond Earrings, as you had been so good, I thought it right not to overlook your kindness and I have, by Mrs. Chandler's advice, bespoke a pair of fine ones.

.

"*Feb. 14th.* We took a ride. Mrs. Chandler is not well, she has a cold and a little fever, even *she* must be ill sometimes, she has often told me they have no illness at their House, but you see she is mistaken,

everyone must have their share. We have a large one, but patience is all we can hope to carry us thro'. Sally was a good deal tired with her Ride.

"*Sunday, 15th.* I am made happy by your telling me you are in Health. Your concern on account of America I wonder not at, Time I hope will put a favourable conclusion to this melancholy business. I am very happy to find you can laugh when things go contrary with your side . . . I don't hear anything ever said to your disadvantage which makes me easie but any change that would bring you to England must most certainly make me compleatly happy.

.

"The excessive Heat you speak of must be terrible, what must have become of me in that state of Relaxation, though it was my most eager wish to go with you I certainly enjoyed two pleasures in giving it up, the first in following your advice, and the other in avoiding those dreadful sufferings to a weak nervous constitution.

.

"*Sunday, Feb. 15th.* Mr. D'Oyly has been here this evening, he has not a word to write or tell you with respect to India, as to us here he says we are all in the greatest confusion and as to America I fear in a bad way ; on Tuesday is expected, he says, to be the greatest meeting at the House ever known, and things done there that never was done before in this Kingdom. He seems to think those who are far off are best, he seems full of business and very uneasie tho' he is out of office.

.

" *Thursday, Feb. 19th.* This is a great Festivity and double Holiday. 'Tis Harriet's Birthday, she is 12 years old and a fine, sweet girl, she has a sweet voice and will sing prettily. Betsey has fetched her from school to spend a few days. And what do you think of a Wedding! Collins is married today to Mr. Brittain her old sweetheart, at last she has completed it. My girls all begged she would keep her wedding here, so I have given the Bride and Bridegroom a dinner, Betsey and Harriet were Bridesmaids and went to church with the couple, Philip came to dinner, to keep Mr. Brittain company and behaved well—we spent an agreeable day. He is a very modest, decent, well bred young man. Collins has made an excellent choice.

" *Wednesday, 25th.* In the evening Major Baggs and his brother came and sat an hour. He is just come home from Paris and looks the French Marquis all over, very well in health and spirits and as fine as a lord, I wish he would bestow something handsome on poor Stephen [the Rev. S. Baggs, his brother].

" *Feb. 28th.* Many happy returns I pray God to you. This day sixteen years I was made the happiest woman in your making me your wife, as to merit I claim none but as to affection I have had a large share for you and have been always sensible of my own Happiness.

" *March 10th.* Dr. Grant has been here, he thinks it absolutely necessary for me to carry Sally to Bristol for the removal of her cough, she is really very ill, tho' everybody tells me not in danger.

" *Sunday, 15th.* Mrs. and Miss Chitty dined here to-day, Mrs. Chitty talks of you till she cries, Philip was here and sang several songs, she was charmed. I sang and she cried at the thoughts of how happy we had all been together some years ago when I used to sing 'Would you gain the tender creature.'

" *Tuesday, 17th.* A fine morning and we [Mrs. Francis, her maid, and Sally and Betsy] were all ready soon after nine o'clock and set off in our own coach and pair and two hack horses and Postilion and a saddle horse for John. We changed Horses at Hounslow, and dined at Salt Hill, we slept at Reading.

" *18th.* Another good day, after breakfast we set out for Speenham hill where we dined, slept at Marlborough.

" *19th.* A fine morning, dined at Devizes and at four o'clock arrived safe at the Bear, Bath. Mr. Philpott enquired much after you. We had coffee and I took the Girls to show them the Pump Room, Parades, &c.

" *20th.* We all had a pretty good night, and after breakfast paid our bill and set out for Bristol.

" BRISTOL.

" *March 23rd.* We have no company here, only a few poor unhappy invalids, some indeed mere objects—but we must all hope for amendment.

" Sally drinks the water daily, we go to the Pump Room and take a ride when fine. I have hyred a Forte Piano and we all play and sometimes read, so our day passes very well without any change.

" *April 4th.* Sally will not drink any more of the water here. Our Doctor here thinks Bath might

agree with us all. We ride every day and walk a little, this is all we do here, it is a melancholy place, we don't know a creature, so you may be sure we have not much society.

"*Monday, 6th.* Received a letter from Dr. Grant, he approves much of our going to Bath and advises me to drink the Waters.

"*Wednesday, 8th.* A charming morning, we set out about eleven o'clock and had a pleasant journey to Bath where we arrived soon after two. Have found good lodgings in Milsom Street. . . .

"*Wednesday, 15th.* . . . You have been so good to me in sending me so many things that I hardly know how to ask for more, but I should be glad if you could send me some India Mangoes.

"*Thursday, 23rd.* Dr. Macnamara called and staid a little. I am persuaded to take Sally this evening to the undress ball, to try what amusement will do. We went and she bore it very well; I was soon tired, we came home by Ten o'clock.

"*Monday, 27th.* Mr. Macnamara called and gave us Tickets for the Ball and engaged Betsey to dance with him, accordingly we went—we all came home soon."

Sally and Betsey were fifteen and fourteen at this time.

"*Tuesday, May 5th, 1778.* Had a letter from Mrs. Chandler. Philip has been with them at Sunbury for a few days. She says he is the most desirable child in the world, everything he says or does is extraordinary, she says you would have been delighted to have heard the debates between Mr. Chandler and

him which generally ended in 'Pray sir, remember I am but a boy,' then a jump, a hug and a kiss.

"*Sunday, 10th.* Sally rode ten miles on horseback before breakfast, she was much tired, but we all drank Tea with Mrs. Ducarel in the afternoon. . . .

"*Wednesday, 20th.* Set off to return to London, and at nine o'clock on Thursday evening arrived in Harley Street.

"*Friday, 22nd.* Dr. Grant called and says we must go to the sea.

"*Saturday, 23rd.* We all drank tea by invitation at Lady Clavering's, saw only Miss Charlotte who is very fat and Miss Caroline who is much grown, she seems haughty though very agreeable. There was much company came in. Lady Clavering seems very fond of us all, Philip, by her desire, went with us."

The family of Sir J. Clavering had returned from India to England after his death in August, 1777.

"*Friday, 29th.* Mr. Godfrey called, he told me your letter to him mentions moving Philip to Harrow School. You never told me, however I desired him to call on Mr. Ribouville and let him know, also to speak to Mr. Stephen Baggs about his being Tutor. Poor Ribouville, his grief will be great, but he must bear it, we all bear something."

The following, from Philip Francis to D. Godfrey, was written at a much earlier date, September 16th, 1776 :—

"I approve much of your idea of Harrow for my son. I hear a great account of the Master, but that

his school and houses are too much crowded. I protest against Westminster or Eton. What I wish is that when you have determined upon the public school, he and young Clive might go together and have a tutor with them. If a proper man can be found, I shall not regard the expense.

"Wherever he goes, I insist on his constantly lying alone. His learning may take its fate. He will always have enough for an honest man. But his health and morals require all our care. . . .

"I do not myself see the necessity of removing him from Ribouville before the age of ten."

Philip went to Harrow in January, 1779.

MRS. FRANCIS'S JOURNAL CONTINUED.

"*June 2nd.* At last the Box of Baubles are arrived and Betsey is charmed with the surpeach and flatters herself it is diamond, we are to have it new set if it is worth. Sally has chosen the Pin and ring with Diamonds. Philip has the Seal ring and the seal of my dear Macks, and Harriet is to have the ring set with Hair. We are all pleased with the fine things.

"I am glad you approve my new house. It is at the upper end of Harley Street and a good stone entrance, and staircase, iron rails &c. There is a good Hall and Entrance, small parlour to the street and a large dining room thirty by twenty-two feet backwards and thirteen feet high. A good staircase and elegantly finished, upstairs front room 32 feet by 22

and 15 feet high and painted ceiling—back Drawing-room 30 by 20 feet and 15 feet high and painted and stoco ceiling, fine marble chimney pieces, upstairs 4 good bedchambers and one small and about 4 excellent garrets. We have a little garden 2 coach houses and stabling for 5 horses and servants' rooms with every convenience in the lower part of the House, as Kitchen, Scullery, Wash-house, Servants' hall, Housekeeper's room, Butler's pantry, Cellars &c., &c.

"Your allowance to me is noble, but I fear my expenses may even exceed that. I asked you for £200 to furnish my house, but it was too little and showed my ignorance in asking. I have now paid within a trifle of £500 and yet my best room has no glasses. . . . If ever I have the happiness to see you here, you will then be a judge how I have laid out the money.

"*June 8th.* Tomorrow afternoon I and my girls and Collins set off for Margate.

"MARGATE.

"*Sunday, 14th.* This place has very little company in it but much is every day expected and some people of fashion. You know Margate don't in general abound in people of quality.

"*Sunday, July 19th.* Nothing new. How often do I look at the sea, it makes my heart ache, it separates me from all I hold dear. Your girls I trust will turn out as you could wish them. They read a great deal and no novels, they never enter our Apartments, nothing but what is instructive. Sally has a fine memory, I hope you will think her head well filled and much the better of her reading.

She reads voraciously. Betsey is very clever, but not in the same way. I flatter myself you will be pleased with them all."

Mrs. Francis and her family leave Margate and arrive in Harley Street on July 29th, 1778.

"*Aug. 7th.* Your letter dated Jan. 5th 1778 which came by the *Ceres* had a shorter passage than that by land.

"Thank you for your Ball Ticket, it is a very pretty one. I am glad the masquerade turned out so well and agreeable, I hope the other will prove as great an entertainment, you are very good in being so particular in your description of this fine Ball. I should have liked to have been there, but my whole admiration would have been bestowed on one Person alone.

.

"*Wednesday, 23rd.* Received a great shock today in hearing of Mr. Holden's death. All this day we have been very melancholy and cried constantly.

"*Monday, 28th.* At last my diamond earrings are come home, and the necklace made from the Surpeach ; it looks very well and showy, but too good for Betsey, so I have taken it to myself. I have had your ever valuable dear Picture set round with Brilliants, not to increase its value—that cannot be—but that I may have the pleasure of wearing it—altogether my jewels look very well.

"*Saturday, Oct. 10th.* Drove over to Twickenham to see our dear friends [Mrs. and Miss

Holden]. . . . I looked at my late worthy Friend's Picture and pay'd a short tribute to his Worthy Memory. I hope they will soon be comforted, at least it looks so.

". . . A gentleman from India—Mr. Harwood—called and gave me a letter from you. He spoke of you and of what great chances you had of being in the Chair, and many such things which gave me great pain. How grieved should I be if that should happen, my joy would then be over for I should have small hope of ever seeing you again. What would the world be to me, or all its riches—I could never value or enjoy them without your company . . . but I trust you will not be tempted by such glare, and will resist its greatness for the sake of making me happy. . . . This young man seems very sensible and worthy—he stayed two hours with us.

" *Wednesday, 21st.* I have hired a Boy under the footman, he won't be much expense. He has come this evening, he is about 15 and very short, but a good inclined boy, he is just now come out of Wales and I hope a stranger to everything that is bad.

" *Nov. 13th.* Your letter dated Feb. 6th I received Oct. 29. You seem very gay indeed, nothing but Masquerades and Balls &c., but you still talk of animosities and disagreements. I am thankful you can bear it so well and don't let such troubles stick to you. . . . I have had the particulars of your own Grand Ball from Mr. Sabine Gascoyne, he liked it much and says everything was charming. The time was when you would not have liked the trouble of such an amusement, but great men must submit to

do what other Great Men do. Oh! the poor Lustre! Sabine told me it was broke the first night, but could be repaired. I want two glasses for my drawing-room, but fear they would come to half as much as your lustre. I intend to consult Mr. Chandler for I can't use my room without them.

“LONDON.

“*Dec. 9th, 1778.* This morning I set out for the India House to take my Packet and enquire after my picture. . . .

“With the help of Mr. Dallas we got to Mr. Michells apartment; I was shown your picture and I was much pleased. It is very like but the original far exceeds it for beauty. Mr. Michell and Mr. Dallas promised to use their interest to get it for me at the easiest Rate they could. I offered any money to carry it with me home, but it would not do. Many gentlemen that know you have been to see it and admire it much.

“... Poor Mr. Rous has lost almost the whole of his things he brought with him, we saw a vast quantity all seized in the India House.

“*Saturday, 12th.* Sally and I went to return Mrs. Goring's visit. He was out, but she told me of a packet of letters he expected from you by the *Ceres* and could not find it anywhere . . . they are sadly plagued about their cloathes and can't get anything from on board though they have sent all their keys and have nothing else on board but cloathes. You know, I suppose, they came in a French East India-man, the *Carnatic*, which was taken by some of our privateers. . . .

"I met Mr. Maire at Mrs. Goring's, he enquired much after you and wished to hear about my poor dear brother. He has been in the West Indies for three years. He made a purchase at Dominico and the next day it was taken by the French.

"*Sunday, 13th.* All our girls and Philip at home. I dined at the head of my six children and very fine we looked.

"*Dec. 24th.* I often talk to your dear Picture and kiss it, 'tis almost alive, and that sweet mouth is so like your own, I cannot say enough of it. I am having the frame new gilt, so do not let any one see it till it is done and hung up in one of the drawing-rooms.

"*Friday, Jan. 8th, 1779.* Today I am very grand for I have had a party to dinner, something extraordinary. Mr. and Mrs. Chandler, Mr. D'Oyly (*she* was not well) Mr. Bristow and his sister, your great favourite, and Mr. Godfrey. All these with my own family made a handsome appearance. My dinner was a good one and well dressed.

"*Friday, Jan. 29th.* Mr. D. Godfrey offered to take Philip on Saturday to Isleworth and in the beginning of the week to take him to Harrow. I did not approve. I think he is too much at liberty at his house and did not choose he should lose his time so begged he would excuse me letting him go and I would take him myself. So on Saturday morning the 20th I went with Brittain and Philip in a post chaise and the coachman on horseback to Harrow where after making an early dinner we

went to Mr. Heath's to the school and there I entered my boy and payd 9 guineas for entrance money and Philip behaved as well and as nobly as boy could do on such an occasion, he never shed a tear, I was near it. After everything was settled with the master, he is to have a Bed to himself and an extraordinary tutor that is to cost £12. 12. a year. Board £25—a bed to himself £5. 5. Schooling £4. 4. Washing £1. 1. French £4. 4. Writing £2. 2. Drawing £6. 6. Dancing £4. 4. This is all at present which amounts to £64. 18 a year, besides books, servants and cloaths and by and by his fencing which is £12. 12. a year more. I thought you would like to know how much the sum total would be. Mr. Heath seems to be a well-behaved man, and is reckoned very severe in his school: this I think an advantage.

“*Friday, Feb. 5th.* Poor Salmon the Silversmith, you remember him—his son went on board the *London* East Indiaman, Capt. Webb, and the ship was run down and everything lost—poor young Salmon jumped overboard and was taken up by a tender and pressed as a common sailor and has lost everything, and his father almost distracted, and does not know where he is, nor where to write to him.

“*Wednesday.* The General Fast Day, Betsey and I went to Church.

“*Thursday, 11th.* Admiral Keppel is cleared and come off with honor and the Town are all mad about it.

“We have been to a Card Party at Mr. Wynche's. They have the finest House that can be, all hung with

crimson silk damask made on purpose for them, Chairs and tables all gold and the finest glasses I ever saw, and everything suitable.

“ Just as we were going to bed before eleven comes a great mob in the street and calls for Lights in every House. We accordingly did as our neighbours did and lighted up Flambeaux and tied them to the Rails outside the House ; all this rejoicing was for Admiral Keppel and those who were against him and would not illuminate had all their windows broke to pieces. There was crackers and guns and squibs all night and riot and noise, so Brittain and all the servants sat up chief of the night and I and my daughters lay awake with the noise and riot.

“ *Friday, 12th.* I am sorry to find we are to have another rejoicing night, 'tis the fashion for the friends of the Admiral to give all their servants blue favours and they wear them in their hats.

“ *13th.* Took a ride, when I was out Mrs. Chandler called, Sally was at home and saw her, she was very gay and grand and full of spirits and worried Sally who was not very well ; she talked of Operas, Routs and Dinings with Fashions and every other kind of Trumpery &c.

“ *Tuesday, 16th.* Town all illuminated, nothing but noise and nonsense, however we must do as others do, went to bed at half past one.

“ *Thursday, 18th.* At last we have had a quiet good night's rest and no noise.

“ *Friday, 19th.* Our daughter Harriet's birthday, she is thirteen years old to-day . . . a most charming

amiable girl. I wrote her a letter upon the occasion and gave her many good advices in it, and she has answered it in the handsomest manner.

“*Saturday.* Sally and Betsy were invited and went to drink tea with Mrs. Goring and went to *Les Ombres Chinoises* with Mrs. and Miss Goring Mr. Goring and Mr. Wodsworth.

“*Wednesday, March 24th.* Harrow school breaks up for a fortnight. Philip’s joy was very great at coming home.

“*Thursday, 25th.* We drank tea with Lady Clavering and after went to a great Rout of Mrs. Wynche’s where were all the India people in Town and the finest jewels, pearls &c., I ever saw, they all play very high and look very great.

“*April 10th.* Mr. Wodsworth called on us and has made me a most noble present of two very fine old large Japan China Jars. I was distressed about accepting them, but he insisted and was most obliging. I observe what you say about Mrs. Bussy and shall be glad to have an opportunity of doing by her as your great generosity has directed.

“*June 6th.* Betsey went to Church, Sally and I are too much Invalids to have that pleasure, but in the afternoon went to Mrs. Chandler.

“*June 23rd.* I believe I did not mention to you my having bespoke a new coach by Mr. Chandler’s advice and I think it will not be very dear. I am to give 74 guineas and my old coach, which is much out of repair, this new one is to be plain and neat, not showy. I hope you my dearest Love will approve it, I wished

to have patched up the other, but it would have cost £30 and it was not worth it.

.

“I have been much taken up in going to sales to see some large plates of looking glass, but not met with any that will do. All Mr. Arnold Nesbitt's fine furniture is to be sold next month. There are some fine glasses there I believe.”

Mrs. Francis was summoned to town from Walton by her friends Mr. and Mrs. Chandler on account of the serious illness of the former. She writes:—

“*June 29th.* We set out, Sally, Brittain and I at past nine o'clock at night with four horses, got to Town at eleven and found nothing but sorrow and grief. Mr. Chandler expected to expire every moment, but perfectly in his senses and his poor wife nearly mad. A swelling in the side and mortification feared, he lay groaning, no ease. We came home at two o'clock in the morning and had but a poor night. Went back at seven and found Mr. C. just the same.”

Mrs. Francis then describes the course of the illness and mentions that a serious operation was performed from which the patient never recovered, but sank gradually; and when his mind became clouded so that he could no longer recognise even his wife, the assembled friends had her taken away, persuading her that her husband was already dead. Mrs. Francis took Mrs. Chandler home with her to her house in Harley Street and kept her there until after the funeral

of her husband. Of this event Mrs. Francis writes as follows :—

“ *Saturday, July 10th.* A melancholy day, poor Mr. Chandler's remains are to be interred at Stepney, the poor Widow don't know it, but is in great trouble and I believe suspects it, she has been upon the bed the chief of the day and is very indifferent.

“ *Sunday, 11th.* There was a most magnificent funeral and everything very grand and beautiful. Mr. Davidson has been here to-day, and told Mrs. Chandler every particular and she has put on her mourning and I and all my children, so we are a very melancholy set to look at, poor woman she is most miserable indeed and has been cupped by the doctor's orders.

“ *Friday, July 23rd, 1779.* Mr. Adair calls sometimes, he is very busy at present at the War Office choosing out men from among the Pensioners to go abroad as Soldiers. We are all here under some apprehension of an Invasion, but hope it will not take place. You know I am a bad Politician. Oh! how heartily do I pray for your return. Some people say you are appointed to continue in the same Place and Station for five years more, I trust in God that is not true.”

Philip had gone to stay with Mr. Ribouville during a part of his holidays. Mrs. Francis writes :—

“ *Thursday, July 19th.* Had a letter from Mr. Ribouville, he speaks very well of Philip, but does not think him improved in any Branch of Learning but the

Latin and that not much. Every thing else seems to be neglected. What I fear the most for is the bad examples from many bad Boys. Philip seems to have more courage than ever, and I fear will learn bad language, swearing, &c. . . . Mr. D'Oyly says I must not move him as you have ordered him to be placed there yourself, I trust he will not be worse off than other Boys.

"HARLEY STREET.

"*Friday, Aug. 20th.* All the Town are in Apprehensions about the French and Spaniards landing at Plymouth, we trust it will not happen.

"*Tuesday, Aug. 31st.* I don't recollect any thing new today. I hardly ever have any thing worth writing. The chief discourse every where is the Melancholy state of Publick Affairs and the great Danger of an Invasion.

"*Sept. 1st.* Mr. and Mrs. D'Oyly drank Tea and we talked much of removing Philip from Mr. Heath's House at Harrow to the House of his Tutor who has but 6 Boys. In Mr. Heath's House there are 90 Boys and Philip is much neglected there. The great increase of Expense made me doubtful, but Mr. D'Oyly and Mr. Godfrey say, so long as it is safer and the Boy is taken more care of I must not think of expense. It is £50 a year more and upon the whole £130 a year—So it is determined Philip is to be removed to Mr. Bromley's.

"*Sept. 7th.* Many thanks to you my dearest Philip for that part of your Letter in which you say you will return early in the month of December next. I pray God give a Blessing to your Resolution and

Voyage, Journey &c. and may you not change your Opinion."

During the months of October, November, and December of 1779, nothing occurred worth recording. Mrs. Francis complains constantly of her own ill health and also of Sally's delicacy; days and weeks pass by, and in the Journal the same entry recurs: "Nothing new to say, we have no change." Morning drives and afternoons of work and an occasional caller are the only events in the round of days—days of unvarying dullness and monotony. At last we read that the doctors have decided that Mrs. Francis and her daughter Sally should be separated for a time, because the constant ill health of the two aggravated the symptoms of each. On this account Sally and Harriet are dispatched to Sunbury to pay a visit to Mrs. Chandler, Mary and Kitty return to school after the holidays, and Mrs. Francis takes Betsy with her to Bath, her doctor having advised her spending a little time there and taking its waters. One short entry about this time is curious, speaking of a friend:—

"Mrs. Campbell has left Town, she could not breathe in it and is gone to live at Knights Bridge."

Mrs. Francis's Journal during the year 1780 contains many complaints on the subject of her husband's delayed return to England:—

"*Saturday, Jan. 3rd.* Received your Letter, I thank God you was then in good Health and spirits, but

no talk of coming Home, your Letter is very short indeed and has no mention of your children."

In May some of the family go to Tunbridge Wells, and Mrs. Francis joins her daughters there in June. On July 7th she writes :—

"Mr. Adair has introduced us to the Earl of Nugent who is here and is quite the Beau of the Place, though he is near eighty, he admires your Girls very much, and gives Breakfasts at his own Lodgings every day to a dozen of Ladies and Gentlemen and we have often been of the Party."

There is mention also made of the girls going to balls in Tunbridge Wells, when they were always "so lucky as to get good Partners"; "Your Daughters and their dancing are much admired."

"*Aug. 1st.* You talk of Mr. Hastings being in a low and dejected state at the departure of Mr. Barwell, this circumstance may occasion him some concern, but as to himself his Friends here and in the Direction are past all numbering, you must not expect to get any forwarder, for certainly the Government will remain in the same Hands. . . . I am very sorry to hear Affairs are in so desperate a State in India—Nobody will believe it here. . . . As to your own Rewards, Happiness and Self Satisfaction—beyond every thing which Riches can bestow I trust will always be yours."

From Tunbridge Wells Mrs. Francis takes her daughters to Brighton.

"Now for your Letter dated April 27th 1779 by

the *Southampton*: you say you write this merely to tell me you were then well, indeed I thank you most heartily for so doing. . . . Your staying after all these strange things you tell me about is more and more odd, you tell me your wish is to quit India, but why don't you do it, no other Person but yourself would consider what will be of use to the Country, surely your staying or otherwise cannot make any great difference."

Mrs. Francis and party return to Harley Street from Brighton, September 20th, 1780. In a still sadder vein Mrs. Francis replies to a more recent letter from her husband :—

"Your staying in India one year more is the most dreadful disappointment to me. What can detain you my dear Philip, indeed I cannot say as you do, it is quite indifferent to you whether you stay or come home, it is not so to me, I can assure you, for all my Happiness depends upon my seeing you; I am sorry to find it is not so with you, but separation, I was but too sure, for almost seven years, would make a great alteration in your affection and indeed I am sorry to say I fear it has a very great one indeed."

MRS. FRANCIS'S JOURNAL CONTINUED.

"*Nov. 18th.* I this morning received a Letter from Major Baggs and I expect him every minute. . . . He came at 2 o'clock and was much fatigued. He will write to you of the Reception he has met with from all those who called themselves his Friends ;

it surprised him, but not me, I understand those things.

“*Sunday, Dec. 10th.* Major Baggs dined with us, we talked of you and of Indian Affairs. He seems much disappointed that your pretended Friends don’t take any notice of him or your Interest, he is not yet acquainted with the English World.

“After Tea I went to enquire how Mrs. Chitty did. She was extremely ill, Dr. Grant does not think she can live, poor Woman, she is quite composed and prays constantly for her Dissolution and to be laid by her dear Mr. Chitty.

“*Tuesday, Dec. 12th.* Alas! our good Friend Mrs. Chitty is no more—I am sincerely sorry and so are all my Girls, I am sure you will be, she was a kind Friend, I may say almost a Mother to you—She always said she should never live to see you again—it is but too true. . . .

“*Wednesday, 13th.* This morning your pretty Friend Miss Caroline Clavering was married to Sir John Morris Warren and there is supposed to be more love than money . . . she would have him. .

“*Saturday, 30th.* Had a note this morning from Miss Biggin who lived with Mrs. Bussy to inform me that poor Sally Bussy died last night, rather suddenly though she had been ill of a great cold some time, but I did not know it. . . . I sent Brittain down to the House immediately—have lent two guineas and sent a Person to take care of her Funeral as there is not any one that would bury her unless I do. . . .

“*Thursday, Jan. 5th, 1781.* Poor Sally Bussy was buried today and Brittain attended the Funeral.

" *Wednesday, 10th.* My dear Boy went back to Harrow this morning and behaved as well as any young man in that situation could."

On January 26th, Mrs. Francis writes to her husband :—

" MY DEAREST PHILIP,

" I am just come home from carrying my dispatches to the India House & though I hope you will have left Bengal before those Ships arrive, yet in case of accidents I must go on with my Journal. In your last letter you say that I am always complaining either of sickness, or want of money or of other little difficulties. As to sickness this is an evil we are all liable to, & tho' we have much of it, you are sorry for it, you surely can't be angry at it, then as to the affair of money, my complaints have never been to you, but that I regret I can't bring our heavy expenses within the sum you wished and thought enough, as to the slights of Friends, I cannot attribute it to any thing wanting on my part, or any foolish Fancies of mine as you call them, however, my dear, these things are not worth our attending to.

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" I don't know of any thing particular to say, but that we are only continually longing to hear of your Return ; don't take it unkind, but as the greatest Proof of our Love. Adieu my dearest Philip and accept the affectionate Duty and Love of your faithful Wife and her six children.

" ELIZTH. FRANCIS."

On February 1st, 1781, Mrs. Francis began another Journal-letter to her husband, and carried it on until March 30th of that year. The last entry is:—

“This day my dearest Philip seven years ago was the most wretched and unhappy I ever saw. You left me and I was miserable, the reflection upon those past melancholy hours made me very unhappy and ill too. I wept for four hours.”

About the same time her husband, on his return voyage, was fretting the hours away in the Island of Ennui.

When Francis returned to England in 1781 his daughters Sarah, Elizabeth, and Harriet, were respectively eighteen, seventeen, and fifteen years old; Mary and Kitty, eleven and nine, were probably still in the schoolroom; and Philip, then thirteen, was at Harrow. Mrs. Francis, in her Journal, has given glimpses from time to time of the development of her girls. “My girls do very well,” she says in one entry, “Betsey applies to every branch of improvement, French, writing, music and dancing; of the young ones at school I have very favourable accounts; Sally [described elsewhere as a voracious reader] from indisposition has been prevented of late from attending to any improvements; Harriet, I think, is as clever as you can wish.” And again: “Mary is beautiful, Harriet most agreeable, and always clever, and little Kitty very engaging.”

These descriptions represent the girls as they were



QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

three years before their father came home. In a later mention of her children Mrs. Francis wrote:—

“Your children are all very deserving of your notice, indeed no man was ever blessed with six finer children in every respect; I may venture to say so, and I flatter myself you will think so when you see them.”

That all were assembled in Harley Street to meet their father on the evening of October 19th, 1781, appears from the following letter of Francis to his friend Mr. Wheler in India:—

PHILIP FRANCIS TO EDWARD WHELER, ESQ.,
CALCUTTA.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“LONDON,
“24 Novr., 1781.

“I arrived at Dover at four o'clock in the morning of the 19th of last month, and at night in Harley Street, where I found my family in perfect health and as happy as you can imagine. The next Day was employed in visiting, but there was nobody in Town. . . . On the 24th I had the honor of being presented to the King, on the 25th to the Queen, and was favoured with a *very gracious* Reception. Since that, my Time has been chiefly employed in paying and receiving visits, and my own private Affairs. There are a very few People in Town, and I leave it to others to send for me if they like it. . . . Yesterday morning I received a Letter from Paris, dated the 15th Nov. 1781, to which was the following Postscript. ‘Accounts from Vienna overland from India, this Day, assert the capture of Madras by Hyder Alli and Monsieur de L’Homme. I do not

discredit it.' All I can say is, God forbid ! Before I heard this, the long Interval, since the last accounts from India, made me suspect that you had nothing good to send us. As hereafter I shall give little credit to the general letters from Bengal, I entreat you always to tell *me* the Truth of everything material. I pledge my honor to you for my discretion, and this once for All. We are in hourly expectation of the most important Intelligence from North America. That Business seems to me to hang by a Thread ; and I own to you the Aspect of it is so dismal, that I have hardly courage enough to look that way. I have seen Sir Thomas Rumbold twice. He has been very Ill ; but I think not much out of spirits. . . .

Lady Clavering, Miss Clavering, and Miss Charlotte are in Town. I have seen them frequently, and endeavoured to do them service. It is hardly conceivable how much they have suffered; in every sense, by the Death of their Father. You will have heard of a Treaty of Marriage concluded and abruptly broken off between Miss Clavering and Sir John Dick. I have heard all the particulars, and am perfectly satisfied that his conduct was unjustifiable in the highest Degree. But in these Cases, you know, the innocent defenceless party always suffers instead of the guilty. . . .

“ Farewell,

“ P. F.”

END OF VOL. I.

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